WAITE

TOLEDO

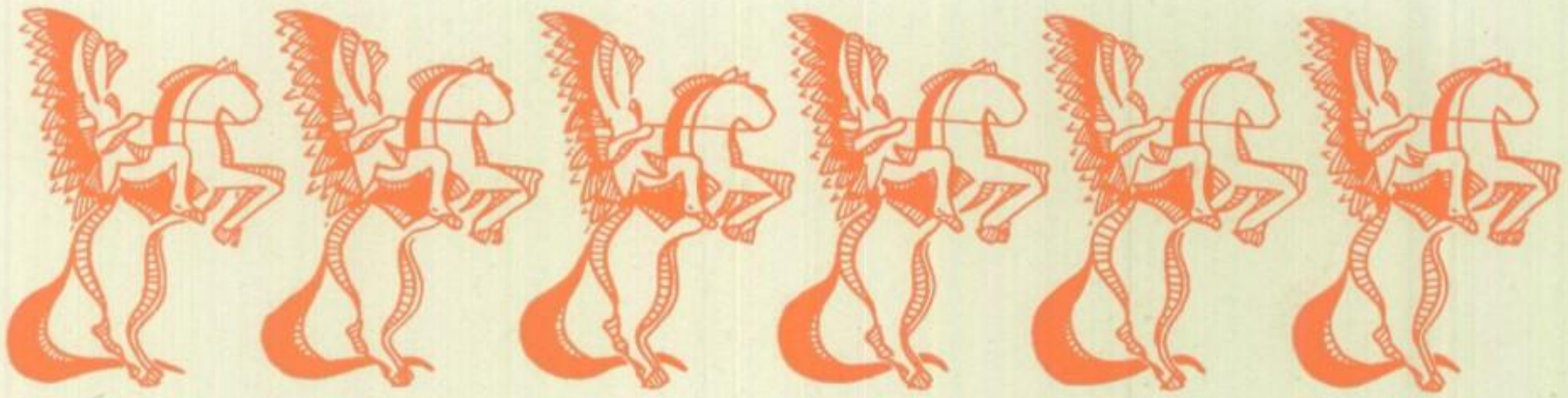
1934

RALPH
ROBERTS

THIS BOOK HONORING

THE WAITE HIGH INDIANS BELONGS

TO . . . . . .



AND NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN RITES OF THE TRIBE OF THE GOLD REVEALED IN THIS, THE TRUE TALE OF MORRISON R. WAITE HIGH MAUMEE IN TOLEDO, OHIO TO WAITE'S

ISABELLE ANN HARRIS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

HISTORY, THE SECRET AND SACRED
AND PURPLE FEATHER ARE DARINGLY
OF THE INTREPID ADVENTURERS WHO
THOSE DREAD WARRIORS, THE INDIANS
SCHOOL ON THE BANKS OF THE
BRING YOU THE 20TH VOLUME OF
YEARBOOK

WALTER KOBZOWICZ
BUSINESS MANAGER

PRINCESS MOUNTAIN FLOWER

. . . sometimes called Marion Hart . . .

Morrison R. Waite High School has its own royalty. Here with us is Princess Mountain Flower. Her title was conferred with beautiful appropriateness and is borne with charming grace. To be born to the purple can never be rated as a personal achievement, but to acquire a title in democratic America means a triumph in wholesome personality.

To the Blackfeet Indian tribe of the far west, she is Princess Mountain Flower. To those at Waite, she is Miss Marion Hart. Her travels have taken her often to Glacier National Park. There in 1929 she was adopted as a member of the Blackfeet tribe as their princess. The late Chief Two Guns White Calf, known to all Americans through his likeness on the buffalo nickel, officiated at the induction. To the accompaniment of the tom-toms and the chant of the tribesmen, the chief intoned the ancient rite. In that simple, primitive ritual was a worthy honor rarely bestowed upon a pale face. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the famous author, previously had been welcomed as a daughter of the tribe and Miss Hart as Princess Mountain Flower joined those distinguished fellow countrymen considered worthy of adoption by the first Americans.

At Waite, where the Indian athletes triumph, Miss Hart reigns supreme in Room 203 a princess of royal graciousness who holds all by the jolly sovereignty of her smile. For four years as literary adviser to the Annual Staff she has shown by her own example that she believes the American precept that work is the only royal road to abiding achievement.

In appreciation of her cooperation, patience, and loyalty, the Annual Staff on behalf of the entire school dedicates this twentieth volume of the Purple and Gold to the princess of the publication—Miss Marion Hart.

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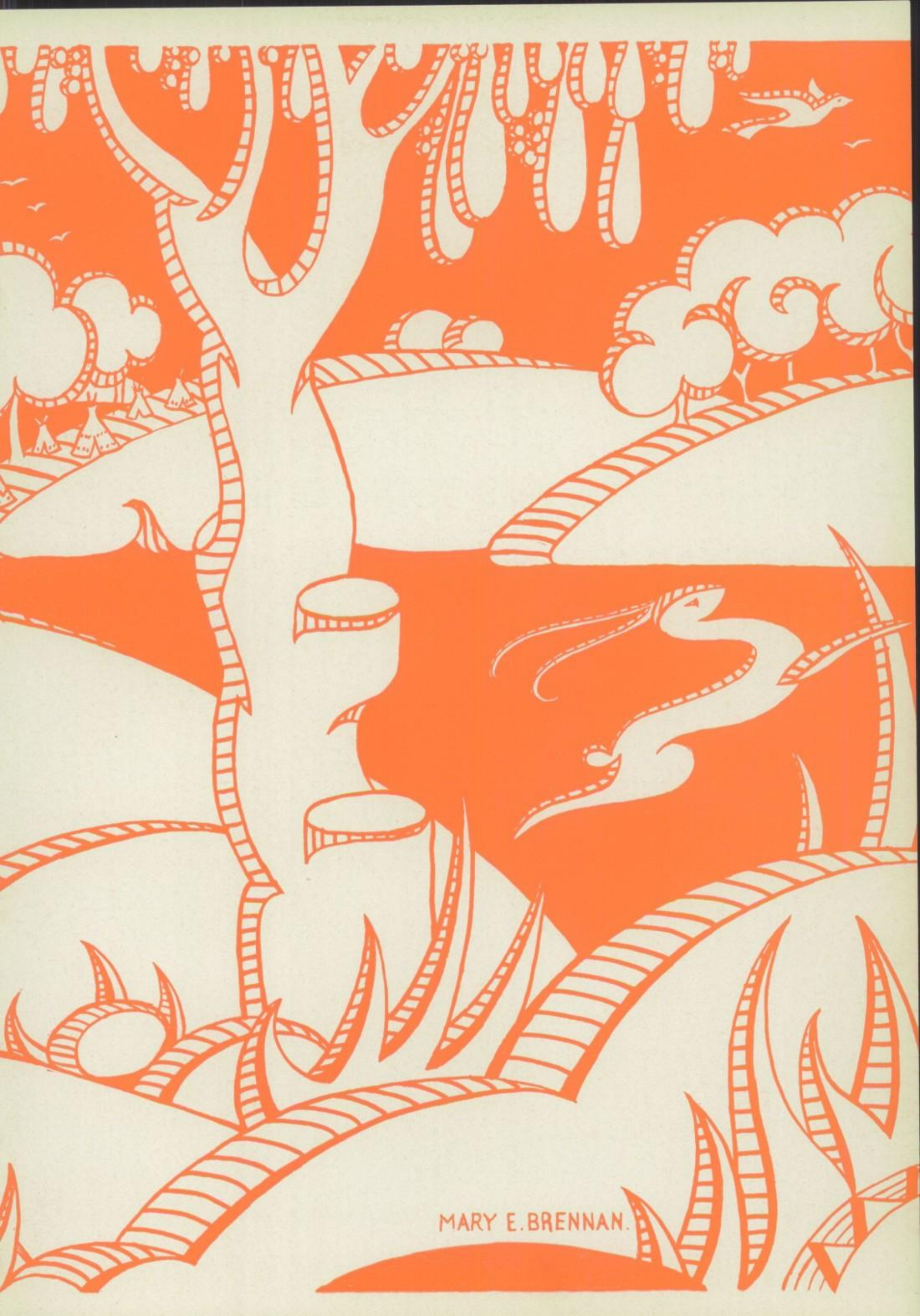
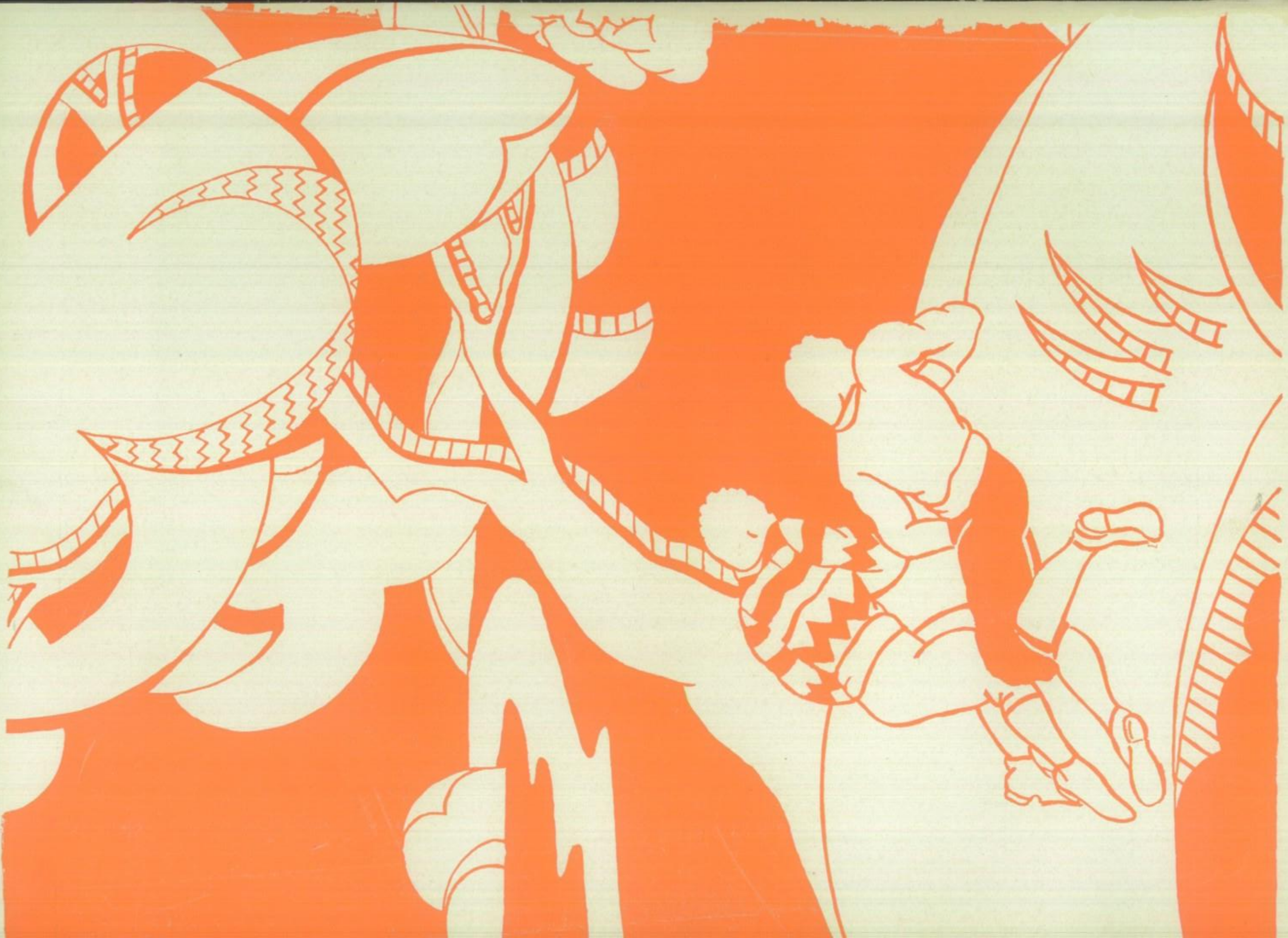

MARY E. BRENNAN.

"WAHOO!" A WEIRD AND PIERCING YELL HEAVILY PAINTED WARRIORS GALLOPED BY. GASPED, AS HE STOOD PARALYZED BY THE OF THE GOLD AND PURPLE FEATHER. THEY'RE CAMP." . . . "GEE, I'D LIKE TO SEE A REAL OF MIKE! WE CAN'T GO THERE! THAT DANCE CAUGHT . . ." . . . "I'M GOING," HE SAID, AS A MOVIE INSTEAD OF HIS FUNERAL. "ARE SHUDDERED AT THE IDEA I WAS TEMPTED . . . WE REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP. NO USE! SEE THAT LINE OF INDIAN SENTINELS." "WATCH YOUR CHANCE, AND IF THEY TURN THE TIME . . . QUICK!" . . . "WHEW! WE MADE IT,"

SPLIT THE AIR AS A POUNDING HORDE OF . . . "WHAT WAS THAT?" MY COMPANION EERIE CRY. "BRAVES OF THE FAMOUS TRIBE GOING TO A CEREMONIAL DANCE AT THEIR INDIAN DANCE. LET'S GO!". . . "FOR THE LOVE IS SACRED TO THE TRIBE. IF WE WERE EVER CALMLY AS THOUGH HE WERE GOING TO YOU COMING ALONG?" . . . ALTHOUGH I AFTER SOME MINUTES OF BRISK WALKING, . . . "LOOK!" I TOLD HIM DESPAIRINGLY. "IT'S . . . BUT HIS DETERMINATION DID NOT WAVER. AWAY, DASH," HE COMMANDED . . . "NOW'S I BREATHED . . . "NOW DOWN THIS PATH . . ."



ALMA BROWN

"WE'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LODGE THERE." . . . "SHHHHH! IT'S FLOWERS FOR US "MOVE UP THERE." . . ."IMPOSSIBLE. WHY, WE "UMPH," GRUNTED ONE BRAVE, EYEING SOME IN A CIRCLE. "NO GOOD FRESHMEN; RUN, COOLING OFF. ME LIKE TO THROW WHOLE TO HER COMPANION, POINTED TO SOME DOWN THERE. HIM HEAP BIG SOPHOMORE. WAS APPLAUDING SOME MEMBER OF A CALLED, AS WE LATER LEARNED, JUNIORS. . . BRAGGED ONE BRAVE. "GROW BIG LIKE ME.

NOW! LOOK, THEY'RE DANCING DOWN IF WE'RE CAUGHT." . . . "CLOSER," HE URGED. CAN EVEN HEAR VOICES FROM HERE. HARK." FRISKY YOUNG INDIANS PRANCING AROUND LEAP, AND JUMP LIKE MAD DOG. ALL NEED BUNCH IN CREEK." . . . ONE SQUAW, TALKING ALOOF, IMPASSIVE BOYS . . . "MY PAPOOSE HIM GOOD INDIAN." . . . NEAR US A MAIDEN GROUP OF DANCERS, A DIGNIFIED GROUP, "SEE TALL SAPLING THERE. HIM MY BOY," GROW STRONG LIKE ME. HIM A SENIOR."

HONOR STUDENTS

One afternoon we observed some eighty Indians clustered together in groups. They seemed, all of them, to be arranging themselves in definite order with no attention to size. A tall brave stood directly in front of a short maiden who vainly struggled to be seen. Had this rude lad no manners? Who were these Indians? All these questions Ugh endeavored to answer satisfactorily.

"These Indians very wise. First in line is wisest of all. He gets best grades. Him very good."

Row 1—*J. McClelland, R. Beins, K. Wunderley, M. Billings, E. Papp, M. J. Buehler, E. Johnson, H. Greenburg, A. Piel*
Row 2—*C. Winchester, P. Oberkiser, E. Bitter, M. Harpster, M. Hanneken, L. Keener, B. Robinson, M. Jeschke, M. A. Heferle, G. Scott, M. Hoffman* Row 3—*P. Kingery, C. Young, L. Lark, R. Beauchamp*

Row 1—*F. Welling, L. Kegerize, E. Eggert, R. Gladieux, H. Cotterill, H. Althouse, E. Pierce, A. Royeske, R. Fleming*
Row 2—*F. Saelzler, R. Rollo, R. Tober, F. Blossey, F. Schultz, D. Greenwalt, R. Osborn, E. Jordan, C. Clark, R. Beck*

And then we understood; sort of an honor roll. But what was their best grade? How did they average grades? Again our friend Ugh explained. Here is our version of what he said.

Every year the Indian students' semester averages, averages for their entire period of training, were added together. The highest grade, corresponding to our "A", counted three points; a "B" counted two points; and a "C" counted one point. All grades below "C" were disregarded. Chorus, band, and orchestra counted half credit. For instance, an "A" received in band counted only one and one-half points.

HONOR STUDENTS

We also learned that an "A" represented ninety-five to one hundred per cent perfection, "B" was from eighty-nine to ninety-four, "C" was from eighty-three to eighty-eight, "D" was from seventy-seven to eighty-two, and "E" from seventy to seventy-six; "F" was anything below seventy. "We scalp 'em if they get an "F", grinned Ugh.

From each class about twenty of the best students, according to the totals of their grades, were chosen. Next year there might be different students in the group, because the Indian maidens and warriors were always striving to get all "A's".

Row 1—*B. Howard, D. Strowger, P. York, E. Foley, B. Jacobs, B. Miller, D. Shook, F. Reifert, M. Jordan*
Row 2—*M. Markovich, A. Eaton, S. Friberg, L. Piel, E. Forrest, R. Winters, V. Eisenbrandt, V. Wesenberg, B. Robinson, G. Beyer*

Row 1—*A. Brown, N. Sipe, I. Kagin, T. Campbell, W. Carpenter, H. Steinke, K. Steiner, H. Donzy, V. Reifert*
Row 2—*M. Avery, B. Brown, G. Hanna, F. Bursmith, J. Lloyd, J. Postle, P. Sturtz, R. Hatton, M. Rieman, E. Scharff*
Row 3—*H. Aldrich, J. Kasop, M. Travis, H. Vogtsberger*

In the senior honor list we noticed a small girl who had thirty "A's" and one "B". Ugh said she was Hazel Althouse. Among the juniors, Margaret Billings had nineteen "A's" and three "B's". Henry Vogtsberger of the sophomores led with twelve "A's" and one "B". Beatrice Miller, of the freshman group, had three and a half "A's" and one "B" at the end of the half year.

"Columbus!" we sighed. "Wonder who had to figure all those grades! Maybe they have an adding machine."

F R E S H M E N

MISS LULU HOWARD
Class Dean of Girls

Row I—R. Anderson, B. Baum, R. Barva, F. Blanchong, B. Bacho, D. Betcher, B. Becker, D. Anderson, A. Albright, A. Brauer, J. Althouse, L. J. Barrington; Row II—G. Beyer, C. Brumet, E. Adkins, B. Bennett, E. Bird, E. Arquette, D. Baker, L. Bertok, B. Barber, F. Blair, L. Balska, A. Barrett, R. Armstrong, J. Bazar; Row III—R. Askins, W. Alcock, M. Anderson, E. Arnold, E. Blankenship, M. Brucker, W. Belkofer, D. Baker, L. Beilstein, C. Barraclough, J. Bauman, R. Bedee, R. Alexander, E. Bacon

Row I—W. Carlson, R. Carpenter, D. Cordrey, S. Christoff, L. Crawford, V. Bratschi, G. Carpenter, J. Calamon, B. Collins, A. Budai, A. Chapman, B. Crawford, L. Cutcher, H. Cser; Row II—A. Chaise, B. Cooper, H. Brandley, B. Creighton, V. Bowers, V. Burkhardt, G. Chorba, D. Cloud, V. Boose, J. Coverdale, W. Christian, R. Christoff, D. Buchert, V. Colgan; Row III—W. Cadaret, W. Carpenter, N. Campbell, C. Carey, M. Bucklin, B. Carey, A. Cerveny, M. Burkett, P. Bowen, C. Case, N. Carpenter, E. Bylow, F. Bunce, F. Boisselle, R. Carl

F R E S H M E N

Row I—V. Dale, M. Farren, J. Ehrsam, A. Danyko, F. Emerling, B. Feasel, E. Emch, S. Elby, P. Dexter, M. Felton, R. Dickinson, A. Eaton, R. DeSelms, R. Crawford. Row II—N. Daniels, F. Eckerman, E. Cousino, E. Duddleston, B. Dunsmore, C. Drake, F. Entenmann, A. Eberly, C. Ellinger, G. Colchagoff, H. Dotzler, D. Dusseau, I. Eisenbrandt. Row III—M. Doolin, H. Durham, L. Fehser, E. Davoche, O. Dobrik, A. Elston, H. Cowell, R. Cook, H. Davis, D. DeLong, C. Cowell, O. Collins, C. Cook, H. Eckelman

Row I—K. Gaisser, E. Feyes, F. Furry, F. Gardner, F. Facer, G. Gschwind, V. Harassim, M. Harrison, M. Foradas, V. Gammans, R. Flesh, P. Cordrey, M. Flowers, E. Foulk, V. Hastings. Row II—R. Gray, M. Gould, J. Gottfried, H. Hankich, H. Howell, J. Glover, E. Gamble, V. Garest, E. Fodor, E. Hatzidakis, E. Geoffrion, J. Gerity, M. Greiner, M. Hassler, A. Gadus, H. Fulop. Row III—W. Gabriel, W. Gaines, E. Forrest, P. Garagano, M. Geoffrion, I. Grooms, S. Friberg, B. Harmon, A. Field, E. Hartman, I. Gauthier, T. Harvey, E. Foley, O. Gyurko, T. Golightley, S. Giaimo

MR. JESSE STEINER
Class Dean of Boys

F R E S H M E N

Row I—B. Jacobs, B. Howard, R. Lillie, B. Hoover, J. Koehn, I. Hughes, D. Hecklinger, R. Kennett, J. Jaksetic, M. Hardy, R. Irving, W. Konz, G. Holderman. Row II—M. Jordan, R. Keefe, I. Inman, E. Hayman, H. Hummer, W. Horsman, R. Johnson, I. Howe, F. Hahn, M. Johnoff, E. Hornyak, J. Hildebrand, M. Johnson, J. Justiss. Row III—O. Horgeshimer, P. Janes, B. Hinton, W. Heringhausen, D. Huss, M. Jensen, R. Hinebaugh, D. Hanely, G. Hame, R. Heineman, A. Hovan, J. Harris, P. Hartsing

Row I—R. Lincoln, I. Jusko, C. Kopp, J. Kasch, C. Knight, C. Laney, A. Klopfenstein, L. Kern, M. Koscho, W. Kung, H. Kingsley, O. Lemerand, C. Kalger. Row II—C. Koss, A. Kovacs, R. Kutsch, K. Jones, M. Kocsis, J. Kennerly, V. Kivel, H. Knapp, N. Kuhn, B. Kinney, A. Kooistra, R. Kudelka, J. Jacobs, M. King, G. Johns. Row III—I. Krapp, R. Kansorka, O. Jensen, R. Kreger, P. Jones, L. Lemming, L. Kilman, L. Kovacs, I. Kurucz, F. Jones, J. Lewis, S. Koos, C. Lough, E. Kline

F R E S H M E N

Row I—N. Manera, M. Markovich, E. Matriciano, D. Miller, B. Metzger, H. Myers, K. Luebben, C. Linden, E. Matson, E. Marble, A. Metoff, R. Manteuffel, L. Luken, H. Miller; Row II—F. Middaugh, D. McGranahan, M. Maynard, J. Okenka, G. Meszaros, D. McNeeley, D. Medlen, W. Mazur, R. Marusz, M. Mohr, B. Majo, J. Long, E. Mennitt, R. Martens, J. Miller; Row III—J. Mato, S. Mastakas, J. Molnar, C. Longenecker, M. McCarthy, R. Luke, C. Muir, M. McGuane, J. Moser, J. June, V. Lumm, G. Kuebler, C. McCormack, B. Miller, W. Metler, C. Mittendorf

Row I—J. Papp, W. Olinger, A. Parks, H. Northcutt, J. Peschel, R. Penrod, M. Osborn, N. Notheis, M. Osier, K. Myers, A. O'Neill, R. Newsom, B. Overmyer, J. Penhorwood; Row II—H. Pash, W. Muntz, D. Pankratz, D. O'Shea, M. Naumann, J. Niggemyer, L. Piel, J. Nagy, E. Pavlica, V. Mull, D. Neumeyer, H. Ondrus, M. Opre, I. Openshaw, L. Peer; Row III—L. Munch, I. Monoky, T. Parsil, L. Olah, M. Mull, R. Osthimer, E. Perry, R. Nenno, I. Petroff, D. Paskan, H. Nicholas, D. Nicklin, A. Okenka, A. Novak, P. McThena, J. Macek

F R E S H M E N

Row I—B. Richter, B. Phillips, D. Rideout, B. Reaser, I. Rakos, R. Reeves, M. Olah, V. Reinhart, E. Rollman, B. Quilter, J. Owens, R. Palinger, I. Posan; Row II—D. Pollock, B. Reddish, G. Quetschke, J. Rasey, M. Penovich, A. Palenchad, M. Riker, D. Raudebush, A. Reiter, B. Reneger, A. Rode, L. Nagy, R. Reed; Row III—F. Potts, R. Porter, G. Revill, S. Petry, B. Richards, C. Rippel, R. Ryan, A. Price, F. Perry, S. Salpietro, F. Reifert, C. Phillips, B. J. Reetz, L. Raitz, W. Pollauf

Row I—R. Sangmeister, R. Schwen, W. Rubley, M. Smith, E. Sarns, W. Scott, J. Shell, L. Schaber, J. Rubley, J. Rogers, M. Seeburger, W. Schneider, A. Schneider, S. Rywalski; Row II—R. Roeske, T. Schmitz, J. Simons, E. Schwerkoske, F. Rose, B. Robinson, M. Stahura, R. Scott, B. Schreiter, H. Smith, R. Sellers, G. Romstadt, D. Smyth, T. Shanteau, E. Schlamann; Row III—R. Schmidt, R. Schultz, L. Schulte, C. Schroeder, B. Ryan, P. Spencer, A. Rudrick, N. Rutherford, C. Sands, O. Shook, M. Saelzler, G. Sharrow, H. Schwerkoske, V. Shepler, E. Roslin, H. Schmidt

F R E S H M E N

Row I—R. Tyukody, Z. Tomar, E. Steinke, D. Taylor, H. Szabo, K. Teems, M. Toth, N. Strope, J. Shuba, E. Steele, J. Stadler, C. St. Julian, T. Tipton; Row II—E. Tober, R. Steinmetz, J. Stevens, R. Thornton, M. Stoiber, E. Turner, F. Stiles, D. Strowger, H. Strick, B. Szenci, G. Steward, H. Steinhurst, M. Thayer, C. Stacy; Row III—J. Stewart, A. Stephon, G. Tiberio, C. Sell, J. Toth, S. Tarczali, L. Suter, M. Timm, J. Suprise, I. Toth, J. Thompson, M. Stoner, M. Szirotnyak, R. Sommers

Row I—R. Wiersma, D. Watson, B. Wells, J. Vogeli, C. Welsh, A. Weber, J. Warren, P. York, F. Wasmundt, M. Wascsepinecz, E. Zeadker, F. Urban, T. Weidner, M. Vokral, R. Tuck; Row II—H. Warnke, A. Westfall, W. Wallace, A. Wheeler, R. Wunderley, V. Toth, F. Waldarz, E. Tober, C. Wood, K. Webb, E. Toth, B. Wade, W. Woodward, V. Wesenberg, R. Velliquette, R. Wineland; Row III—F. Valigosky, R. Walcott, N. Wells, A. Urban, I. Toth, L. Truby, R. Williams, W. Wolfert, R. Zimmerman, L. Webb, C. Wiederanders, L. Wandtke, J. Webb, T. M. Tonjes, E. Wagner, R. Winters

S O P H O M O R E S

MISS GRIFFITH
Class Dean of Girls

Row I—W. Arter, D. Althouse, W. Barrington, C. Arthur, H. Bachmayer, G. Black, R. C. Alexander, I. Bertok, D. Andersen, N. Abbs, W. Apel, M. Biggie, D. Ayers; Row II—G. Becker, L. Blair, W. Apel, H. Becker, E. Bennett, F. Bartow, W. Baumann, C. Anistik, G. Bertok, K. Biedinger, H. Aldrich, H. Beres, R. Bennett; Row III—H. Bartels, A. Betts, L. Bloomfield, D. Ball, J. Baumgartner, L. Antoine, E. Armbrust, G. Ahrens, B. Beauregard, J. Bachmayer, F. Blakeley, R. Banks, B. Blakeley, F. Armour, C. Bennett

Row I—M. Christoff, V. Carver, C. Catchpole, P. Borics, J. Calipetro, M. Brennan, M. Bullimore, C. Brown, H. Crabtree, C. Brown, P. Brothers, E. Bailey, T. Caputo, G. Champion; Row II—W. Carpenter, F. Cubberly, M. Cicerella, L. Carl, G. Belcher, C. Chapman, L. Chambers, B. Buzzard, B. Boze, B. Bowles, R. Christian, H. Bloom, V. Ball, L. Chinni; Row III—A. Browning, D. Clippinger, B. Brown, A. Brown, H. Bowers, C. Cullinan, B. Bueschen, M. Busch, C. R. Capehart, R. Bursmith, R. Brooks, D. Cox, V. Coutcher, G. Bodi

S O P H O M O R E S

Row I—V. Meeker, R. Myers, C. Meeker, C. Lammie, J. Lloyd, F. Leitner, V. Milord, B. Mayer, E. Mesteller, J. Kusan, M. McGee, C. Ludwig, V. Kusian, Z. Larmie, R. La Farree; Row II—R. Michaels, K. Morgan, J. Mennitt, H. Lagos, M. J. Longenecker, E. Madden, F. May, W. McCormick, C. Martin, M. Langendorf, M. Lennex, L. McGinnis, J. Mellon, P. Myers, J. Mills; Row III—W. Minick, F. Neusom, R. Monto, F. Nagy, J. Nagy, B. McCallister, L. Mall, C. Lindner, G. Nagy, J. Laberdee, M. Lieber, M. Liebherr, J. Neuderfer, D. Mikesell, A. Molnar, W. Momany

Bill

Row I—V. Ogle, R. Pratt, W. Price, B. Neudorfer, M. Nemeth, D. Naveau, M. Niblick, G. Norris, E. Plemons, S. M. Naylor, G. Percel, D. Patke, E. O'Brien, S. Pandoff; Row II—J. Postle, V. Novatny, H. Notheis, S. Piriczky, R. Palmer, L. Mulinix, A. Miller, F. Perlaky, E. Neeb, H. Minier, M. Olah, H. Morgan, D. Munson, V. Northcutt, M. Pitzen; Row III—K. Orwig, R. Palka, R. Nusbaum, D. Phipps, D. Powers, M. Peckham, J. Printy, R. Nowak, R. Martin, M. L. Piper, L. Peters, R. Miller, S. Nagy, H. Packett, R. Nusser

Pandoff

SOPHOMORES

Row I—A. Rheyn, C. Savage, J. Sanderson, V. Reifert, M. Quilter, M. Reno, W. Russell, A. Posan, V. Reeck, V. Radeff, J. Raether, R. Reeves, N. Potterfield, J. Reiter, M. Rollo; Row II—F. Rinna, R. Saloff, A. Reno. P. Reifsteck, M. Rasey, E. Ritz, R. Reeder, E. Rike, K. Rideout, E. Rinker, C. Puls, M. Rick, V. Powell, D. Sawyer, M. C. Quilter, J. Richards, R. Rush; Row III—D. Rex, D. Rush, D. Salter, A. Racine, E. Ramasocky, H. Parker, L. Riehl, M. Rieman, G. Saffran, D. Radscheid, E. Rothlisberger, M. Sarra, A. Rollo, J. Sabo, V. Moser, W. Scott

Row I—E. Semersky, L. Schuller, I. Shuba, C. Stoner, A. Sarnes, G. Slaughterbeck, I. Saradin, K. Shaw, E. Shober, N. Sipe, V. Schemenauer, M. Schneider, V. Smith, C. Ludwig, E. Schulte; Row II—F. Solly, I. Smart, A. Schantz, D. Specht, J. Solosi, R. Seeburger, A. Smart, M. Sleeth, A. Sinay, F. Schoepf, J. Schultz, D. R. Saul, C. Smith, K. Spring, L. Smith; Row III—R. Scott, R. Draves, A. Simon, E. Soncrant, H. Schonter, A. Shook, E. Scharff, W. Snyder, E. M. Smith, R. Schwake, J. Schrubb, J. Saelzler, R. Snider, J. Smith, W. Sieminski, D. Seaman

S O P H O M O R E S

Row I—T. Thomasy, R. Thimmes, J. Stuller, A. Toka, H. Steinke, M. Stamer, K. Steiner, D. Stetson, G. Strouse, A. Stubbs, E. Strope, V. Thomas; Row II—R. Susor, E. Steadman, B. Vincent, J. Thayer, H. Tolles, J. Steckley, B. Veler, M. Tilimon, M. Stanec, M. Svoboda, L. Szallosi, M. Thompson; Row III—A. Vargo, S. Thomas, E. Szakovits, M. Travis, P. Sturtz, E. Utrup, T. Thornton, H. Vogtsberger, B. Stanec, M. Todd, R. Van Dorn, F. Tomaselli, R. Sutto, G. Swartz, B. Tomesek

Row I—H. Wilbert, C. Yenrick, A. White, R. Wangrin, R. Waganfeald, C. Virag, F. Westfall, G. Zunk, F. Walcott, G. Whitman, L. Winch, E. Vaughan, R. Wainfor, M. Walter, D. Walsh; Row II—R. Yohe, A. Wasserman, J. Zervos, W. Womack, D. Wight, L. Wiedmann, I. Warner, E. Zahs, H. Zoll, L. Velliquette, L. Whited, A. Vincent, A. Witherell, K. Zitzman, V. Waltermire; Row III—R. Young, R. Wilson, W. Weese, R. Werner, B. Webb, A. Welling, R. Whitmore, M. Vas, R. Warren, M. Wimple, S. Warner, F. Wilson, M. Wetmore, M. Webben, V. Welsh

J U N I O R S

MRS. ALICE ALLEN
Class Dean

Row I—A. Bullimore, S. Blondo, D. Bumpus, W. Busby, G. Abbott, R. Beauchamp, E. Brooks, S. Ball, F. Betts, I. Bargahiser, M. Browne, M. Billings, G. Auld, M. Blair, K. Aldrich; Row II—C. Blair, C. Brotherson, D. Bauer, C. Brandenberger, A. Bailey, E. Ashbaucher, T. Billman, B. Bowersock, E. Beck, A. Allen, E. Beyer, I. Bertok, R. Beins, J. Brosnan, D. Bittner, M. Apanaitis; Row III—G. Baer, R. Bauman, B. Armstrong, T. Banks, C. Brothers, R. Baumgartner, S. Bunn, B. Brown, K. Bitter, L. Bartha, R. Boggs, B. Anspach, R. Boxwell, P. Barber, J. Brown

Row I—F. Dunberger, D. DeArmond, G. Dinardo, M. Arrigo, J. Busdicker, S. Borck, H. Clark, K. Ellison, J. Curtin, E. Dickinson, E. Cassavar, M. Emch, M. Cadaret, M. Emmel, D. Edgar; Row II—H. Bohnett, A. Corwin, D. Carey, H. Dalton, J. Curtas, V. Burd, R. Boisselle, K. Dyar, S. Ejhinger, J. Danner, M. Buehler, M. Christian, I. Carpenter, W. DuPoy, W. Castleman; Row III—F. Cook, V. Cordrey, R. Eakimoff, E. Bitter, H. Cook, L. Bohnett, V. Dobrik, S. Dusseau, V. Day, E. Debien, D. Cole, R. Dudley, H. Clifton, M. Bylow, J. Carney

J U N I O R S

Row I—J. Faulkner, T. Farren, E. Gasser, E. Hilgeman, E. Feeney, C. Harrison, B. Greenwalt, L. Evans, R. Fabian, M. Gilson, B. Gonia, M. Gschwind, V. Garbe, D. Harding, I. Doyle; Row II—B. Hartley, M. Gaertner, F. Harrison, B. Hassler, N. Gregg, W. Heinemann, V. Frey, J. Foulk, J. Ernst, V. Harder, F. Hanthorn, J. Fleming, R. French, D. Curran, M. Hanneken; Row III—E. Harrison, L. Gross, R. Gladieux, J. Gurcsik, T. Herringshaw, L. Flegle, J. Hartman, J. Hamlin, E. Gilbert, E. Geisert, M. Harpster, F. Gilbert, C. Hatfield, R. Ewing, L. Gabor, T. Fetzer

Row I—J. Emch, W. Horvath, M. Hoffman, H. Hudson, J. Kepp, R. Heltebrake, R. Heydinger, J. Irwin, M. Jeschke, H. Kelsey, J. Hecklinger, M. Horvath, M. Key, L. Keener; Row II—G. Kuebler, C. Kile, E. Koehn, W. Kohn, V. C. Hummer, H. Johnson, M. Heferle, D. Heinemann, L. Kertz, M. Horgeshimer, B. Heck, L. Lillie, C. Lewis, E. Jaynes, L. Lark; Row III—A. Krueger, C. Kirk, D. Kellar, D. Kettle, N. Jones, L. Heckart, H. Greenburg, P. Kleist, T. Forster, F. Huss, M. Hoke, B. Holtcamp, H. Kile, M. Hanely, V. Hires, P. Kingery

EDWARD MORAN
Class President

J U N I O R S

JANET McCLELLAND
Vice-President

C. WINCHESTER
Secretary

Row I—A. Longenecker, A. Meier, D. Melms, E. Miller, J. McClelland, V. Moore, J. Maxwell, K. Lohmann, D. Kornrumpf, P. Mielke, H. Meszaros, V. Jacobs, L. Lanning, M. Morris, E. Miller; Row II—H. MacKenzie, M. Linville, M. Kohring, E. Limmer, L. MacDonald, L. McClure, F. Lenz, R. Meeker, B. Knopp, I. Kadlick, A. Navarre, J. Miller, F. McLaughlin, L. Mattoni, R. Mickens, C. Marble; Row III—L. McGuire, J. Mendelson, A. M. Lane, R. Kent, D. Mulinix, J. Maczko, E. Johnson, M. Morgan, G. Maurer, E. Moran, D. McVicker, J. Lutz, T. McNutt, R. Mantz, P. Kipker, J. Martin

Row I—D. Mulinix, M. Neitzel, M. Overmyer, E. Neuderfer, E. Pollex, V. Nixon, L. Prasek, E. Papp, E. Naumann, V. Nelson, L. Rapp, S. Reidenbach, J. Norris, E. Neal, L. Mullaney, D. Orwick; Row II—J. Palencsar, F. Richter, E. Petsche, S. Petroff, A. Pojanski, I. Potoczky, B. Oden, H. Peters, H. Riser, D. Parsil, C. Oliver, J. Poad, D. Reining, L. Rich, D. Rairdon, J. O'Shea; Row III—G. Pfeifer, F. Place, P. Oberkiser, C. Paternite, J. Price, M. Muirhead, D. Myers, M. Kenna, R. Nichoson, A. M. Nagy, E. Phillips, R. Pomeroy, J. Neely, P. Redfox, N. Niblick, C. Nerschl

J U N I O R S

Row I—E. Susor, F. Steward, G. Scott, E. Sutherland, M. Sipos, J. Rimer, R. Pope, E. Schenbeck, A. Piel, B. Robinson, D. Stein, D. Steadman, E. Schottelkorb, V. Schuler, K. Stoiber, M. Schultz; Row II—R. Schmidt, T. Roberts, P. Rogers, G. Pfeifer, L. Sturtz, J. O'Rourke, R. Poffenbaugh, R. Reddish, F. Parish, J. Seward, A. Schlegel, L. Stainfield, B. Stage, R. Norman, R. Straits, F. Simons, N. Soltesz; Row III—A. Szalay, D. Rosie, J. Reid, M. Szabo, R. Reamsnyder, W. Sprankel, E. Ring, G. Rimmer, A. Rudes, D. Ruffert, H. Slovak, M. Sommers, P. Snider, R. Susor, F. Stubbs, J. Romer, D. Neubert, W. Stewart

Row I—J. Virag, C. Wheeler, E. Smith, J. Westfall, H. Tiernan, G. Vaughan, C. Westover, G. Wimple, J. Weyant, R. Way, I. Wall, P. Wolford, V. Watson, L. VanHall, E. Ueberroth; Row II—R. Wirwahn, F. Murphy, R. Veith, G. Sullwold, E. Willis, R. Wagoner, E. Vogeli, J. Vargo, C. Wells, C. Young, N. Williams, O. Voegeli, G. Tipton, L. Wascsepinecz, I. Terry, K. Wunderley; Row III—A. Valko, J. Yount, R. Tolles, R. Tipton, P. Tohle, W. Veronie, C. Zellner, R. Welker, J. Vanders, R. Warnke, C. Thompson, B. Whitney, A. M. Varkoly, A. M. Vagy, B. Veres, C. Winchester, O. Whetsel

LOUIS BARTHA
Treasurer

ART NAVARRE
Sergt.-at-Arms

SENIOR OFFICERS

MELVIN KRAMER
President

ELINORE PIERCE
Vice-President

LUCILLE MEYER
Secretary

VARSITY DANCE

Melvin Potts, *Chairman*

Fern Welling
Monica Hartman
Virginia Webb
Wilma Bertke
Donald Marti
James Clary
William Bartels

SECOND CLASS PLAY

Joseph Moran, *Chairman*

Ruth Soncrant
Helen Whitmore
Dorothy Snyder
Ruth Stalker
Frederick Saelzler
Albert Openshaw
Lester Paben

FIRST CLASS PLAY

Joseph Moran, *Chairman*

Anna Kern
Emily Eggert
Nellie Miller
Naomi Treuschel
Harold Wille
Steven Toth
Franklin Schultz

MR. MATHIAS
Senior Class Dean

SENIOR PROM

Joseph Fodor, *Chairman*

Marie Williams
Eleanor Fackler
Genevieve Jones
Marjorie Oberkiser
Donald Wagner
Ralph Smith
Paul Bertke

BANQUET

Elinore Pierce, *Chairman*

Florence Hollabaugh
Marjorie Clippinger
Helen Debien
Howard Wendel
Raymond Snyder
Fred Niggemyer
Glen Thayer

AND COMMITTEES

JOSEPH MORAN, JR.
Treasurer

RICHARD ROLLO
Sergt.-at-Arms

STEVEN LAKATOS
Sergt.-at-Arms

CLASS DAY

Richard Beck, *Chairman*

Irene Virag
Dorothy Jane Clegg
Isabelle Harris
Mary Helen Wilson
Lowell Mittlehauser
Henry Sievert
William Lunn

BACCALAUREATE

Richard Rollo, *Chairman*

Robert Koch
Marvin Norwine
John Banyas
Lucille Meyer
Roberta Osborn
Ruth Crane
Ruby Soncrant

COMMENCEMENT

Catherine Clark, *Chairman*

Lois Burman
Jeanette Kerwin
Helen Cotterill
Franklin Martin
Kenneth Koch
Maxwell Schroder
Clark Crawford

MOTTO

Elizabeth Jordan, *Chairman*

Hazel Althouse
Fern Blossey

COLOR

Alfrida Royeske, *Chairman*

Margaret Cook
Elfrida Hurst

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Margaret Molnar, *Chairman*

Lillian Ujlaki
Margaret Donzy
Oran Sigler
Richard Cordrey

MRS. ALLEN
Dean of Jr. and Sr. Girls

SENIORS

MAY WE PRESENT

RUTH MARIE ADCOCK, the girl with the winning smile, brains, and personality. Zetalethean; Scarabs

ROBERT ALSBACH, whose voice may greet you via radio some day: "This is Bob Alsbach announcing". Radio Amateurs

HAZEL ALTHOUSE, whose sweet, gentle ways win her many friends. Optimates; Nat'l. Honor Society; Student Council; Periclean

DOROTHY ANN ARMSTRONG. Dot (of Dot and Dash fame) has plenty of dash. Altobee Art Club; Sr. Friendship; Jr. Red Cross

NORMAN ASHBAUCHER. Basketball is Norm's middle name. Engineers; Orchestra

ELEANOR BAEHR, who sings, now and then; if you haven't heard her, you've missed something. Sr. Friendship; Jr. Red Cross; Glee Club

ELINORA BAILEY, after whom a certain husky football player is always hurrying.

JOHN BANYAS, manipulator of hypocycloids—a second Master Mathias. Nat'l. Honor Society

TYLER BARRETT. Oh, girls, isn't he just too good-looking? Quill and Dagger; Sergt.-at-Arms; Jr. Hi-Y, Sec.; Sr. Hi-Y

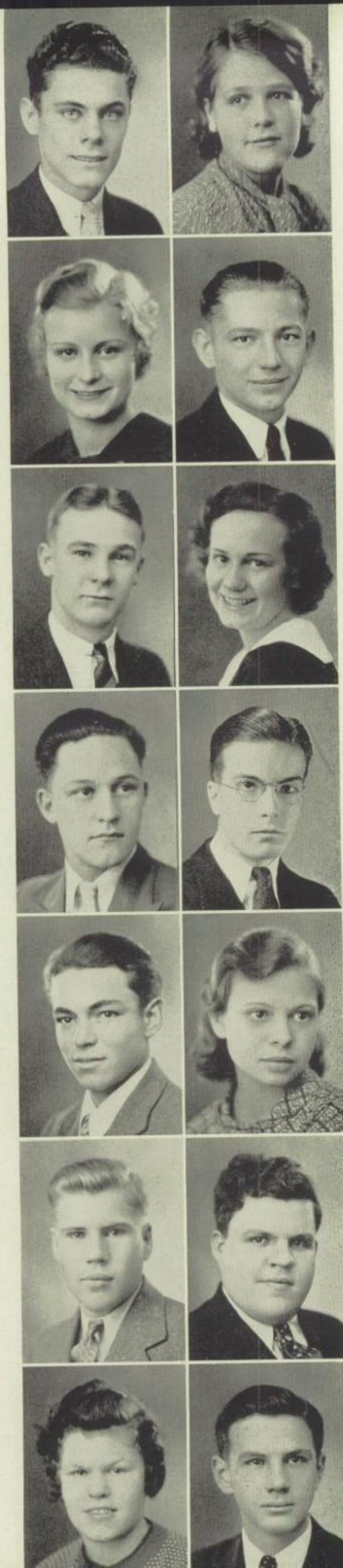
WILLIAM BARTELS, of the irresistible smile, the manner gallant. Forum, Rep.; Student Council, Treas.; Sr. Hi-Y, Chap.; Retina Ed.-in-Chief, '33; Jr. Hi-Y, Pres.; Le Cercle Français

HELEN BATESOLE, the Soncrant twins' third part and an excellent banjo plunker. Home Economics Club

RICHARD L. BAUMGARTNER, the reason girls prefer blondes and basketball players. Engineers; Sr. Hi-Y; "W" Club; Hall Patrol; Varsity Basketball

ARTHUR LEO BEAUCHAMP. In the face of jeers and derision, he cultivates the only mustache in the school.

BERNARD BECK, a newcomer to Waite, whose rugged masculinity and sincerity so many admire.



SENIORS

WE INTRODUCE

RICHARD BECK, who came, who saw, and conquered. Hi-Y, Sec.; Nat'l. Honor Society, Pres.; Quill and Dagger; Engineers, Pres.; Junior Class Treas.; School Stationer; Student Council

JEAN BEELMAN, who resolves to perform what she ought; and performs without fail what she resolves.

MARGARET BERES. Margaret, if we gave prizes for pictures of pretty girls, would be our choice. Altobee Art Club

EDWIN M. BERNARD, the boy whose dimple slays them, while his smile revives them. "W" Club; Varsity and Reserve Football

PAUL BERTKE. Boy, how he can strut! El Club Cervantes; Forum; Sr. Hi-Y; Cheer Leader, '32; Drum Major, '33

WILMA BERTKE—fine, fine, superfine. Periclean; Jr. Red Cross; Altobee Art Club; Sr. Friendship

CLIFFORD BEYER, whose sincerity gives him a large place in the hearts of his fellow students.

JAMES R. BILLMAN, a lad who knows what he wants and makes others get it for him. Altobee Art Club

ROSS BLANKENSHIP, the lad whose dark eyes bring many a girl thrills and heart throbs, trials and tribulations.

FERN BLOSSEY. If love were an academic subject, Fern would master it. Nat'l. Honor Society; Periclean; Der Deutsche Verein, Pres.; Student Council; Optimates, Consul; Retina Staff

ROBERT BOHLAND, a big, bashful blond who is well liked by us all.

WILLIAM BOLCSAK, who wants to be an undertaker, despite his very lively appearance.

GRACE BOLTON, of the distinctive Titian tresses. Girls' "W" Club, Sec.; Athletic League, Sergt.-at-Arms; Jr. Friendship Club

ROBERT BOSSERT. If Waite students were generally of the same pattern as Bob, there would be no extraneous noise in the auditorium. Der Deutsche Verein, Sergt.-at-Arms

SENIORS

WE'VE BEEN WANTING YOU TO MEET

LEONA BOSSLER, earnest, neat, and attractive. Need we say more?

MARGARET GRACE BOUYA, who might have been named Charm or Beauty as well as Grace. Jr. Red Cross

MARY LOUISE BRADLEY: "United we stand, divided we fall, so why not do our homework together?" Le Cercle Français

EDITH BRAUER. We'd walk a mile for Edith's smile—but who wouldn't? Der Deutsche Verein, V. Pres.; Home Economics Club

ROBERTA BREESE, a grand girl for a grand school. Jr. Red Cross; Home Economics Club

DOROTHY ELIZABETH BROWN, whose ability amounts almost to genius. Nat'l. Honor Society; Periclean; Le Cercle Français; Sr. Friendship Club

ROBERT BRUMET—quiet, they say, but look at those mischievous dimples and that grin! They speak for themselves.

BERNADINE BUCKLIN, whose conversation is never frivolous, always worth hearing. Home Economics Club; Jr. Friendship Club

LOIS M. BURMAN, a minister's daughter and not so silent as one might suppose. Zetalethean; Jr. and Sr. Friendship; Le Cercle Français

BEULAH MAE BUZZARD. If life were one swimming pool after the other, wouldn't she have fun? Scarabs

AUSTIN L. CABLE, who, except for his ears, looks like Clark Gable. Alchemists

AGNES PAULINE CABLE, one of Mrs. Allen's most reliable helpers. Jr. Red Cross; Home Economics Club

GERTRUDE CARVER. Earnest and relentless teachers unanimously recognize her cleverness and originality.

MILDRED CASSAVORE. 'Tis said that pictures usually deceive, but after looking at Millie's we doubt the truth of the statement.

SENIORS

IN ORDER, LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE

ROBERT CHAMBERS, one of "Kahny's" palsy-walsies, who can be found in the library every home room period.

UNA CHAPMAN. This speaking likeness should really be talking, to be natural. Jr. Red Cross; Sr. Friendship; Le Cercle Français; Athletic League

DOROTHY MAE CHISHOLM—"Dot"—possessor of magnetism, that rare gift of the gods for which we all yearn.

CATHARINE CLARK—"Kate", the ideal club woman. Girl's "W" Club, Pres.; Periclean, Censor; Sr. Friendship, V. Pres.; Athletic League, V. Pres.; Le Cercle Français, Rep.; Nat'l. Honor Society

JAMES ROBERT CLARY, grace personified on a dance floor and in the pool. Altobee Art Club; Swimming Team

DOROTHY JANE CLEGG. Don't you admire the coiffure she has made popular around school? Zetalethean

MARJORIE R. CLIPPINGER, another Gracie Allen—George and all. Home Economics Club, Sec.; Jr. Red Cross; Jr. Friendship

THELMA COLLINS, whose sentiments are, "Let us be gay while we may". Athletic League

L. DAIL CONLEY. Dail and Ivory Soap have at least two things in common—both are refreshing and 99-44/100% pure. (N. B. This isn't an ad.) Engineers; Hall Patrol

CHARLES R. COOK, who has just oodles of enthusiastic friends. Engineers

MARGARET G. COOK, ineffably sweet. Zetalethean, Treas.; Sr. Friendship, Treas. and Pres.; Jr. Friendship, Rep.; Scarabs, Sec.

RICHARD CORDREY, a lad with a good brain and any number of good qualities. Forum; Sr. Hi-Y; Nat'l. Honor Society

HELENE L. COTTERILL, of the golden hair and golden thoughts. Le Cercle Français; Nat'l. Honor Society; Der Deutsche Verein; Scarabs; Student Council, Ass't. Sec.; Alchemists

RUTH ELIZABETH CRANE. How our cherished Ruthie parks in room 214—after 2:15. Periclean, Chap.; Friendship Club, Chap.; Altobee Art Club

SENIORS

HAVE YOU MET

BURTON CRAWFORD, Waite's edition of the famous and renowned "Little Caesar".

CLARK W. CRAWFORD, JR. Poor boy, the women like him. But does he mind? Quill and Dagger; Freshman Football; Track; Basketball; Junior Class, Sergt.-at-Arms

DONALD CULBERTSON. What a terrible plague it must be to be so handsome.

KENNETH CUMMINGS, our motion picture operator, who makes our school movies run smoothly.

ANDREW DANDAR, cheerful Andy, with his shy smile and his flair for history—a senior at last! Glee Club

BURDETTE DAVIS, who should go out for Glee Club; he knows all the tunes. Forum; Sr. Hi-Y, Sergt.-at-Arms; Band, V. Pres.; Orchestra

WARREN DEARING, who finds it a hard job to divide his time equally between tennis and study. Tennis Team, '32, '33, '34

HELEN DEBIEN, merry as the day is long—and the nights too, for that matter. Zetalethean

MARIE DENEAU, one of those who says more with silence than others do with trumpets.

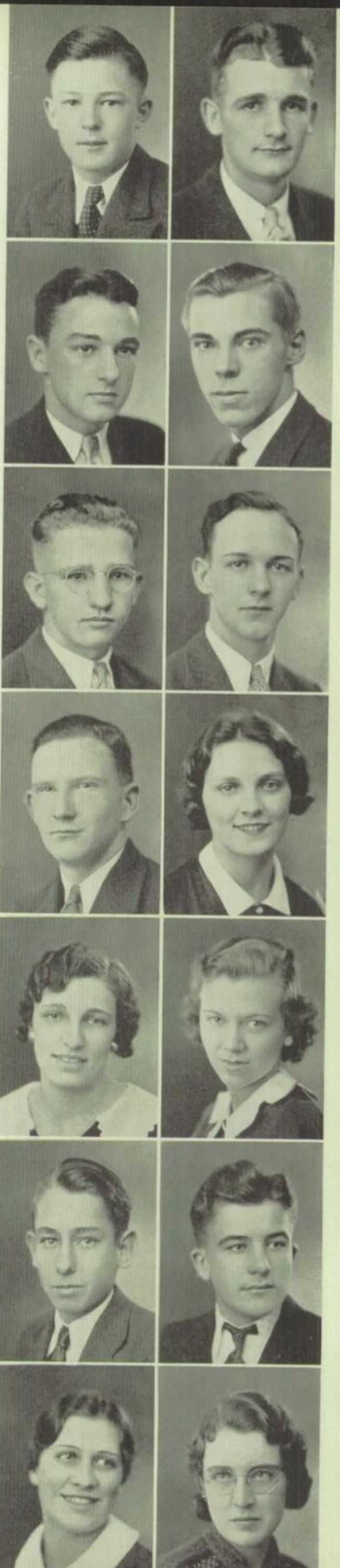
MARGARET DONZY. A gay toss of her head, and another shiek's heart hits the dust. Periclean, Corr. Sec.; Nat'l. Honor Society, Sec.; Hall Patrol; Student Council; Jr. Friendship Club

JULIAN DOOLIN, who has T'n'T in him—Texas and Toledo. El Club Cervantes

FRANK DRLIK, the lad who's synonymous with vim, vigor, and vitality. Hall Patrol

BERNADETTE DYAR, an ultra-modern young lady—the very picture of sophistication.

VERA EBERLY, who sanely says, "Give me an apple, a piece of cake, and my book". Periclean; Le Cercle Français; Jr. Red Cross; Retina Staff



SENIORS

YOU REMEMBER

WILFRED E. ECKELMAN, just a born drum major. Q. D.; Student Manager; Drum Major; Retina Staff; Fr. Basketball

EMILY EGGERT, forthright, business-like Emily, who accomplishes everything she undertakes. Nat'l. Honor Society; Zetalethean, V. Pres.

DOROTHY EISENBRANDT, whose bashfulness marks her as individual. Jr. Red Cross

HAROLD EMCH, good on any court. Forum; Sr. Hi-Y; "W" Club; Lightweight and Varsity Basketball

EMERY W. ENGWERT. At a roast, if you will supply the weiners, Emery will supply the "puns". Engineers, V. Pres.; Der Deutsche Verein

ELEANOR FACKLER, the Zet president that satisfies. Zetalethean, Pres.; Sr. Friendship; Student Council; Annual Board, '33

ALVIN FELBINGER—the man to fix up that radio. Engineers, Sergt.-at-Arms; Radio Amateurs

JOSEPH F. FERGUSON, a snapshot-snapper who snaps scenes worth snapping. Sr. Hi-Y; Annual Staff; Band; Fr. Football; Intra-Mural Mgr.

MARTIN E. FERNOLEND—and my, how this boy loves to work "trig" problems! Engineers, Treas.; Radio Amateurs; Student Council

RUTH L. FLEMING, an asset that the Annual Staff appreciates. Nat'l. Honor Society; Annual Board; Retina Staff; Student Council; Optimates, Quaestor

DOROTHY V. FLEURY, who really enjoys her Commercial Course.

JOSEPH FODOR, just a born comedian. Q. D., Sec.; Glee Club, Pres.; Altobee Art Club, Pres.; Lamda Guild, Treas.; Student Council

DOROTHY FREY, quiet and shy. Her eyes outspeak her tongue.

WILLIAM GAFFNEY, whose "parlez-vous"-ing keeps us stepping to compete with him.

SENIORS

LET'S GO DOWN THE LINE

FRANKLIN GANDER. Ask Franklin how his Model T runs. El Club Cervantes

JOSEPH GASPER, a serious, hard working boy, who is gathering some knowledge during his stay at Waite.

JAY GLADIEUX, the invaluable stage manager, who was never cursed with shyness. Glee Club, Stage Manager; Scarabs

RUTH GLADIEUX, an intelligent young miss. Scarabs; Le Cercle Français, Program Chairman; Nat'l. Honor Society; Retina Staff; Sr. Friendship; Optimates

DOROTHY J. GREENWALT, reserved in class, but—. Nat'l. Honor Society; Optimates; Student Council; Retina Staff; Sec. to Mr. Pearsall

DUDLEY E. GRIMES. "Dud", with his size, should toot a tuba instead of a clarinet. Quill and Dagger; Band; Retina Staff

GAIL GRINER, a great admirer of Signor Marconi and his invention. Radio Amateurs

ROBERT GROSS, something new across the skies, a one-armed pilot. And what, may we ask, do you use the other for, Bob?

MELVIN H. GROVE. How he loves to clean basketballs! Engineers; Reserve Football; Basketball, Manager

RAYMOND GRUENWALD. You should hear Ray warble "Lorelei" in German class. Der Deutsche Verein

BRACENIA HALL, whose expert advice to girls (gratis) is "Always choose an underclassman". Jr. Red Cross

PEARL HALLO, angelic Pearl, who really deserves a halo, as her name warrants. Jr. Red Cross

MARIAN HARDER, an efficient, practical young lady who is looking forward to business college and a secretarial job.

NETTIE HELEN HARDIN. If there is any truth in the statement "Silence is golden", Nellie should be prosperous. Athletic League

SENIORS

OF COURSE YOU KNOW

ISABELLE ANN HARRIS. Doesn't our Editor-in-Chief resemble Jean Parker? Annual Board, Editor-in-Chief; Nat'l. Honor Society; Zetalethean, Rep.; Sr. Friendship; Student Council

LELA ANITA HARTLEY, who seems never to be by herself. Lamda Guild; Jr. Friendship; Athletic League; Optimates

DOROTHY MONICA HARTMAN, who may represent us in Congress some day. Retina, Editor-in-Chief; Rep. to city H. S. Press Ass'n.; Le Cercle Français

MARY CATHERINE HATCH, who entertains all of her girl friends' boy friends. Jr. Red Cross, Rep.

MARILOUISE HATCH, to whom seriousness is a stranger. Jr. and Sr. Friendship; Home Economics; Jr. Red Cross; Optimates

PAUL HAUCK, whose training on the Retina is developing him into the master salesman. Engineers; Retina Staff; Lightweight Football

FRED HAUSER. Eddie Cantor is only a side show when compared to clowning Fred. Der Deutsche Verein

MARVIN HAUSER, whose hair, lighter than Jean Harlow's, will doubtlessly land him a job in the movies.

RITA M. HAYES, a charming miss who does a multitude of tasks for her friends. Jr. Red Cross, V. Pres.

DOROTHY C. HEATH, about whom those who know her say, "She's a good friend to all, always."

TONY HEJTMANEK, an excellent sports reporter, always on the job. Le Cercle Français; Der Deutsche Verein; Retina Staff; Golf; Annual Staff contributor; Sr. Hi-Y

DOROTHY HERINGSHAUSEN, a maedchen who befriends anyone within smiling distance. Der Deutsche Verein

EVELYN HERMAN. Although she has but recently joined us, she has many friends. Athletic League

ROBERT HESSICK, a quiet fellow, but who can tell what will develop?

SENIORS

HERE ARE

WHITNEY HEYDE, a natural, unassuming lad whom everyone likes. Scarabs; Hall Patrol

ALBERT HILGEMAN. Oh, his name is Albert Hilgeman, and he certainly is a gentleman.

MARY JANE HILL, the smallest girl of the class. Jr. Red Cross; Athletic League; Home Economics Club

PHOEBE E. HIPKISS. When you want a thing done well, do it yourself—or get Phoebe.

NICHOLAS HODAK. Being a senior seems to have settled Nick down. Quill and Dagger; Altobee Art Club; Boxing Team

FLORENCE HOLLABAUGH, the sweetheart of the football team. Zetalethean, '32, '33; Hall Patrol; Retina Staff

ELIZABETH HOLTCAMP. Between homework and Max we rarely see Elizabeth. Home Economics Club; Nat'l. Honor Society

HELEN HORNYAK. It's nice to be natural when you are naturally nice.

LOWELL HOUGHTON, whose curly black hair seems to find many a girl's twining fingers. Quill and Dagger; Sr. Hi-Y

RICHARD HUHN, a red head who attracts girls. Forum; Band; Glee Club; Der Deutsche Verein, Pres. '33; Student Council; Hall Patrol

JANET C. HUNT. It's a funny thing, we never have to hunt for Janet. Jr. Red Cross; Hall Patrol; Athletic League

SAMMY HUNTER, whom none of us will ever forget. Why? "W" Club; Track Team

PAUL H. JACOBS. Every time he makes a move, everyone yells at him. Quill and Dagger; Altobee Art Club; Hall Patrol; Cheer leader, Captain

ALBERT JANKOVIC. It takes a long man to be a "short stop". "W" Club; Baseball Team

AND HERE—

CYRIL JAYNES, whose broad smile dissipates all thoughts of gloom.

ELEANOR M. JEFFERS. The very name of Eleanor calls forth good words. Nat'l. Honor Society; Le Cercle Français; Scarabs; Jr. Friendship Club

LINDEN JENSEN, with a disposition as sunny as his hair. Swimming; Basketball

MERWIN JENSSEN, a boy of serious humor, with scores of friends, both boys and girls. Scarabs

VIOLET JOHNSON, a very violet indeed, retiring and shy.

GENEVIEVE JONES, a little maid so gentle and sweet that many a boy is at her feet. Periclean

LA VERGNE IRENE JONES. Spinach or Spanish—she doesn't know which is her greater passion. El Club Cervantes; Hall Patrol

ELIZABETH JORDAN, the champion teller of all types of tales. Nat'l. Honor Society; Optimates, Consul; Student Council; Annual Board

ELIZABETH JULIA JUHASZ, a friend who makes a practice of being a friend. Jr. Red Cross; Athletic League; Hall Patrol

LILLIAN E. KADLICK. Among Waite's assets we number those kind girls like Lillian.

JOSEPH KALASZ, always on guard, on the chance that Kiss should need him.

VIRGINIA C. KANNEMAN, that sweet and quiet person who does both herself and Waite credit.

ROSE A. KARDOS, whose efficiency may be traced to her good nature and cool temperament.

STEPHEN KARNOK, a right promising young boxer, due to his punching right hand. Lightweight Boxing Champ, '33

SENIORS

HERE, FOR YOUR INSPECTION, ARE

VIRGINIA M. KAUTZ, one who will always be thoughtful of her friends.

LILY KEGERIZE, whose hair radiates light and sunshine even on dark days. Student Council; Optimates; Nat'l. Honor Society

CHARLES KEIFER. An architect he would be. El Club Cervantes

RALPH F. KEISTER. Where would the band be if it didn't have this blond lad to take care of it? Band, Custodian; Hall Patrol

ROBERT KEITH, an inspiring example to all boys who want to play football. Forum; Lightweight Football

ANNA KERN, an All-American girl, who does everything—and so well! Scarabs; Jr. Red Cross, Rep.; Home Economics Club, Rep.; Jr. and Sr. Friendship; Rep. to city H. S. Press Ass'n.; Ath. League; Student Council; Retina Staff

JEANETTE M. KERWIN, a dark-eyed dancer who has caught every boy's heart. Zetalethean; Glee Club; Jr. Red Cross; Annual Business Staff; Altobee Art Club

BETTY KEVES, who belongs to the category of quiet dreamers from which so many famous people have risen.

FRANK KEYES. Solved! The mystery of those contagious laughs that seem to spring up from nowhere. Engineers; Hall Patrol

ELNA KLEINHANS, another victim of the Forum plague. Athletic League; Jr. Friendship; Commercial Club

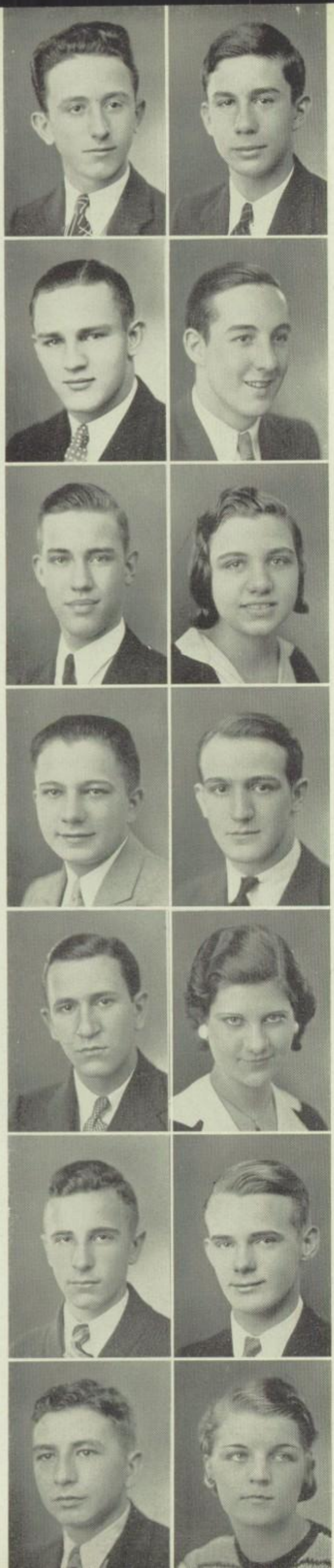
"Putch"

KARL KLUENDER, who has a sense of humor—the more you humor him, the better he likes it. Scarabs

ARNOLD KNAPP, a blond, curly-headed rival of Rudy Vallee. Arnold even croons. Glee Club; Tennis; Altobee Art Club

THEONE DOLORES KNAPP, who has a knack for remembering names; maybe that's why she gets high grades in civics. Scarabs; Nat'l. Honor Society

VERNON KNITZ, who vexes many minds, especially those of girls. "W" Club; Quill and Dagger; Art Club; Varsity Football; Reserve Basketball and Football



SENIORS

AND THESE, APPLES OF OUR EYE ARE

WALTER KOBZOWICZ, an experienced business man. Business Manager of Retina and Annual, '34

KENNETH D. KOCH; to Kenny, fun and basketball are synonymous. Nat'l. Honor Society; Forum, Chap.; Engineers; Hi-Y; El Club Cervantes; Lightweight and Varsity Basketball

ROBERT H. KOCH, who is as adept at a piano as on the gridiron. Q. D.; "W" Club; Lightweight and Varsity Football; Lightweight Basketball

ROLAND KOHN. Football is a necessity to him, singing a pleasure. "W" Club; Glee Club; Lightweight and Varsity Football

FRANKLIN F. KOHRING, tall Frank, one of those people who is always looked up to. Engineers; Jr. Hi-Y

THELMA GERTRUDE KONZ, whose aspiration is to play in some symphony orchestra. We wish her luck.

FRANCIS J. KOVER, who rivals Floyd Gibbons in talking speed. Der Deutsche Verein; Nat'l. Honor Society

MELVIN KRAMER, the leader! Senior Class, Pres.; Nat'l. Honor Society; Quill and Dagger, Treas.; "W" Club, Sec.-Treas. '33, Pres. '34; Sr. Hi-Y; Varsity Football, '31, '32, '33, Capt. '34

STEPHEN G. LAKATOS, JR., the best student manager and friend ever. Student Council, Sergt.-at-Arms; Sr. Class, Sergt.-at-Arms; "W" Club; Forum; Jr. Hi-Y; Fr. Football; Track; Student Manager

LILLIAN LAUER, of the freckled nose, black curly hair, and big eyes—a darling girl. Home Economics Club; Hall Patrol

AUGUST LAZUR, so quiet that hardly any one knows him; those who do are lucky.

THEODORE C. LENZ, "Cannonball", who, speeding down the street on his motorbike, is a familiar sight. Engineers

KEITH B. LORENZEN, who burns the midnight oil, but not for study. Forum; Sr. Hi-Y; Lightweight Basketball

HELEN LUKE, who gives her best—all that even angels can do. Hall Patrol

SENIORS

MATCH THESE IF YOU CAN:

WILLIAM E. LUNN, twenty-four carat gentleman and athlete. Quill and Dagger; Lightweight and Varsity Football

JOHN MAC ARTHUR, Scotch, yes, but we never have seen him sport even a plaid necktie. Track

CLYSTA M. MCCANCE, who came to school to learn, but by good example taught many. Home Economics Club

THELMA MCGRANAHAN, quiet and sweet, a girl with easy charm and a gracious manner.

ALBERT C. MCLAUGHLIN, modest and unassuming. And how we admire him for his self-control and reserve!

RAYMOND P. MADSON—Raymond to the teachers; Ray to intimates; a grand pal to us. Student Council

JAMES MAHER, the very personification of politeness. Forum; Band; Orchestra, Pres.; Hi-Y

GEORGE MAKOVIC, famed football warrior. What can we add? "W" Club, Sec.-Treas.; Varsity Football; Boxing Team; Wrestling

MADALINE MARGARET MANOR, who, graduating at fifteen, is a very active "Waiter", as this list of activities indicates: Altobee Art Club, Treas.; Jr. Red Cross; Annual Board '33

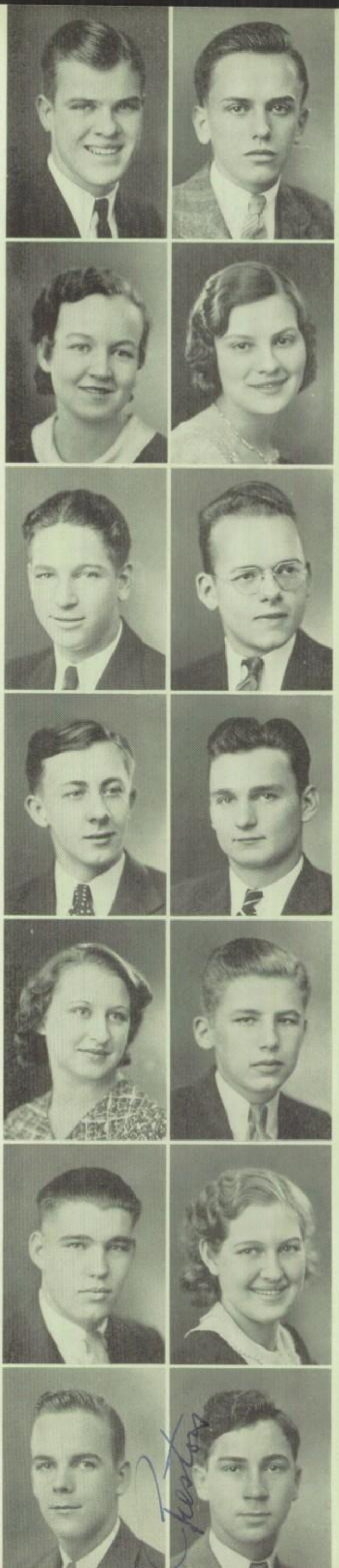
DON MARTI—who is better known? Q. D., V. Pres.; Sr. Hi-Y; Band, Sec.-Treas.; El Club Cervantes, Rep.; Hall Patrol

FRANKLIN C. MARTIN, who has done exceptionally well in all fields. Nat'l. Honor Society; Sr. Hi-Y; Forum; "W" Club; Reserve and Varsity Football

WILMA MARIE MARTIN, of the sunny temper; it's no wonder she's admired and respected by all.

JAMES MEDLEN: "I live, breathe and eat basketball." Suppose he's kidding us? "W" Club; Basketball; Baseball

PRESTON MEEKER—polite Preston, whose principles prove perfectly that patient plugging parallels perfection.



BLONDES, BRUNETTES. YOUR PREFERENCE?

DOROTHY F. MELMS, who won't be denied good grades or a share in the fun. Periclean, Sergt.-at-Arms; Sr. Friendship, Rep.; Nat'l. Honor Society; Girls' "W" Club, Rep.; Athletic League, Sec.; Le Cercle Français

HELEN JULIA MESTELLER, who has the broadest, brightest, and most permanent smile in school.

JOHN MESTELLER. Though cherubic in the refectory, he keeps Mr. Sterling hopping during homeroom.

VENETIA METZGER, whose winning smile is the best of all introductions. Zetalethean; Scarabs, Rep.; Sr. Friendship; Home Economics Club

LUCILLE MEYER, who records the happenings of the Senior Class very nicely. Periclean; Senior Class Sec.; Ass't. Sec. to Mr. Pearsall

MARY JANE MIELKE, with whom we must agree that all that is necessary is to do your best. Zetalethean

ESTELLA L. MILLER, a favorite of all who know her. Jr. Red Cross; Jr. Friendship; Home Economics Club

MARGUERITE MILLER, Merry Marguerite, one of our master merry makers. Glee Club, Sec.; Jr. Red Cross, Pres.

NELLIE MILLER, for whose high grades everyone has praise and admiration. Hall Patrol; Nat'l. Honor Society

LOWELL MITTLEHAUSER, who can always be betrayed into long conversation when asked about the things he saw in Chicago. Forum; Scarabs; Lamda Guild; Annual Board; Hi-Y

MARGARET MOLNAR, everyone's friend—that's Marge. Zetalethean; Nat'l. Honor Society; Student Council, Ass't. Sec.; Girls' "W" Club

ARTHUR MOMENEE, an Eagle Scout, who, we believe, will stop at nothing less than a Gold Palm.

JOHN MONOKY, a humorous, generous sort of young man who knows his way around. Varsity Basketball

LEANDER A. MONTO, apparently always asleep, but wide awake when wanted for anything.

SENIORS

NO NEED TO SAY THAT THESE ARE

DAROL MOON. Who does not call this wandering cavalier a friend?

WILLIAM W. MOONEY. Math I know and Spanish I know—faith, what don't I know? Forum; El Club Cervantes; Hall Patrol

GERALDINE MOORE, who at any time, in any place, will lend a helping hand.

JOSEPH MORAN JR. If there be money in prospect, he'll be there. Senior Class, Treas.; Stationer; Student Council; Q. D.; Optimates; Scarabs; Jr. Hi-Y, Pres. and V. Pres.; Sr. Hi-Y, Treas.; Swimming '31, '32, '33, '34; Intra-Mural Manager

MARGARET MORGAN, whose spirit shines still and bright, with something of angelic light. Jr. Friendship; Orchestra, Sec.; Nat'l. Honor Society

GLENN E. MYERS, one of these strong, silent men with a determined jaw that expresses his bulldog tenacity. Q. D.; "W" Club; Varsity Football, '31, '32, '33, '34; Reserve Football

AILEEN NAVARRE. "I will take mine ease, and who shall prevent me?" Athletic League

CARLTON NAVARRE, who hides behind a busy brain. "W" Club; Football

ROBERT NEWSOM, who was never especially diligent with his lessons.

FLORENCE NICHOSON, our songbird of song birds, who merrily sings her way through life. Glee Club

FRED NIGGEMYER. Oh, shiek, where is thy camel? Jr. Hi-Y; Forum; Optimates; Swimming Team

LILLIAN NOLTHERS of the merry brown eyes, curls, and the mirthful heart.

ANNA NORMAN, always happy and gay, forever surrounded by her many friends.

MARVIN LINDELL NORWINE, of the lightning intelligence and ready wit. Shorty's comebacks are famous—and Time-ly. Engineers, Sec.; Retina, Managing Editor; Cheer leader

THE CROWD WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT

STEVE NOVAK. Our big men of the future may be sitting beside us in classes today. Who knows but that Steve may be a potential steel magnate?

ROBERT NULL, who swears that he is no relative, kin, or acquaintance of that well-known pair, "Null and Void".

MARJORIE OBERKISER, who makes one feel amply rewarded when thanked with that smile of hers. Periclean, Treas.

VIRGINIA O'BRIEN, outwardly very quiet, but—don't ever get her Irish blood boiling. Altobee Art Club

MINNIE OLLSON, with her grand sense of humor. We might take her to be the daughter of Olson, of Olson and Johnson, if we didn't know better.

MARY ONDRUS, one of the reasons the nurse's room is so crowded. Girls' "W" Club; Jr. Red Cross, Sec.; Athletic League, Treas.; Scarabs

ALBERT OPENSHAW, JR. He and Ed Wynn have that silly, infectious laugh in common. Quill and Dagger; Retina Business Staff

MABEL G. OSBORN, a nice person who tells us that lessons come first and practices what she preaches. Nat'l. Honor Society; Optimates; Glee Club; Retina Staff

ROBERTA OSBORN, who maintains a miraculous calm in the midst of the flurry of football ticket sales. Zetalethean; Sec. to Mr. Pearsall; Nat'l. Honor Society

AUBREY PABEN, who never grew up to make the football squad, but who has one that's hard to beat. Sr. Hi-Y

LESTER V. PABEN, one of the mainstays of the Glee Club. Glee Club; Band; Sr. Hi-Y; Lamda Guild

LAURA JEAN PARSONS, whose sleep is never disturbed by a troubled conscience. Zetalethean; El Club Cervantes

NELLIE W. PEPPERS, who would make a good teacher, with all her patience and ambition.

WILLIAM A. PFAFF, who likes to read and read, and tease and tease. Engineers; Sr. Hi-Y

SENIORS

WE CAN'T DISREGARD

ELINORE PIERCE, who likes to sing quite as much as we like to listen. Nat'l. Honor Society; Periclean, Corr. Sec.; Le Cercle Français, Pres.; Retina Staff; Student Council; Scarabs; Glee Club

MELVIN J. POTTS, as a junior, class president; as a senior, still a leader. Forum; Student Council, Pres.; Sr. Hi-Y; Nat'l. Honor Society

DOROTHY REEDER, who did that memorable imitation of Mae West. She's tons of fun; Girls' "W" Club; Athletic League; Altobee Art Club; Scarabs; Sr. Friendship Club

MARGARET L. REIHING, a good and generous girl; we really hate to part with her.

KATHERINE RIHACEK—"Kate"—of our best girl athletes. Jr. Red Cross, Treas.; Scarabs; Optimates; Jr. Friendship; Home Economics Club; Athletic League; Rep.; Girls' "W" Club, Censor

JANET RITTER, who still maintains that French and a Ritter don't mix. Jr. Red Cross; Pres. of City Jr. Red Cross Council

RICHARD D. ROLLO, who often puts some of his huskier mates to shame in the class room. Nat'l. Honor Society; Senior Class, Sergt.-at-Arms

CATHERINE V. ROOT, who is responsible for all of those good times the Senior Friendship girls have. Sr. Friendship, Social chairman

ALFRIDA O. ROYESKE, whose love of debate may net her a congressional job. Nat'l. Honor Society; Retina Staff; Optimates, Censor; Scarabs; Der Deutsche Verein

LELAND RUGER, who can really make excellent civics charts if he puts his mind to the job. Engineers

FREDERICK SAELZLER, who, when collecting slips sixth hour, is fussed by Miss Hart's quips. Nat'l. Honor Society, Treas.; Der Deutsche Verein; Press Club

FANNIE SAGER, a friendly soul who likes her Bobby—and he's not an English policeman, either.

ARTHUR SANDERS, to whom we quote, "Hush, little senior, don't be bold; you're only a freshman four years old."

THELMA E. SCHARFF, whose simplicity is the secret of her whole success.

SENIORS

AND WE MUST MENTION

JUNE SCHESSLER, who has enough ambition to inspire a whole ward of spring fever victims. Optimates; Glee Club

JOHN SCHLADETSCH, a friend to all, a foe to none. Sr. Hi-Y; Altobee Art Club; Hall Patrol; Orchestra; Band; Golf Team; Track

RICHARD SCHNEIDER. All girls from his pathway before he did shove, but now he has it,—not madness, but love. (Editor's note: It takes our Max to make a diagnosis like this.)

MILDRED SCHNELL, a living proof of the beauty of simplicity.

PAUL A. SCHNELL, who evidently believes that speech is great, but silence is greater. Forum; Hi-Y

MAXWELL HENRY SCHROEDER. "Well, I took it this way"—and how he can take it! Forum, Sec.; Sr. Hi-Y, Rep.; Hall Patrol; Student Council; Jr. Hi-Y, Treas.; Optimates

FRANKLIN SCHULTZ. " 'Q.D.' ", protests this particular brick, "does not mean 'Queer Dillies'." Q.D. Pres.; Nat'l. Honor Society, V. Pres.; Stationer; Student Council; Annual Board, Associate Editor; Art Club, Pres. in '33

LE ROY HAROLD SCHULTZ, an easy-going senior whom we like very much.

MARIE SCHUMANN, a whiz at unraveling math brain teasers. Der Deutsche Verein

ROGER SCOTT would be easy to recognize at a bull-fight. He would cheer for the bull.

LAURETTA SEEWALD, who really ought to play football, the way she can kick.

EDWIN M. SHULTZ, who was, perhaps, named after Ed Wynn, but indulges in none of that gentleman's nit-wit wise-cracks. He does, however, stick the thermometer in the fire to see how high the mercury will go—but don't tell Mr. Klag.

HENRY SIEVERT, the owner of a car that is well known by Waite femmes. Quill and Dagger; Altobee Art Club; Swimming Team

ANNABEL SIEVING, a millionaire if she could sell some of her extra energy. Orchestra, Treas.; Annual Business Staff

SENIORS

WHAT! NOT DEAR OLD

ORAN SIGLER, who drops his dignity one place only—in civics class.

WILLIAM SIMONS, sweet William of the fastidious and courtly manners. Did you ever see a sister and brother get along as well together as he and Kate?

MARGARET M. SINNOTT, the walking demonstration of the ideal schoolgirl complexion. Annual Business Staff

MARIE SKIVERS, who may consent to play second fiddle in an orchestra, but not in a man's life. El Club Cervantes; Orchestra; Sr. Friendship

LOLA M. SMITH, one of Waite's truly good ballroom dancers.

MILDRED M. SMITH, of whom we only seldom hear, but when we do, the reports are excellent. Sr. Friendship

RALPH SMITH, just a regular guy. Jr. Hi-Y; Sr. Hi-Y, Pres.; Forum, V. Pres.; Band, Librarian; Student Council; Engineers

FORREST E. SMOCK. His flashing smile gains him a place on one's list of good friends. Forum

GEORGEINA SNAVELY, reserved and dignified, yet far from haughty.

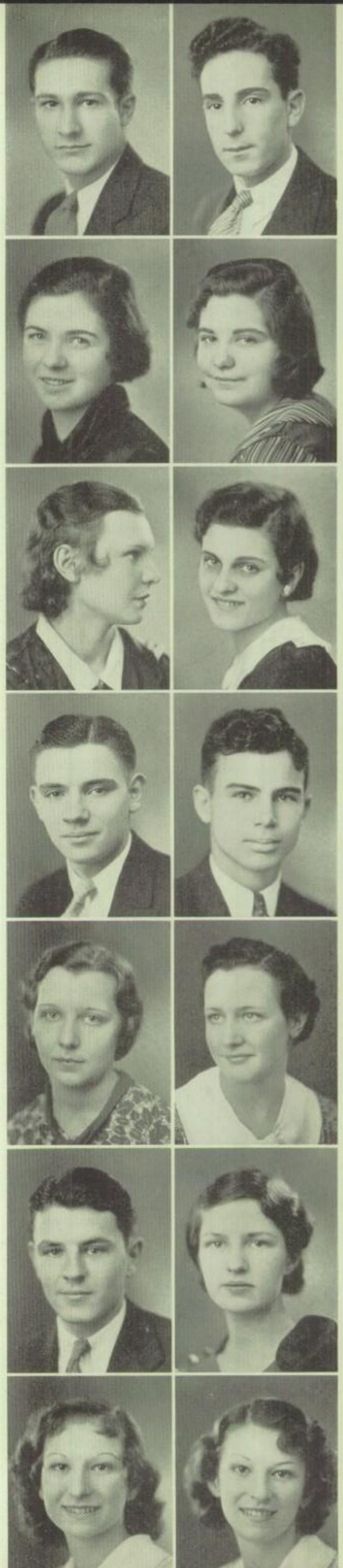
DOROTHY A. SNYDER, who should be consoled by the knowledge that men are like street cars—if you miss one, there's sure to be another. Girl's "W" Club, Sergt.-at-Arms; Jr. Friendship; Athletic League

RAYMOND SNYDER, a would-be cheer leader. Forum; Jr. Hi-Y

JUANITA SONCRANT, whose thoughts are all sincere. El Club Cervantes, V. Pres.; Sr. Friendship

RUBY M. SONCRANT. pleasant to walk with and—. Periclean; Home Economics Club, Chap.

RUTH A. SONCRANT, pleasant to talk with and — both are pleasant to think of. Periclean; Home Economics Club, Rep.



TO SAY NOTHING OF

RUTH H. STALKER, sensitive, shy, but, paradoxically, fond of boys. Zetalethean; Home Ec. Club; Commercial Club

WILLIAM STALTZER, whose good humor, amiability, and wit are his recipe for making friends.

EDNAMAE STEINMAN. "I'm just late, that's all", is her cry as she nonchalantly walks into class long after the last bell.

MARGARET STEINMETZ, a little girl who always looks chic; clothes are her chief delight. Home Ec. Club

MURIEL SUTCH. From way down south came Muriel Sutch; dear old South, we thank you much. Jr. Red Cross; Sr. Friendship

STEPHEN A. SUTO, whose smile and bow tie win him many a maid's second glance. Forum; Reserve and Varsity Basketball

JAMES SWINEHART, a handsome lad who reminds you of the chap in the Arrow collar ad.

JULIA BETTY SZABO, courteous Julia, whom we shall always regard as the most conclusive argument for being polite.

ELIZABETH TARCZALI, who may seem to sit back and take things easy, but is wide awake when called upon to give her opinion. Home Ec. Club

JUNE TAYLOR, a little lassie, whose features remind one of Gaynor, the star. Scarabs; Zetalethean

GLENN THAYER, who toots his own horn "Forum" and thrills 'em through and through. Forum; Sr. Hi-Y

MARGARET THOMAS, who borrows from oft-quoted Shakespeare her motto, "More matter and less art". Periclean

LURA MAE THOMPSON, who spends her time trying to lure tall football players. Jr. Red Cross; Athletic League

FRANK THORNDIKE, whose alto horn sounds like a dainty little flute when he warms up on it. Band; Glee Club

SENIORS

DON'T FORGET

NELLIE THORNTON, who is always in pursuit of happiness. Nat'l. Honor Society; Jr. Red Cross

JEANNE E. TIPTON, whose fame as a basketball player rates space even in the newspapers. Zetalethean; Girls' "W" Club; Athletic League

FRIEDA E. TOBER. Look closely. You'll never see such ringlets again. Der Deutsche Verein

RUTH M. TOBER, a fine student. If there were only more like industrious Ruth, wouldn't it be grand?

PHYLLIS TODD, who has, we notice, became suspiciously familiar with the nickname "Chuck".

LLOYD TOEPPE. Well, old chap, how about a fat three-way cushion for library use? Um-m, what luxury! Altobee Art Club

PAUL TOPPIN, under whose management the "East Side Sun" may grow to be an outstanding daily. Nat'l. Honor Society; Le Cercle Français

STEVEN TOTH. Just hear him yell! Q. D.; Cheer leader; Sr. Hi-Y; Scarabs

VIRGINIA TRETER. If you see "Ginny", look for Edith; she's around somewhere. Home Economics Club

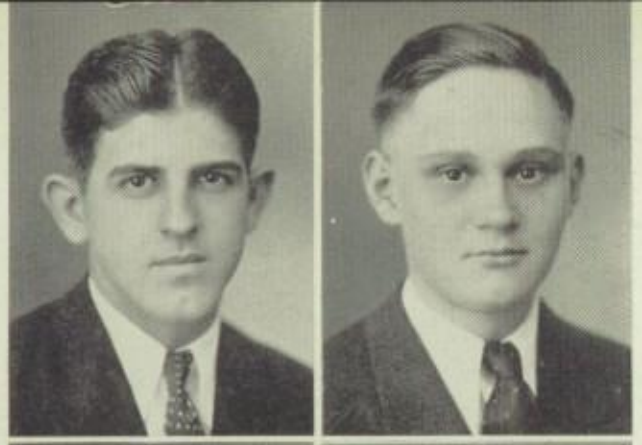
NAOMI TREUSCHEL. Beware of two black eyes, boys! Zetalethean, Chap.; Home Economics Club; Commercial Club; Athletic League; Annual Staff

FAY L. TRUMAN, a treasure of a chum, gay and helpful. Home Economics Club

JOSEPHINE TYUKODY, one of our A-1 students. She'll fight a great fight in this battle of life to attain success.

LILLIAN M. UJLAKI, whose training as a minister's daughter scarcely accounts for her chatterbox tendencies. Scarabs; Le Cercle Français; Optimates

FRANK URBAN: "Do I gotta throw out the whole stick?" What, gum again? "W" Club, Sergt.-at-Arms, '32, '33, V. Pres., '33, '34; Varsity Football



SENIORS

HERE YOU SEE

ARTHUR URBANYI, Art, who enjoys playing with string, singing, football, and other such things. "W" Club; Varsity Football

GEORGE VALKO. George says he studies and studies and studies, but still he doesn't know his Spanish the next morning.

MARGARET M. VANYO, who has learned that intelligence and success go hand in hand. Jr. Red Cross; Orchestra; Scarabs

BILL VARGO, whose chief delight is fooling around the physics lab. Der Deutsche Verein

MARGUERITE VINAL, the typical '34 girl—gay and modest, but not afraid of depression. Hall Patrol

ALBERT VINCENT, "Pete", who seems to be partial to back rows and the last chairs in the row. Radio Club

IRENE VIRAG, a pretty songster who can also be a very good comedienne. Zetalethean; Glee Club, V. Pres.; Altobee Art Club; Jr. Red Cross

FRANK DELANO VISI, a rather small chap with very large thoughts and aims for the future.

DON EDWARD WAGNER, Spanish student, who truly looks like a dashing caballero when horseback riding. Sr. Hi-Y; Forum; Scarabs; Student Council; El Club Cervantes; Tennis

JOSEPHINE WALL. "Jo's" innermost secrets bubble out through those snappy black eyes of hers.

JACK WARD. During classes Jack likes to watch the girls; it must give him inspiration.

HAZEL WARNER. Wonder if we should "Warner" that the dear old world can be mighty tough if it cares to.

CLARENCE L. WASMUNDT. Not satisfied with one girl, he chose twins.

THELMA WATSON, a girl who has oceans of stick-to-it-iveness; she took four years of Latin. Nat'l. Honor Society; Optimates

SENIORS

HAVEN'T WE INCLUDED

VIRGINIA WEBB. Pretty little girls should be seen, as Jinny is, everywhere. Periclean, Pres.; Home Economics Club, V. Pres.; Student Council

MARGARET L. WEIHER, a young lady who certainly knows her academic onions. Nat'l. Honor Society; Scarabs; Der Deutsche Verein

JAMES WEIKER, who, like a conductor, fears no one, but tells them all where to get off. Forum

FERN WELLING, blonde Fern, a living contradiction of the theory that blondes are dumb. Nat'l. Honor Society; Zetalethean; Student Council, Sec.

HOWARD WENDEL. Some people grow old gracefully; Howard tries the new dances. Forum; El Club Cervantes, Treas.; Tennis; Reserve Football

ARTHUR WHITMORE, who goes his own way, unmindful of the world.

HELEN WHITMORE. Popularity has its drawbacks—Helen needs a body guard. Periclean; Jr. Friendship; Athletic League

KATHERINE WHITTAKER, who cannot believe, when her father bids her behave like a lady, that he means an old-fashioned lady. Athletic League

MARGUERITE WIENEKAMP. Some powder goes off with a bang; Marguerite's goes on with a puff. Scarabs; Jr. Red Cross; Home Economics Club; Der Deutsche Verein

MARCELLA WILDE, saleswoman extraordinary and professional sunbeam. What a memory for faces! Jr. Red Cross; Home Ec. Club; Annual Solicitor

MARGARET WILKINS, who would rather mend a fellow's ways than his socks. Periclean; Jr. Friendship, Pres.; Girls' "W" Club; Athletic League

SENIORS

WE MUSTN'T MISS

HAROLD WILLE. When snappier clothes are made, Harold will wear them. Forum, Pres.; Sr. Hi-Y; Scarabs; El Club Cervantes; Student Council

MARIE WILLIAMS. Cosmetic dealers think that a woman's face is her fortune; Marie's is hers. Zetalethean; Home Economics Club, Pres.; Scarabs

MARY HELEN WILSON. Like Mary, the happiest people are those too busy to notice trivialities. Athletic League, Pres.; Girls' "W" Club, Treas.; Periclean, Rep.; Sr. Friendship, Sec.; Nat'l. Honor Society

CHARLES WINELAND, a worker worthy of his hire—if his handiwork is.

MARY KATHRYN WINELAND. Ah, Mary, 'tis love that makes the world go round! Why that worried expression? Zetalethean

GRACE WITHERELL. Give her enough rope and she'll start selling it. Jr. Red Cross; Home Economics Club

WALTER WOOD, our friend Walt, who saves money even these hard days. He isn't a miser—he's a wizard. Hall Patrol

ALICE WUNDERLEY, who has been tried and found wanting—everything under the sun. Periclean

FLORENCE WUNDERLEY, the sort of girl you would like to be. Girls' "W" Club; Periclean; Le Cercle Français, V. Pres.; Sr. Friendship; Athletic League

E. MARIE WYPER, whose murals will proudly decorate our halls. Altobee Art Club, V. Pres.; Sr. Friendship; Annual Art Staff

JOSEPHINE ZUNK. All work, and little play make Josephine anything but a dull girl. Jr. Red Cross

SENIORS WITHOUT PICTURES ARE

HENRIETTA BAILEY, who attends classes at Waite, when she isn't somewhere else

ELWOOD BAIN. "Write me as one who loves his fellow men"

ANITA BAKER, whose innocence matches the very heavens

STEVE BAKSA, a merry chap who lets the world wag along without interference

BERYL BRAUN, whose enthusiasm for knowing is unaccompanied by the love of learning

PAUL CASHEN, who likes nothing better than a girl

JESSIE CHAMBLIS, who can make even the fish dance to the irresistible rhythm of her "St. Louis Blues". Orchestra, Librarian; Athletic League; Home Economics

VERL DOOLIN, whose soft drawl and Southern manner are known to one and all

RICHARD DOWNS. Oh, the grace and versatility of the boy! El Club Cervantes; Swimming Team, '32; Football Mgr., '31

CLIFFORD DUNN, who hits the nail on the head when it comes to carpentry and such

HELEN DUSZA. "I am a stranger to frivolity"

LOUIS ELIAS, a true-blue sportsman. Swimming Team

JAMES FEUDI. Is there ever a time when he does not know his Spanish lesson? El Club Cervantes, Pres.

HARVEY GREEN, scarcely the callow creature his surname might suggest! Ah, no!

EVELYN HARPER, who is never ready, always late; but she smiles, and so we wait

SCOTT HEININGER. All men are dust, but some are Gold Dust. It pays to know Scott. Quill and Dagger; Varsity Basketball

ELFRIDA HURST. "As good as be out of the world as be out of fashion." Periclean; Girls' "W" Club; Jr. Friendship, V. Pres.; Athletic League; Jr. Red Cross; Le Cercle Français

NORMAN KELLER. Norm's having a hard time convincing his girl that he really is a senior

FRANK KISS. There's plenty of weight (Waite) back of what he says and does. Quill and Dagger; Varsity Football; Swimming Team; Baseball

BERNARD KOHNKE, who says neither too much nor too little

SENIORS WITHOUT PICTURES ARE

By the death of DOROTHY BROWN, '34, the world lost an inspiring leader, a faithful comrade, and a girl whose character was portrayed in action. The years she spent with us were the happiest of our life. It is with sincere sadness that we pay tribute to her, but we are consoled by the thought that

"Our lost friends are not dead, but gone before,
Advanced a stage or two upon that road
Which we must travel in the steps they trod."

CARL F. LABERDIE, who assures us in his debonair fashion, "As long as there are girls who can dance, I'll be happy." Quill and Dagger

AUSTIN LONGENECKER, one senior who certainly is mischievous

ROBERT LUMP, who keeps his friends throughout the years

FRED MAHANEY, who can make all the squeaks in a radio vanish miraculously

CARL MANTEUFFEL, with his characteristic grin. He does his share to make his fellow students happy

MILDRED MCCABE, who has only to look in the mirror to see a mighty pleasant reflection. Le Cercle Français

JAMES MCLARGIN, no sinner but . . . . scarcely a saint

EDDIE MURRAY. "Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Ah, Eddie of the blithe, the reassuring grin!

VIRGINIA MYERS. It's quality, not size, that counts

WALTER LEE O'NEILL, a great, great advocate of athletics. Lightweight Football; Swimming Team; Baseball; Boxing, Captain, '33

HOWARD PAQUETTE, quiet Howard, who finds entertainment in his own thoughts

RONALD J. PATTERSON, who must have a brush in hand to feel in workman-like mood

ROBERT EDGAR PERRY, short-spoken, but well-informed, Track

FRANCIS PUSKAS, who can't quite manage to keep his hair in place—in spite of his heroic efforts

GRACE RICHARDSON, who has paid high school the very great compliment of resigning a paying position to return for a diploma. And there's another place waiting for this prize of a girl, we're told.

VIRGINIA M. SAVAGE. She reminds us of a madonna

MARGARET SEAMAN, whose gentleness is a charm most persuasive

HOWARD W. SMITH. Is it his red hair that gives him the pep we've seen him display on the basketball court? "W" Club; Varsity Basketball

HARRY STEINHURST, whose curly hair has made many a boy—and girl—envious. Engineers. Chap.; Retina Staff

ARTHUR STIGER, who, though quiet in classroom, asserts himself when we loiter in the hallways. Hall Patrol

IN THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE DULL, THROB DANCERS, ARCHIE AND I FORGOT OUR PERIL COUNCIL RING. SUDDENLY TWO STEEL-LIKE HEAVILY PAINTED FACE PEERED INTO MINE. I COMPANION; ANOTHER BRAVE HELD HIM CRUEL AS HE TWISTED MY ARM MERCILESSLY. GUARD RUSHED OVER TO MY DEFENCE. WHY AS HE PULLED AWAY MY CAPTOR. "BLACK YOU." MY GUARD, EVIDENTLY NAMED BLACK GAVE MY RESCUER WAS VENOMOUS . . . . . INDIAN GRUNT WITH WHICH HE PREFIXED BEFORE CHIEF CONSER, CHIEF GOODALL, DANCING HAD STOPPED; ALL AROUND US A HUSH FELL OVER THE TRIBE AS THE CHIEF SEE SACRED DANCE. MUST DIE." . . . "WELL," I

BING TOM-TOMS AND THE CIRCLE OF WILD
OUS POSITION AND MOVED CLOSER TO THE
HANDS PINIONED MY ARMS AND A
MANAGED TO TURN MY HEAD TOWARD MY
POWERLESS ALSO. MY CAPTOR'S EYES WERE
THEN, TO MY GREAT SURPRISE, ARCHIE'S
SHOULD HE AID ME? . . . "UGH," HE GRUNTED
SNAKE, IF YOU HARM WHITE MEN, ME KILL
SNAKE, DID NOT REPLY, BUT THE LOOK HE
UGH, AS I DUBBED MY DEFENDER FOR THE
EVERY SPEECH, THEN GENTLY SHOVED US
AND THE TRIBE'S THREE EAGLE SCOUTS. THE
WERE TRIBAL COUNCILORS AND ADVISERS.
ROSE AND SPOKE TO US . . "YOU, PALE FACES,
REPROACHED MY FRIEND, "NOTHING LESS

THAN A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US NOW. BUT MORE SERENELY IF I WERE FORTIFIED BY A PIE."..."I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS," HE THAT MOMENT A FRANTIC INDIAN CAME HALTED BREATHLESS BEFORE THE CHIEF. HE A MOMENT OF OMINOUS SILENCE. THEN CHILDREN HE WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK . . . HIS TION AMONG THE TRIBE, AND FROM MY THAT SOME KIND OF TREASURED PLAN OR STOLEN . . . AS I LOOKED AROUND I SAW EVERY FACE—EXCEPT ONE. WAS THAT A OTHERWISE IMPASSIVE COUNTENANCE OF IT, YET THE DANCING CAMPFIRE LIGHT MIGHT CHIEF SPOKE TO US, "BEFORE YOU DIE, ME NONE TOO GENTLY SEARCHING US, SO I

I SHOULD DRAW MY LAST BREATH MUCH
WEDGE OF AUNT SOPHIE'S DEEP-DISH APPLE
REPLIED MISERABLY. "IF ONLY I . . . ." BUT AT
SHOVING THROUGH THE CROWD AND
PANTED A FEW WORDS, AND THERE ENSUED
THE CHIEF RAISED HIS HAND TO INFORM HIS
SOLEMN WORDS CAUSED A WILD COMMO-
POOR KNOWLEDGE OF INDIAN I GATHERED
DRAWING OF A NEW LODGE HAD BEEN
EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF AND HORROR ON
FLICKER OF SMUG SATISFACTION ON THE
BLACK SNAKE? I WAS ALMOST CERTAIN OF
HAVE DECEIVED MY EYESIGHT. SUDDENLY THE
WANT HIM BACK." . . . BLACK SNAKE WAS
KNEW WE WERE ALSO BEING BLAMED FOR

THE THEFT OF THE TRIBE'S PRECIOUS PLAN, ADDRESSED US: "YOU REMEMBER ME? ME WOODS. YOU SAVE MY LIFE; ME TRY TO CAMOUFLAGE OF GAUDY PAINT, WAS THE HAD FIRST COME INTO THIS TERRITORY ON LIFE OF UGH, THE CHIEF'S NEPHEW, WE HAD TRIBE—OF ALL BUT BLACK SNAKE, WHO NOW THAT FITTING PUNISHMENT BE METED OUT TO THE SACRED RITES OF THE TRIBE. HE DEMAND PLACE OF THE STOLEN DRAWING . . . BUT SAVE MY LIFE," I HEARD HIM ARGUE. "THEY TILL PLANS FOUND. NO CAN TORTURE." . . . OF GRATITUDE HAD SAVED US FROM TORTURE, A PREMONITION OF IMPENDING EVIL STILL SOON FORGET THE HUMILIATION HE HAD

INNOCENT AS WE WERE . . . THEN UGH
INDIAN BOY YOU FREE FROM BEAR TRAP IN
HELP YOU, NOW." . . . SO UGH, BEHIND HIS
INDIAN YOUTH I HAD BEFRIENDED WHEN I
A CAMPING EXPEDITION! IN SAVING THE
EARNED THE GOOD WILL OF THE WHOLE
ROSE TO URGE WITH ALL HIS ELOQUENCE
THE PALE FACES WHO HAD INTRUDED UPON
ED OUR TORTURE TO REVEAL THE HIDING
UGH OBJECTED AND PLEADED FOR US. "THEY
MY WHITE BROTHERS. ME WATCHUM GOOD
UGH'S POPULARITY AND THE INDIAN'S SENSE
BUT AS WE LEFT WITH UGH FOR HIS TEPEE,
OPPRESSED ME; BLACK SNAKE WOULD NOT
SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF UGH THIS DAY.

THE CHIEFS AND EAGLE

Mr. Philip H. Conser

Mr. George Keller

Miss Mabel Wemp

After our harrassing trial, we were only too glad to have the shelter of a wigwam over our heads.

We had just finished a nap—decidedly peaceful, considering the conditions, when the opening of the tepee was darkened by the forms of several towering braves. We cowered in the shadows, but it was useless, as many thick, heavy hands dragged us from our resting place. This time we were informed that the chief and princess wished to converse with us.

As we were pushed out we discovered that the sun had set and a huge campfire was casting grotesque shadows over the forms of six people: the chief and princess, three maidens, and an important-looking counselor.

Chief Conser commanded the guards to release us and waved us to a seat on the ground.

Immediately he showed himself to be very interested in our story and made us feel that we were in the presence of a friend.

He now allowed us to defend ourselves, and as he listened intently to what we were saying, the reflections of the flames danced lightly over the features of his benign countenance. Time and again, as our story progressed, his face expressed surprise, sternness, and even disappointment, but never harshness or cruelty.

For this time and innumerable others we were indebted exceedingly to Chief Conser for his fair-minded decisions and unselfish attention to our troubles, and now we thank him most gratefully.

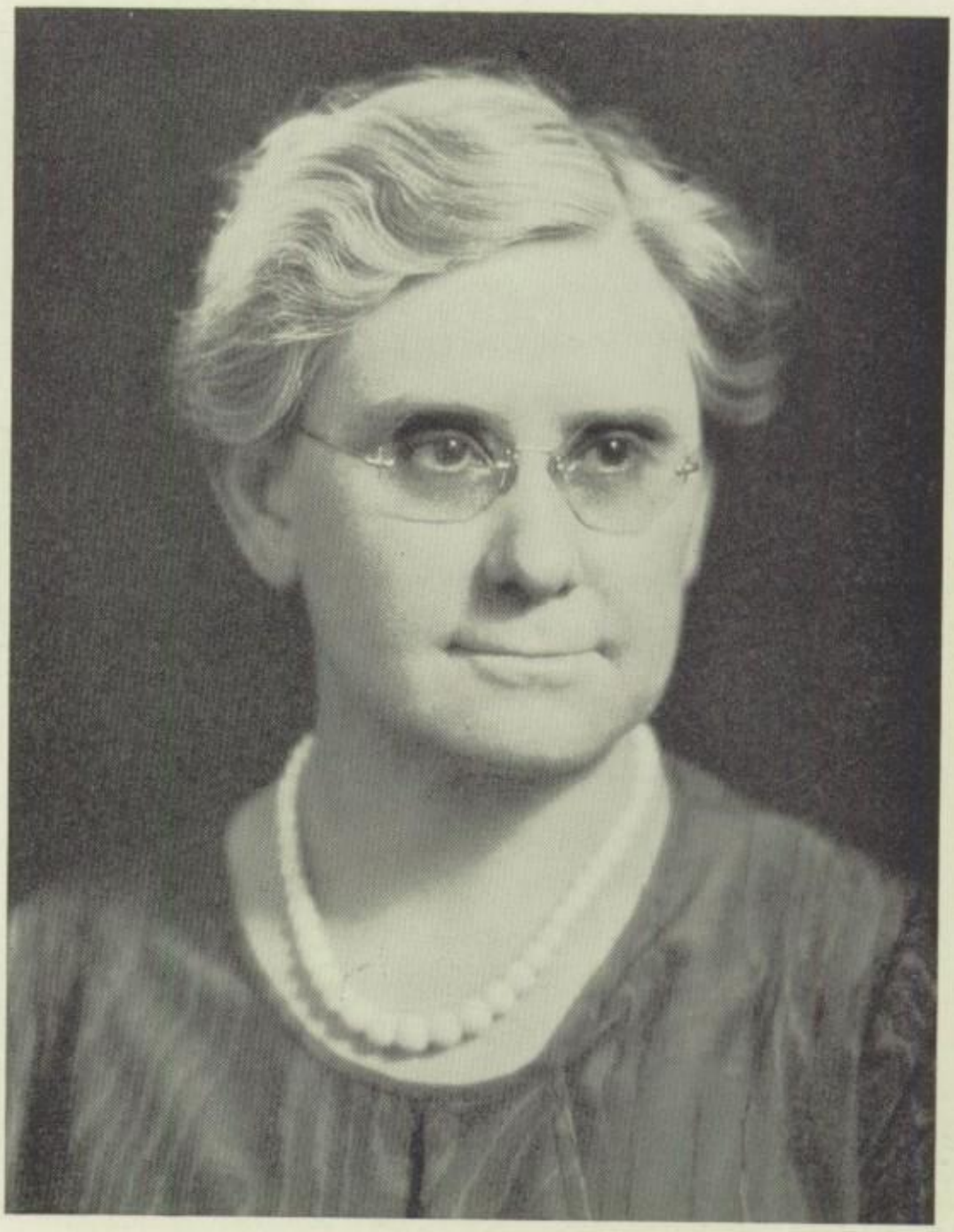
SCOUTS OF THE TRIBE

Our account finished, the chief consulted with the others. In the meantime we were given a chance to study their physiognomies and characteristics as they conversed earnestly with Chief Conser.

Beside him, we noticed a small, sweet-faced woman with a square jaw suggesting her great strength of character and fairness. We later found this to be exactly the truth. At our trial she had refrained from speaking, no doubt seeing that we were already receiving fair judgment, but she certainly did make up for this silence later. In the midst of everything you could depend on finding Princess Do-GOOD-to-ALL keeping order in her efficient, quiet manner. She was in charge of the Student Council, where her radiant personality always made her presence desirable.

Surrounding the chief and princess were three maidens and an important-looking counselor whom we later learned to be their assistants and helpers. The maidens did much invaluable work for the elders and tribesmen, such as taking care of all wampum collected, returning articles which were lost about the camp, and announcing all important events which were to take place. The brave, a pleasant-appearing personage, was the custodian of all paths and rooms in the Great Council Lodge.

With all this efficient management and direction it was no wonder that the Indian camp ran as smoothly as it did.



Miss Josephine Goodall

Miss Mildred Beier

Miss Florentine Niermann

T E A C H E R S

Although we had been severely terrified by the Council of the Elders, our panic seemed now to have disappeared. When we saw them, we didn't turn our ankles in an attempt to put as much distance as possible between us, but stopped to see what they were doing. Some of the elders had tents where they taught the young warriors and maidens the history of the tribe, moccasin making, or basket weaving.

Several times we saw a young maiden hand another maiden a note. If the elder saw it, she would tell the frightened culprit to visit the class dean after the class periods were over. And then the poor girl had to stay in the large hut for an hour while the others scampered off to play. But they were all working diligently enough now. There was an air of industry about the whole camp, a hum of activity.

MISS ADAMS
Commercial

MRS. ALLEN
English

MR. BAIRD
Industrial Arts

MR. BALL
Music

MISS BOERGER
Foreign Language

MISS BUMGARDNER
Mathematics

MISS BURNS
English

MISS BUTLER
Foreign Language

MRS. CANFIELD
Science

MISS CARPENTER
Art

MR. COLLINS
Industrial Arts

MR. COMBS
Social Science

MISS COWELL
English

MR. CUMMINGS
Industrial Arts

"Keep your eyes on the copy; elbows in!" called a quick, terse voice, endeavoring to be heard above the terrific din about her. Halting abruptly before the open door of a hut, we questioningly peered inside. To our amazement we saw many warriors and maidens pounding—or so it seemed to us—on queer mechanical devices which somewhat resembled our modern typewriters. The voice we had heard belonged to Miss Adams, the typing teacher. At the other end of the room we spied Miss Moore vainly striving to drown out Miss Adams' voice. Was that a task, or wasn't it?

Rushing from this noisy hut, we hurried to another quite distant, the wood shop. Alas and alack! No sooner had we stepped inside the door than we realized our mistake. Swish! What was that? "Look out ahead!" yelled someone, and we all ducked as a block of wood sailed overhead. When we thought it was safe, we cautiously raised our heads. Mr. Baird, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Collins, Mr. Youngquist, and Mr. Sterling were trying to teach these wood-slinging warriors the fundamentals of industrial art.

Just then our attention was drawn by the strange but beautiful music which issued from the wood. Questioning one of the Indians near by, we learned this was the Glee

T E A C H E R S

Club under the direction of Mr. Ball. At other times we heard the inspiring music of the band, under the capable leadership of Mr. Sutphen, and the orchestra, directed by Miss Werum.

After listening to the music for a short time, we wandered to another part of the reservation. Stopping abruptly before a wigwam, we were startled by hearing someone utter these immortal words, "Ein Pferd, ein Pferd, Mein Reichtum für ein Pferd!" Curious, we asked the instructor, Miss Griffith, what this was all about. She informed us that this was a German class. Later, roving about the reservation, we discovered that other foreign language classes were taught by Miss Boerger, Miss Butler, Miss Jackson, and Mrs. Fortune.

MISS DRUGGAN
Science

MR. FOLEY
Radio

MRS. FORTUNE
Foreign Language

MISS GERDING
School Nurse

MISS GOODALL
Science

MISS GRIFFITH
Foreign Language

MRS. HALL
English

MISS HART
English

MISS HOWARD
Science

MISS JACKSON
Foreign Language

MR. JAEGER
Commercial

MISS KAHNWEILER
Library

MISS KIMBLE
Social Science

MR. KLAG
Science

Stumbling into Miss Carpenter's art class, we noticed Miss Carpenter discussing arrangements for a spring festival which was to be given by the energetic Indians of the English classes. Miss Wales, a home economics teacher, insisted upon green garments, but Miss Werner, her co-worker, wanted red costumes. The English teachers, Miss Spayd, Miss Burns, Miss Cowell, Mrs. Hall, Miss Roache, Miss Hart, Miss Nelson, Miss Rees, Miss Newbirt, and Mrs. Allen, clamored for different colors and combinations. Poor Miss Mallory tried unsuccessfully to call the teachers' attention to the refreshments which were ready to be served. Realizing that Miss Mallory would not be heard above the squabbling of the teachers and thinking it a shame that refreshments would not be eaten or appreciated, we decided to help ourselves to a share of the feast and quickly depart.

Farther down the path we heard the angry voices of Indians who seemed to be arguing over something. Because we were fond of excitement, we drew nearer. In the midst of the crowd stood Mr. Pearsall, Mr. Jaeger, Mr. McCallister, and Mr. Moffatt, waving pieces of wampum and gesturing at Mr. Pauly, who paid no attention to them.

T E A C H E R S

These Indians were traders, but they appeared more like a debating team.

Suddenly Mr. Foley, who wasn't getting much sense out of a radio program to which he was listening (neither did we, for it sounded like static) shouted, "Quiet, please!" We learned that the argument had started over the price of a dozen pigskins. Two Indian warriors were appointed to get the advice of the mathematics department.

We trailed along in their wake. The two Indians stopped before a wigwam from which came a voice saying, "H+y=z−10." Looking through the flap of the wigwam we observed that the teacher, Miss Bumgardner, was drawing queer figures on the board. The two messengers stated the object of their visit, and Miss Bumgardner hurriedly called a consultation of all the other mathematicians, including Miss Parks,

MR. MOFFATT
Commercial

MR. McCALLISTER
Commercial

MISS MALLORY
Home Economics

MISS MARINE
Social Science

MR. MATHIAS
Mathematics

MR. MILLS
Science

MR. LEACH
Social Science

MISS MOORE
Commercial

MISS MORGAN
History (Social Science)

MISS NELSON
English

MISS NEWBIRT
English

MR. OSBORNE
Industrial Arts

MISS PARKS
Mathematics

MR. PAULY
Commercial

Mr. Mathias, Miss Tobin, Miss Waite, and Mrs. Fortune. They decided unanimously in favor of Mr. Pauly. The messengers rushed back to Mr. Pauly with the glad tidings, and peace was restored.

MR. PEARSALL
Commercial

Miss Bumgardner turned her attention back to the class. Hearing nothing we could understand, we were just turning to leave when the name Archimedes was mentioned. Who on earth was Archimedes? Not wishing to display our ignorance by asking who he was, we went next door to Mr. Comb's hut to gather some information. We tiptoed into his room, for an Indian maiden was giving a report. Just then a drum sounded, and all the Indians scrambled out helter-skelter. We approached Mr. Combs and asked him about Archimedes. After explaining quite thoroughly, he said, "For more information consult the other history teachers, Miss Kimble, Mr. Leach, Miss Marine, Miss Morgan, and Mr. Steiner." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "The library would also give you much information."

Thanking him, we wended our way to the library. On our arrival there, we made the acquaintance of the very charming librarian, Miss Kahnweiler, and her capable

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assistants. After Miss Kahnweiler had found several books on Archimedes for us, we read quietly for thirty-five minutes. Then our attention wandering, we looked up to see a puffing Indian, whom Miss Kahnweiler addressed as Mr. Rohlfing. He shoved his way to the desk to ask for "Chemistry for Today". After securing the desired book, he hurried out again.

Sensing adventure, we replaced our reference books and sped down the path after him. We thought we had lost him, but all at once we saw him disappear into a hut. We hesitated about entering, for a penetrating mixture of odors assailed our nostrils. Ever resourceful Archibald miraculously produced some clothes-pins which we clamped on our noses. Thus fortified, we bravely entered. We were almost knocked

MISS REES
English

MISS ROACHE
English

MR. ROHLFING
Science

MRS. SCHAENFELD
Science

MISS SPAYD
English

MR. STEINER
Social Science

MR. STERLING
Industrial Arts

MR. SUTPHEN
Band

MISS TOBIN
Mathematics

MISS WAITE
Mathematics

MISS WALES
Home Economics

MISS WERNER
Home Economics

MISS WERUM
Orchestra

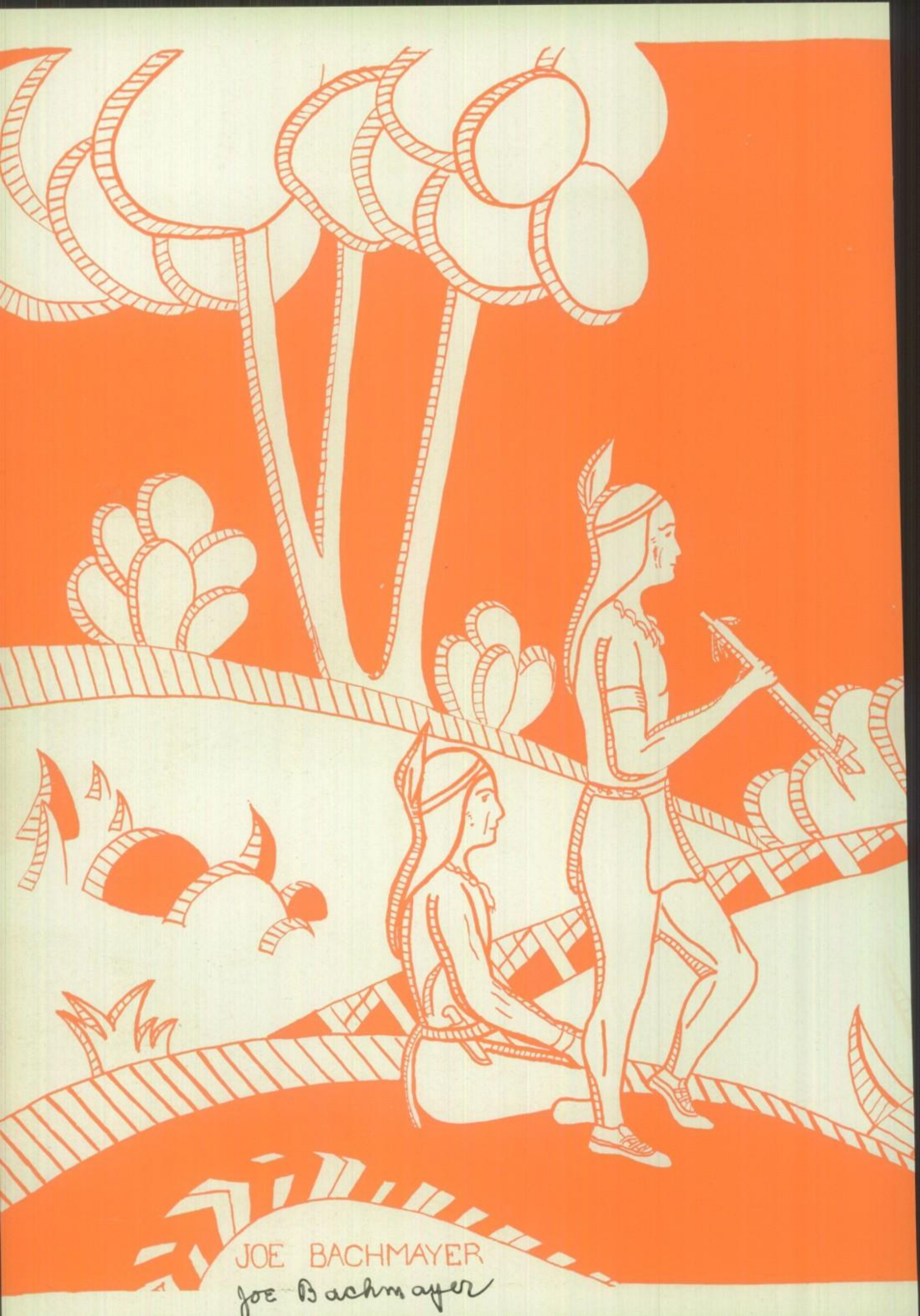
MISS YOUNG
Science

down by hurrying Indians. We watched them and the experiments they were performing. Suddenly Miss Howard, the instructor, yelled, "Anyone want to recite?" All at once a stampede occurred. Those Indians were just wild to get to the desk first. We placed our bets on two maidens and a warrior—and sure enough, they landed there first. Miss Howard considered for a moment and then said, "Go ahead". Holy smokes, all three started to recite at once. Thinking one another very rude, they all stopped. "Go ahead," admonished Miss Howard, "I can hear you all." Not only did she hear those three, but she also found some C Cl_4 for a warrior and rescued a maiden from acid burns.

As the horrid odor was fast getting the best of us, we ran through the door and down to the nurse's hut, not pausing to glance into the rest of the science classes taught by Miss Goodall, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Druggan, Mr. Klag, Mr. Mills, Mrs. Schaenfeld, and Miss Young.

Miss Gerding, the nurse, administered first aid, and advised us to take a nap. We were only too glad to follow her advice and dozed off into the land of dreams.

MR. YOUNGQUIST
Industrial Arts


JOE BACHMAYER
Joe Bachmayer

STRANGELY ENOUGH, ALTHOUGH WE WERE
HAD COMPLETE FREEDOM OF THE GROUNDS.
EXPECTED TO BE CONFINED TO OUR TEPEE.
WE WENT THROUGHOUT THE CAMP WE
OF THE TRIBAL BRAVES. THEY DID NOT FOLL
SLYLY WATCHED OUR EVERY MOVEMENT
REALIZED THAT WE WERE ALLOWED TO
BUT WERE BEING CUNNINGLY SPIED UPON, I
THOUGHT WE HAD HIS PRECIOUS PARCH
FREEDOM OF THE CAMP, HOPING WE WOULD
AS LONG AS THE PLANS REMAINED LOST OR
SO WE ROAMED THROUGH THE CAMP
MUCH ABOUT THE INDIANS. . . UGH SHOWED
OUR MANY QUESTIONS. WE SELDOM FELT
OURSELVES, THERE WERE SO MANY THINGS
MANY GROUPS AND CLANS. WE WATCHED
THEIR INITIATIONS AND DAN

NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE CAMP, WE
IT PUZZLED US AT FIRST, FOR WE HAD
THEN ONE DAY I NOTICED THAT WHEREVER
WERE UNDER THE CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE
OW US SO THAT WE COULD SEE THEM, BUT
FROM BEHIND TEPEES AND TREES. WHEN I
ROAM THROUGH THE CAMP AT RANDOM
WAS NO LONGER PUZZLED. THE CHIEF
MENT AND CLEVERLY LET US HAVE THE
ACCIDENTALLY REVEAL THE HIDING PLACE.
STOLEN WE FIGURED OUR LIVES WERE SAFE,
MAKING A FEW FRIENDS AND LEARNING
US AROUND THE CAMP AND ANSWERED
LONELY AND SOMETIMES EVEN ENJOYED
TO DO AND SEE. THE TRIBE WAS MADE UP OF
THEIR VARIOUS STRANGE CEREMONIALS,
CES, WITH GREAT INTEREST.

H A L L P A T R O L

Taking advantage of our freedom, we wandered about the camp buildings until we were suddenly startled by the ringing of a bell.

"Wonder what that is!" said Archie, stopping short in his tracks. "Perhaps someone's wanted by the chief."

A second bell reverberated through the camp. Large groups of youths and maidens of all ages began to pour out of the huts like so many arrows shot from a bow.

Impelled by curiosity, we went into one of these buildings, where we found many badly worn stools with square pieces of wood fastened in front of them. This surface

First Row:—R. Soncrant, J. Lutz, H. Batesole, L. Rapp, F. Hollabaugh, B. Gonia

Second Row:—J. Schladetsch, R. Kardos, L. Lauer, H. Luke, M. Gilson, M. Jenssen

Third Row:—C. Brandenberger, V. Cordrey, D. Heineman, T. McGranahan, N. Miller, D. Wagner, D. Marti

Fourth Row:—E. Pickering, D. Kellar, R. Keister, M. Schroder, J. Carney, R. Gross, H. Paquette

Jayne

many, many years ago had probably been smooth and used for writing. But with so much artistic talent in camp, perhaps the birch-bark had become scarce, and the pupils were forced to carve into the wood. The walls were lined with blackboards covered with white lines.

"Oh," I cried, "the guards have gone! Now is our chance for escape."

We peered around corners cautiously, as we made our way to the gates of the camp, trying at the same time to appear unconcerned. But as we turned a corner, we almost fell over a formidable creature squatting in a chair not unlike those found in the small huts. Because he had placed his lumbering frame in our path, we were unable to proceed.

"Give me pass," he demanded. His voice made us fairly jump out of our moccasins.

His keen eye took in every detail of our confusion, our puzzled state.

"Come," he said peremptorily. We had no other choice than to follow him.

On the way he stopped others, but on the presentation of a small piece of birch bark, they were allowed to proceed.

H A L L P A T R O L

We were ushered into an exceedingly large room, and were obliged to sit and await our fate. It seemed hours before a solemn group marched in and took their places around us. We recognized them as the Council of the Elders.

After much flourishing and chattering, the noise subsided, and one by one, the counselors gave a speech.

The following were the main points of the address:

The conditions of the pathways were becoming deplorable. Youths were allowed to walk out of the huts without their passes, and run down the paths while whistling

First Row:—M. Vinal, J. Schessler, G. Jones, H. Cotterill, F. Welling, M. Neitzel

Second Row: — B. Buzzard, M. Browne, D. Parsil, E. Geisert, V. Day, E. Pollex, K. Aldrich

Third Row:—A. Stiger, E. Dickinson, D. Heiden, J. Hunt, M. Christian, B. Holtcamp, L. Heckart

Fourth Row:—F. Simons, A. Krueger, L. Bohnett, B. Whitney, W. Wood, I. Carpenter, J. Gladieux, L. Lark, C. Toppin

and yelling, disregarding the right of others. What could be done to stop this? Rules had been made before, but no one had ever heeded them.

A story was told of a small girl who had been knocked to the ground by a tall Indian youth, who had been hurrying to his dinner. Should chances like these be taken?

"Ugh, no," grunted the majority of the elders. So they voted for more safety in the paths.

Then an Indian of great size pointed his finger at us. "Ugh, who?" he said.

The youth who had brought us in, explained in Indian language.

The elders seemed doubtful as to what should be done with us. What if they were to torture us, to kill us! We had done nothing but walk around.

Finally, a white-haired elder stood up and gained permission to speak.

"Take them to Council of Youths. Let them be judged by their own kind."

There was unanimous approval of her suggestion. Then we found ourselves being shoved toward another hut. We walked through the door . . . .

STUDENT COUNCIL

. . . . . in front of a large group of boys and girls. At a sign from their leader, each took a scrap of birchbark and a knife from his pocket.

"Do you suppose that they're going to make us eat the birchbark?" I muttered in Archie's direction. When I looked at him, I saw him beckoning his finger at an Indian maiden. Uh-huh, Archie was getting romantic—but, no, for as she came nearer, he whispered in her ear.

"Get Ugh."

And as quick as a flash of lightning she darted from the room, and when she reentered, Ugh was accompanying her.

FIRST ROW:—R. Fleming, E. Fackler, V. Webb, F. Welling, H. Althouse

SECOND ROW:—I. Harris, J. Curtin, F. Blossey, E. Jordon, D. Greenwalt, E. Miller

THIRD ROW:—A. Dunsmore, F. Stuble, E. Petsche, V. Dobrik, M. Potts, B. Bartels

FOURTH ROW:—P. Kleist, R. Beck, N. Williams, J. Moran, K. Bitter, R. Smith, H. Wille, D. Wagner

He made a place for himself near us and acted as interpreter throughout the meeting.

"Him," pointing at a young buck, "wampum chief." And sure enough, for from a woven basket he drew forth the Indian money.

In response to a few words spoken by the leader, a maiden rose from her place, and unrolling a long roll of cloth, began to speak.

At their former meeting, a library code had been discussed. The lodge code was defined as "The Set of Standards Followed by Students Who Are Trying to Live Up to Their Best". In addition, a courtesy code was adopted.

As she resumed her place on the floor, the white-haired Indian woman rose. Obviously, this squaw was respected and loved by all, for everyone became attentive as she spoke.

"Must have much wampum. Scholarship."

And we were informed by Ugh that this group cooperated with the Honor group in raising money enough for a scholarship.

"What do you do to raise money?" we questioned.

"Have shows," was the answer.

The leader spoke again, and Ugh, turning toward us, said, "Now you."

STUDENT COUNCIL

Pandemonium was let loose as all began gesticulating toward us and chattering shrilly.

As we were under careful inspection and did not dare move or talk, Ugh told us what this council was.

It was by no means a governing body. Its aim was to secure a greater participation among the members in promoting the welfare of the lodge.

"Well, it wouldn't be put down in history, if they were to kill us," I remarked.

"They talk about you," Ugh put in, "maybe good, maybe bad."

FIRST ROW:—M. Billings, R. Beins, M. Molnar, M. Humberstone, K. Steiner, J. Baumgartner 'Doc'

SECOND ROW:—S. Naylor, R. Eggert, G. Strouse, E. Madden, A. Barrett, B. Jacobs

THIRD ROW:—B. Quilter, J. Green, J. Kinsey, P. Sturtz, R. Sterling, J. Webb, Perfect Pill

FOURTH ROW:—L. Kohn, F. Schultz, B. Barrington, H. Vogtsberger, R. Cook, J. Mendelson, E. Cousino, P. McThena

"Could you inform me as to the why of the knives and the birchbark?" queried Archie.

"They take notes, go back to their tepee, report. That their duty," was Ugh's comforting reply. For I had been visioning some of the husky warriors shoving the birchbark down our throats.

Ugh motioned for us to stand. As we did, we were pushed forward and turned so that we faced the group squarely.

There in the front row glowered the evil face of Black Snake. Horrors! If he had something to do with our penalty, all would be lost.

"Tell mother I died gracefully," I gritted through my teeth.

"This is no time for frivolity," Archie replied.

We were approached by several of the members. They talked among themselves for awhile, and then their chosen speaker gave the verdict.

"You stay here. No try escape. You no go unless you give birchbark back to us."

"But we haven't got your old scroll," I insisted.

"You stay. You can wander around camp. But no go."

And so we were to stay—there was no use of trying to escape, for they might try more drastic measures the next time. For this Council of Youths were loyal to their lodge, and that meant an observance of and respect for the regulations of the lodge.

We were arrested midway on the narrow trail by indistinct mutterings. Recognizing the surly tones, we slipped out of sight and became eavesdroppers.

"Where is that—that dastard Ugh?" came the fury-choked voice of Black Snake. "I'll—" He glanced wrathfully down the trail, and seeing a figure resembling Ugh's, strode after it. We slipped from our places and hurried in the opposite direction, determined not to cross this brute's path if it were possible to avoid him. Ugh, we knew, was at the other end of the camp and in no immediate danger, but we hurried to warn him of Black Snake's threats.

Breathless, we located Ugh, and blurted out our news.

"Ugh, Black Snake no get in National Honor Society," Ugh informed us. "Me did."

"What is the National Honor Society, Ugh," we questioned, "and what does it have to do with you and Black Snake?"

"Ugh, only few can join," he said, and told us the following about the club.

The National Honor Society, as the name implied, was a group composed of those standing highest in leadership, scholarship, character, and citizenship. Each year members were chosen from the highest fifteen per cent of the junior

MEMBERS OF HONORARY

Hazel Althouse
Richard Beck
Fern Blossey
Catherine Clark
Helene Cotterill
Margaret Donzy
Emily Eggert
Ruth Fleming
Margaret Morgan
Mable Osborne
Elinore Pierce
Richard Rollo
Franklin Schultz
Frederick Saelzler
Fern Welling
Ruth Gladieux
John Banyas
Lois Burman
Richard Cordrey
Dorothy Greenwalt
Eleanor Jeffers
Elizabeth Jordan
Kenneth Koch
Franklin Martin
Dorothy Melms
Margaret Molnar
Melvin Potts
Alfrida Royeske
Nellie Thornton
Thelma Watson
Margaret Weiher
Mary Helen Wilson
Lily Kegerize
Dorothy Brown

HONOR SOCIETY

NATIONAL SOCIETY

Nellie Miller
Elizabeth Holtcamp
Mildred Smith
Isabelle Harris
Roberta Osborn
Delores Knapp
Marjorie Oberkiser
Fred Niggemeyer
Francis Kover
Paul Toppin
Joseph Moran
William Bartels
Melvin Kramer
Albert Openshaw
Margaret Billings
Betty Robinson
Mildred Jeschke
Ardis Piel
Helen Greenburg
Ruth Beins
Janet McClelland
Constance Winchester
Emma Johnson
Margaret Harpster
Lenore Sturtz
Clinton Young
Lester Lark
Melvin Hanneken
George Maurer
Ralph Boggs
Howard Cook
Philip Oberkiser
Edward Moran

and senior classes by the elders and wise men. This was Ugh's and Black Snake's senior year, and both were equally fitted for membership. But there was only one place left in the membership quota! Ugh was chosen because of his benevolent nature, but Black Snake thought that it was because Ugh was the chief's nephew. In Black Snake's eye this was the culmination of several petty and purely imaginary grievances of this sort.

"Let's turn to more cheerful subjects, and forget about that guy," I suggested. "What do they do at the meetings, Ugh?"

"Ugh, do many things," he began. From his conversation we gained the following.

The addresses at the induction ceremonies of the year were given by Assistant Superintendent of Schools Dugdale and President Philip Nash of the University of Toledo. They were memorable in showing the relation of education and character to life today.

The year's program was varied, consisting of a glimpse of school and social life in Budapest, a talk on grammar, a peppy drill on parliamentary law, a discussion of modern education, a talk about present day literature and authors, and a brilliant address regarding Dickens. All these were high points of the regular meetings.

A N N U A L

This volume is an account of such occurrences as took place during our stay among the tribesmen of the Gold and Purple Feather.

Just as our illustrious predecessor, Captain John Smith, was so unavoidably detained among the Amerinds of Chief Powhatan, so we also were held prisoners some three hundred years later.

While Smith was in the hands of the savages he took down many notes which later served as a basis for his book, "A True Relation."

We, on the other hand, proceeded to better him. We had along with us a camera and a few note-books, augmented by birch bark obtained from our captors. It would be foolish, we thought, with all this wealth of material and all these excellent photo-

First Row:—M. Hart, *Adviser;* I. Harris, *Editor-in-Chief;* F. Schultz, *Associate Editor;* R. Fleming, *Assistant Editor;* E. Jordan, A. Piel

Second Row:—F. Carpenter, *Art Adviser;* M. Wyper, D. Reeder, J. Clary, P. Kleist, J. Mendelson

Third Row:—E. Combs, *Business Adviser;* J. Maxwell, N. Treuschel, E. Limmer, K. Shaw, J. Ferguson

graphs, not to write an account of our adventures. Accordingly, when we returned home after painstakingly making our way out of the Indian domain, we decided to emulate Captain Smith and so write our "True Relation."

Our material was handed over to several friends at home who became very proficient at coloring exquisite word pictures of the various clans and drawing brush pictures from our crude sketches.

It is fitting, therefore, that we should acknowledge our indebtedness to the literary staff: Isabelle Harris, Editor-in-Chief; Franklin Schultz, Assoc. Editor; Ruth Fleming, Asst. Editor; Elizabeth Jordan, Mildred Jeschke, Ardis Piel, Peter Kleist, Betty Robinson, Joe Mendelson, Naomi Treuschel, Eunice Limmer, Katherine Shaw, Joe Ferguson; to the art staff: Dorothy Reeder, Mary Brennan, Alma Brown, Genevieve Soncrant, Joseph Bachmayer, Fred Huss, James Clary, Ralph Roberts; to the business staff: Walter Kobzowicz, Business Editor; Judy Maxwell, Treasurer; Marjorie Horgeshimer, Secretary; to the faculty advisers, Miss Hart, Miss Carpenter, Mr. Combs; and to the following people who several times spent time and labor in the cause of the "Purple and Gold": Tony Hejtmanek, Janet Hunt, William Bartels, Max Schroder, Mr. C. L. Preston, Mr. M. Zink, and Miss Beier and Miss Niermann of the office force. Also, may we thank especially those students not on the staff who assisted with the Annual Play. Were there but room, we should thank each of you individually, but we cannot, so therefore, to you collectively—thank you.

R E T I N A

"What the thunder is coming off?" I asked Archibald, as we noticed the majority of the tribe rushing toward the main lodge. Just then Ugh came puffing along.

"Ugh, come!" he panted. "Heap big Retina show."

Hastening after his rapidly disappearing figure, we followed him into the lodge. Here we were amused by dancing, music—every conceivable form of entertainment was included in this Indian version of a vaudeville show.

Homeward bound, we pelted Ugh with queries as to what the Retina really was. Putting us off, but promising to explain later, he took us to his tepee. Here he showed us the Retina.

"Wowie! A four-page newspaper!" I exclaimed, as we saw what Ugh offered us.

First Row:—M. Cowell, *Faculty Adviser;* M. Hartman, *Editor-in-Chief;* M. Norwine, *Managing Editor;* A. Kern, W. Kobzowicz, E. Pierce

Second Row:—A. Royeske, F. Saelzler, V. Eberly, P. Hauck, R. Gladieux, T. Hejtmanek

Third Row:—F. Blossey, D. Greenwalt, D. Grimes, E. Johnson, J. Weyant, M. Hanneken

"How did it come about?" Archibald questioned.

Many moons ago, according to Ugh, the Great White Spirit sent the Retina to the tribe as a gift for its peaceful manifestations and the high scholarship of its people. The chiefs had since organized a press club to uphold these ideals and had taken an active part in the Toledo High School Press Association. They had, as well, attended the press meeting given by the Alpha Gamma Fraternity. Every year the staff published eight regular issues, one by the cubs, and one April Fool issue, which furnished mirth for all the tribe.

The staff members were:

Monica Hartman, Editor-in-Chief; Marvin Norwine, Managing Editor; Anna Kern, Assistant Editor; Ruth Gladieux, News Editor; Vera Eberly, Club Editor; Frederick Saelzler, Sports Editor; Harry Steinhurst, Sports Assistant; Tony Hejtmanek, Sports Writer; Emma Johnson, Girls' Sports Editor; Fern Blossey, Copy Reader; Elinore Pierce, Copy Reader; Catherine Clark, Columnist; Paul Hauck, Exchange Editor; Dorothy Greenwalt, Typist; Dudley Grimes, Rewrite Man; Alfrida Royeske, Headline Writer; Walter Kobzowicz, Business Manager; Frederick Saelzler, Circulation Manager; June Weyant, Advertising Manager; Melvin Hanneken, Treasurer; Florence Hollabaugh, Assistant Treasurer. Faculty advisers were Miss Mildred Cowell and Mr. Earl Combs.

"I shall henceforth believe in miracles," Archibald stated as he viewed this jewel of a paper.

ZETALETHEAN

"But Black Snake gave it to us, Ugh; it's ours," we protested to our friend one morning, as we displayed a smooth, bright blue ball, the bottom of which was a tiny time-telling device.

"Umph! Black Snake no good. Him fool you. Him play bad joke." Then he told us that the trinket was not Black Snake's, but that it belonged to Miss Tobin.

Of course, then, we must return it to her without delay. It looked as if Black Snake were trying, for some reason, to direct suspicion toward us. Evidently he was eager that the death penalty should be meted out to us, as he had first urged. We discussed that very possibility while making our way to the tepee of the owner.

FIRST ROW:—Eleanor Fackler, *Pres.;* Emily Eggert, *V.-Pres.;* Margaret Molnar, *Sec.;* Margaret Cook, *Treas.;* Naomi Treuschel, *Chap.;* Isabelle Harris, *Rep.*

SECOND ROW:—Lois Burman, *Sergt.-at-Arms;* Marie Williams, Helen Debien, Ruth Stalker, June Taylor, Jeanne Tipton

THIRD ROW:—Venetia Metzger, Ruth Adcock, Roberta Osborn, Mary Wineland, Mary Jane Mielke, Fern Welling

"What shall we tell the chief if he charges us with having stolen goods?" I asked in consternation.

"Simply tell him the truth—that Black Snake gave it to us," my friend responded.

"Useless. Who would believe us? How could we ever prove it?"

"But everyone knows Black Snake is treacherous."

"Yes, but can anyone actually pin anything on him?"

"Someday Ugh will fix that villain," I prophesied, with more confidence than I felt, knowing at what a disadvantage an honest man finds himself when matched against a trickster.

We found Miss Tobin, a most conscientious lady, surrounded by green-clad Indian maids. (She thanked us heartily for "finding" the blue trinket, and afterwards, as a result of returning this, we were made honorary Zet members.)

A meeting was apparently in progress. Plans were being made for future gatherings. We realized then that this group evidently had literary aims. Miss Butler, who had charge of the programs, explained that the tales written by famous women of the race would be retold in condensed and interesting form by the green-clad Zetalethean

girls. This, Miss Young, another adviser, added, would give the girls the desire to use leisure hours for reading those well-known writings of our ancestors.

But, we found, there was also a social side to the club. We learned that a dance was to be given by two such groups of societies, friendly rivals.

For several weeks we impatiently awaited this affair and we, helping occasionally, attended meetings.

Once as we approached the lodge we could hear that something was being heatedly discussed.

"All dances must have names—brilliant, attractive names to lure all the natives

Erma Schaff
"Zet."

FIRST ROWS — Irene Virag, Laura Jean Parsons, Constance Winchester, Dorothy Curran, Eunice Limmer, Janet McClelland

SECOND ROW:—Rose Heydinger, Marian Sommers, Emma Johnson, Garnet Scott, Ardis Piel, Pauline Kipker

THIRD ROW:—Frances Gilbert, Helen Greenburg, Barbara Conser, Ruth Beins, Eleanor Rinker, Josephine Irwin

to attend," we sided in when we had learned the pending question.

"Grand Slam," my friend confided, "would be just the title, but even the superior class of higher type Indians could not possibly understand the significance."

"That's too clever to pass up," I agreed. "Couldn't we explain to them just what . . . . ."

We did. Thus the dance was called "Grand Slam."

Had it been held in civilized parts, the description on the society page would have read thus: "The Grand Slam dance given last night was a brilliantly successful affair. The Zets, playing with their friendliest of enemies, the Peris, bid a Grand Slam, and together they made it—an outstanding triumph of the social season!"

But in camp there was no need for elaborate praise of that dance, for there was an air of extreme satisfaction prevalent, which was adequate proof of the success usual to all Zetalethean ventures.

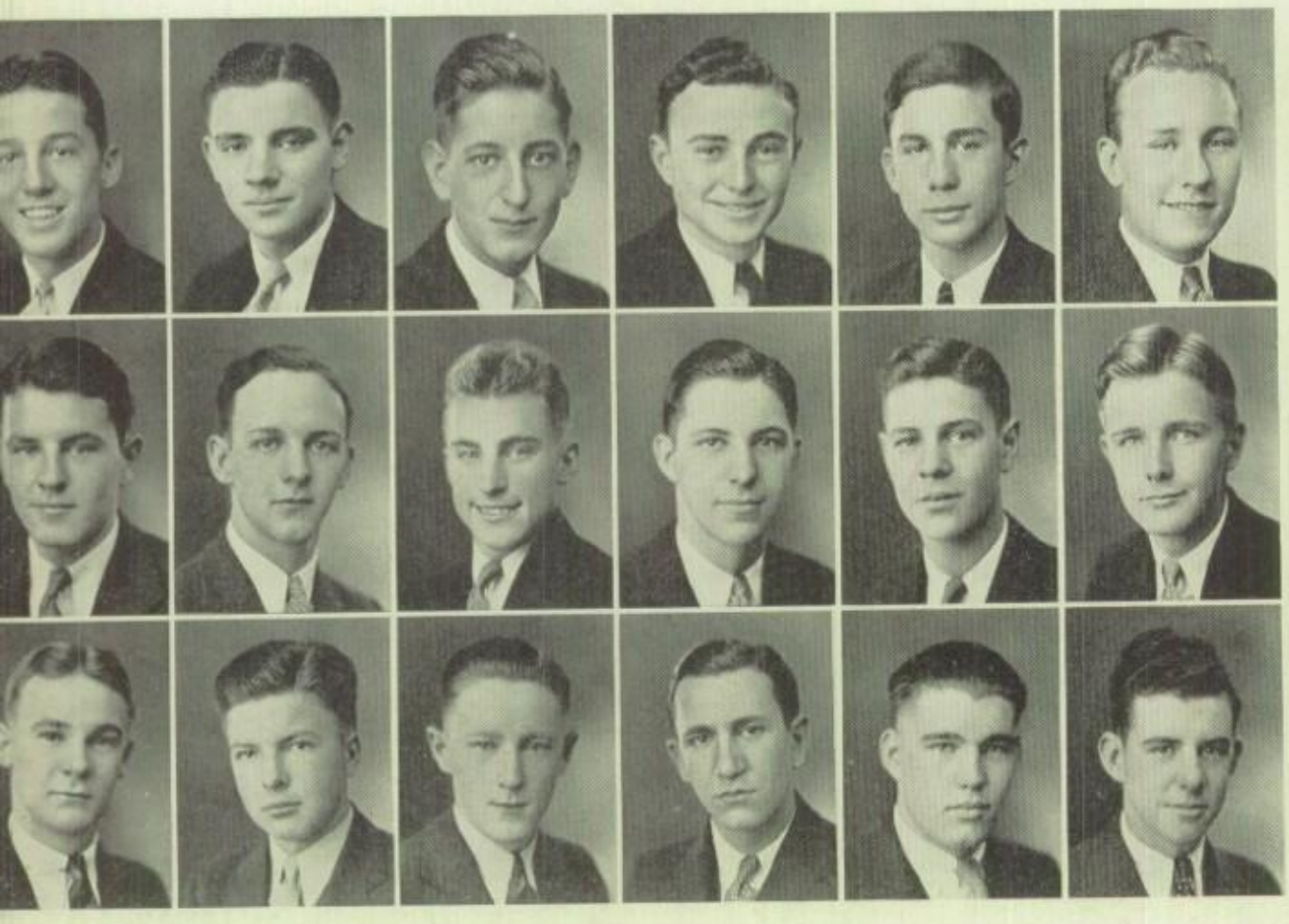
Though we never forgot that dance or the other affairs—the tea, the bridge (the girls had proven themselves such apt pupils that we must shamefacedly admit that our partners won the game), and the farewell spread, still we particularly remembered the members themselves of that society for the perfect balance they had struck between work and play.

F O R U M

In search of a cool spot and a refreshing drink, we sauntered down toward the deep, broad river a short distance from the camp. Loud shouts and laughter came to our ears as we neared the bank of the river. Hastening our steps to discover the source of the merriment, we came to the river and found a large group of young men actively engaged in several sports. Some were swimming and diving; others were paddling furiously in canoes as they raced or tried to overturn another's canoe.

"Look," cried my companion, "up in that tree."

My eyes followed his pointing arm toward a large tree with branches hanging



First Row: — Harold Wille, *Pres.*; Ralph Smith, *V. Pres.*; Maxwell Schroder, *Sec.*; Melvin Potts, *Treas.*; Kenneth Koch, *Chap.*; William Bartels, *Rep.*

Second Row:—Raymond Snyder, Burdette Davis, Harold Emch, Lowell Mittlehauser, Glen Thayer, Don Wagner

Third Row: — Paul Bertke, Richard Cordrey, Richard Huhn, Steve Lakatos, Franklin Martin, Fred Niggemyer

over the water. Poised on one of the branches stood a tall young brave, raising his arms preparatory to diving. He was unknown to us, and we looked around, hoping that Ugh might be present, so that he could reveal the diver's identity. However, for once, Ugh seemed to be nowhere near. At a loss, we pointed toward the figure in the hope that someone might understand the vague gesture and voice his name.

To our surprise, a gruff voice behind us said, "Him leader of boys, Harold Tall-Man Wille." We turned and faced two important-looking chieftains, puffing on long, decorated pipes.

"Who are you?" we asked simultaneously.

One of them replied, "We are advisers to boys you see here. My name Fred Joking-Boy Klag. His name Charles Tight-Rein Collins."

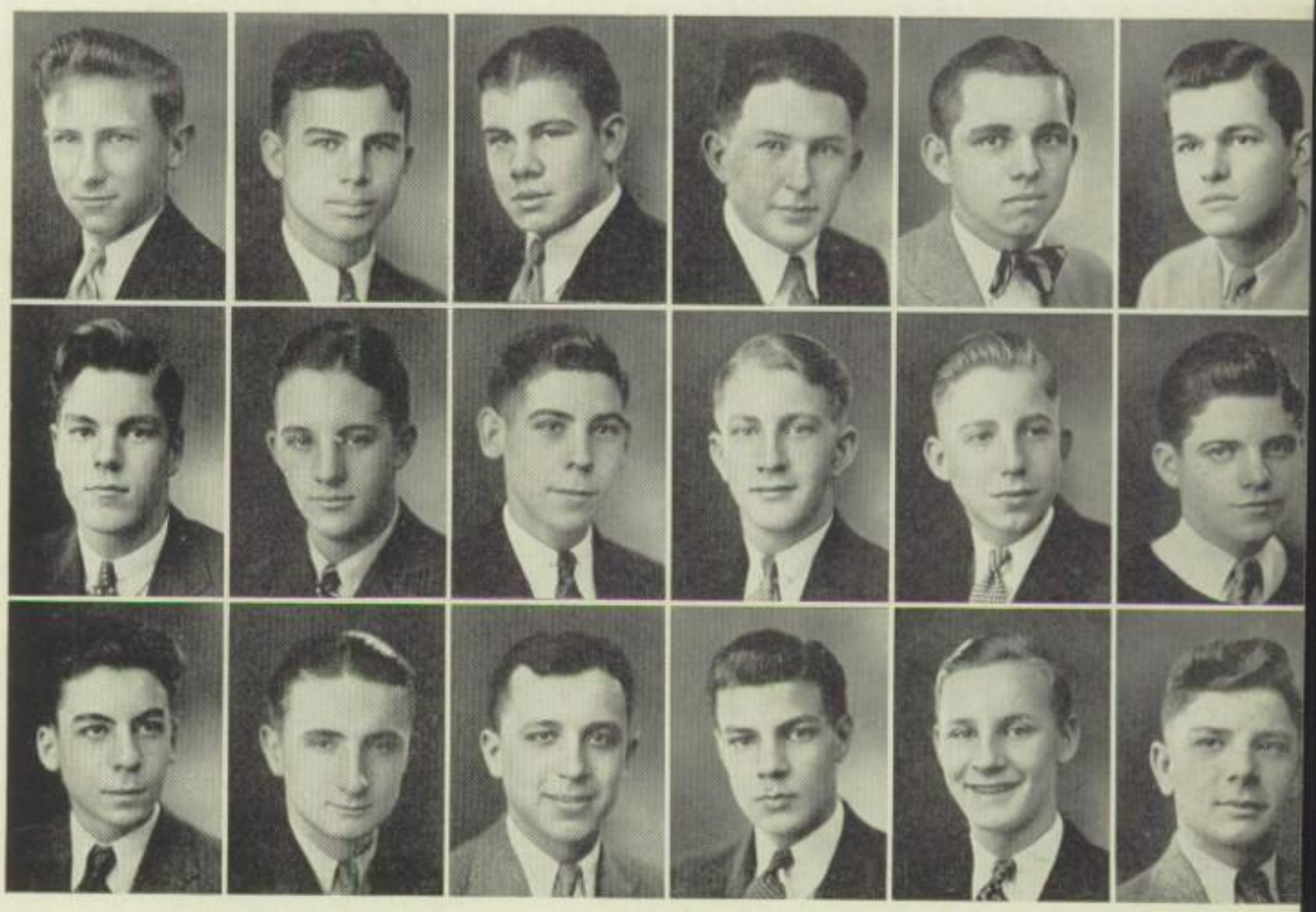
After accomplishing this introduction, we asked a great many questions regarding the boys, who seemed to belong to a certain clique, and discovered the following:

A group of boys in the camp had organized a club and had named themselves the "Forum Literary Society". They believed in combining literature, social functions and sports, and not devoting themselves to one interest exclusively. Each year

new members, whose grades were good, were taken in to replace the out-going members, and new officers were elected.

The officers for the current season were: Harold Wille, President; Ralph Smith, Vice-President; Max Schroder, Secretary; Melvin Potts, Treasurer; Kenneth Koch, Chaplain; and William Bartels, Reporter.

Many of the members belonged to the tribe's National Honor Society and were members of the football and basketball teams. Several of the tribe's offices were held by Forum braves, and the senior class play included in its cast four members of this club.



FIRST ROW:—Paul Schnell, Forrest Smock, Howard Wendel, Robert Keith, Steve Suto, Jack O'Rourke

SECOND ROW:—James Price, Ralph Boggs, Merlin Hanely, Howard Cook, Foyle Simons, Sherman Bunn

THIRD ROW:—Clinton Young, Bruce Whitney, Louis Bartha, Peter Kleist, Howard Bartels, Robert Pierce

The meetings were held twice a month in tepee number 213, where business was discussed or a literary program was given. The literary theme for the year was "Modern Authors and Their Works". Many short stories or parts of novels were read, and brief sketches of the authors' lives were given.

Once a year a big initiation was held for new members, and there they were given the secrets and symbols of the order. Another of their customs was to give a Christmas basket to the poor and needy. The two social functions of the year were the couple party and the dance.

This year the couple party was held jointly with the Quill and Dagger Literary Society at the Toledo Yacht Club. There, to the music of Billy Sims and his orchestra, the young braves and their maidens danced, or played ping-pong in the lounge.

* * * * * *

It was growing late, and we finally pulled ourselves away from the river's edge. We were reluctant to leave this group of young men and promised ourselves that we should return to them whenever possible.

P E R I C L E A N S

One day while strolling down a blazed path we encountered three women whose names we knew to be Florence Rees, Harriet Kimble, and Kathryn Newbirt, with them were a number of younger maidens, gesticulating and chattering like magpies.

"Got paddles?" questioned one.

"Paddles for boats, paddles for spanking," grinned another, exhibiting her implements of torture. They clambered into canoes and paddled down the river, towing behind them a raft stored with food.

FIRST ROW:—Virginia Webb, *Pres.;* (Genevieve Jones,) *V. Pres.;* Elinore Pierce, *Corres. Sec.;* Margaret Donzy, *Rec. Sec.;* Marjorie Oberkiser, *Treas.*

SECOND ROW:—Ruth Crane, *Chap.;* Catherine Clark, *Censor;* Mary Helen Wilson, *Rep.;* Dorothy Melms, Margaret Thomas

THIRD ROW:—Lucille Meyer, Wilma Bertke, Margaret Wilkins, Hazel Althouse, Vera Eberly

Our heads wagged in commiseration for the victims; plans for initiation into one of the lodges were evidently afoot. No Ugh in sight, we nevertheless followed these maidens, to watch their individual rites.

After walking many paces and then paddling down the river, we came in sight of a huge bonfire. Maidens holding torches were grouped around the blaze. Apparently we were the only outsiders present, and should we be detected, means of retribution were too handy; so we kept well hidden behind the sheltering trees.

After the rite was performed, the air was soon filled with the pungent odor of onions. Those poor pledges! Shouts of laughter and of woe filled the air. After the sun had slipped over the hills the obnoxious scent was replaced by the delectable aroma of savory foods, drifting up from the campfire. The feast was on!

When the repast was eaten, all were entertained with such stories as those of Poe and of Sultan Shahriyan. Since these so delighted the maidens, they decided to hear more of them—several every fortnight for a year.

One morning in late autumn a great pow-wow was held.

"There they are," we cried and hastened to see the dance. The center of attraction was a group of maidens singing and dancing. It was their method of arousing the warriors to enthusiasm for the morrow's battle. A contest was to be fought for the

First Row:—Alice Wunderly, Florence Wunderly, Ruth Soncrant, Ruby Soncrant, Dorothy Brown

Second Row:—Fern Blossey, Margaret Harpster, Elaine Bitter, Elizabeth Miller, Ruth Kent

Third Row:—Katherine Ellison, Jane Curtin, Mary Joyce Rimer, Ilsa Naumann, Virginia Garbe

twentieth time with those ancient and respected foes, the Scott tribe.

During the moon when the God of Ice and Snow reigned over the land, baskets of meat and food were carried to the less fortunate of the Indian tribe.

We were guests at their annual dance held with their friendly rivals of the Zetalethean tepee.

In the spring we came upon Ugh sitting dreamily at the top of a hill. "They go," he said, pointing to a group of maidens who were feasting a little distance away. "Older maidens leave Periclean tepee." And truly enough, for the salute of farewell was being administered to several maidens. We heard their cry to the younger members: "Always be true to lodge. Success! Farewell!"

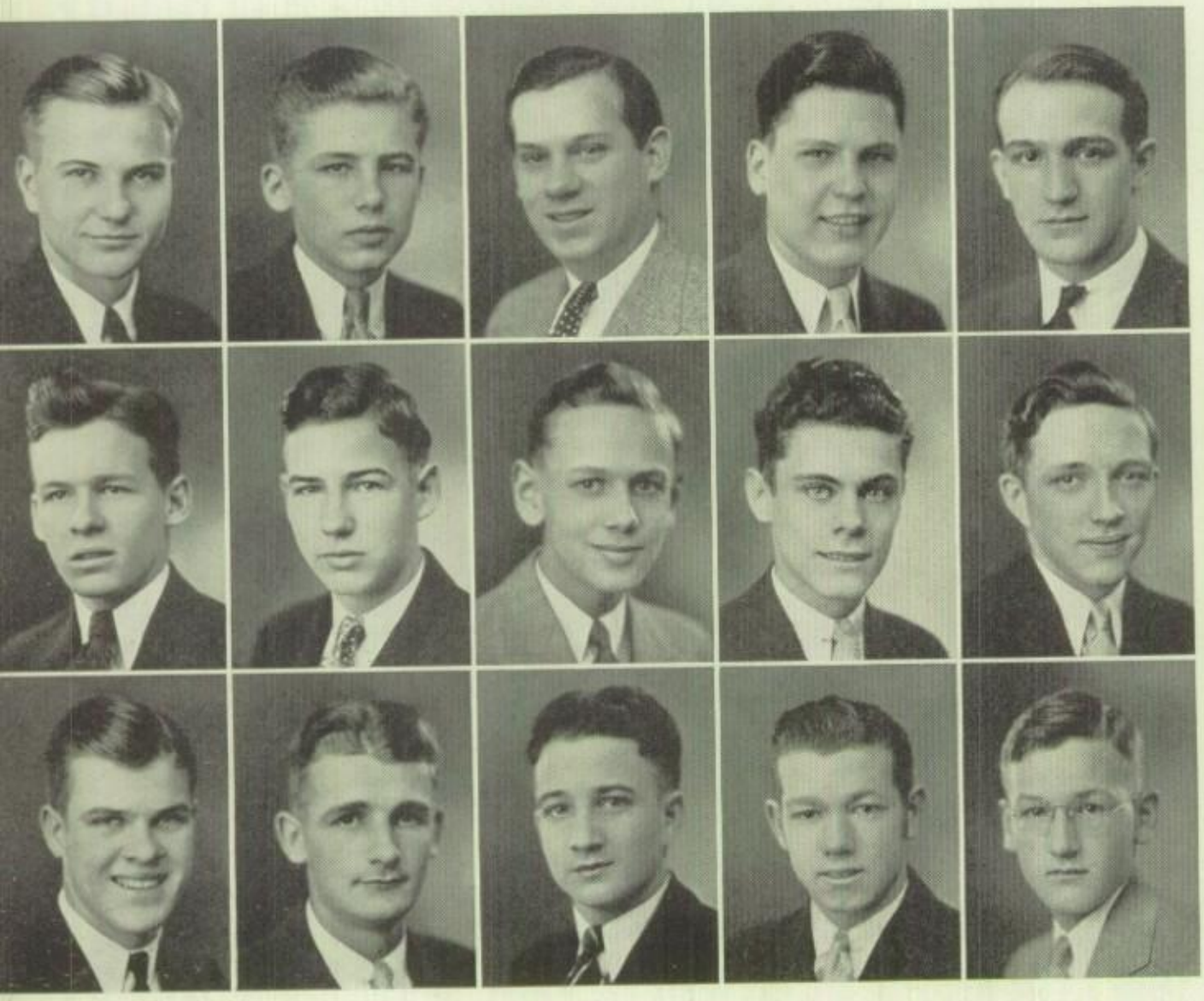
Then echoed the true Indian parting, "May the great mystery make sunrise in your heart."

QUILL AND DAGGER

Attracted by loud and boisterous shouts, we advanced toward a group of young Indian braves engaged in a seemingly serious battle. We looked askance at this terrific uproar, moved closer in an attempt to discover what was happening, and made several vain inquiries of the immobile bystanders. Then—a mud-covered figure detached itself from the mélee and hurried toward us.

"Who in the name of high Heaven can this be?" my companion exclaimed, as the mud-covered individual, who resembled a mummy broken loose from its wrappings, came closer.

"Ugh, how!"



First Row:—Franklin Schultz, *Pres.;* Don Marti, *V. Pres.;* Joseph Fodor, *Rec. Sec.;* Paul Kingery, *Corres. Sec.;* Melvin Kramer, *Treas.*

Second Row:—Jack Quilter, *Chap.;* Tyler Barrett, *Sergt.-at-Arms;* Tom Fetzer, Richard Beck, Dudley Grimes

Third Row:—William Lunn, Clark Crawford, Paul Jacobs, Albert Openshaw, Henry Sievert

"Oh," we sighed with relief. "It's you, Ugh. What is the cause of the battle royal?"

"Ugh! Heap big battle." Then he explained in a mixture of pidgin English and Indian from which we unraveled the following: This was the annual Q. D.—Forum football game, and the Q. D.'s were proving themselves far superior to the Forum.

Upon pressing Ugh for more information concerning the Q. D.'s, we found that it was a club formed of braves of high literary and athletic standing in the tribe. To become a member of this organization, a brave had to undergo the severe trials of an arduous initiation—wearing freak clothes, riding electric horses, passing through paddling machines, and other such hardships to test his mettle. If he successfully survived these torments, he became a full-fledged member.

At the meetings, entertainment was provided by a program prepared and presented by the members of the club, with the aid of the advisers. Each year a new phase of literature was chosen as a theme. During our stay, we passed many enjoyable moments listening to short stories, the current theme, and a discussion of the stories and their authors.

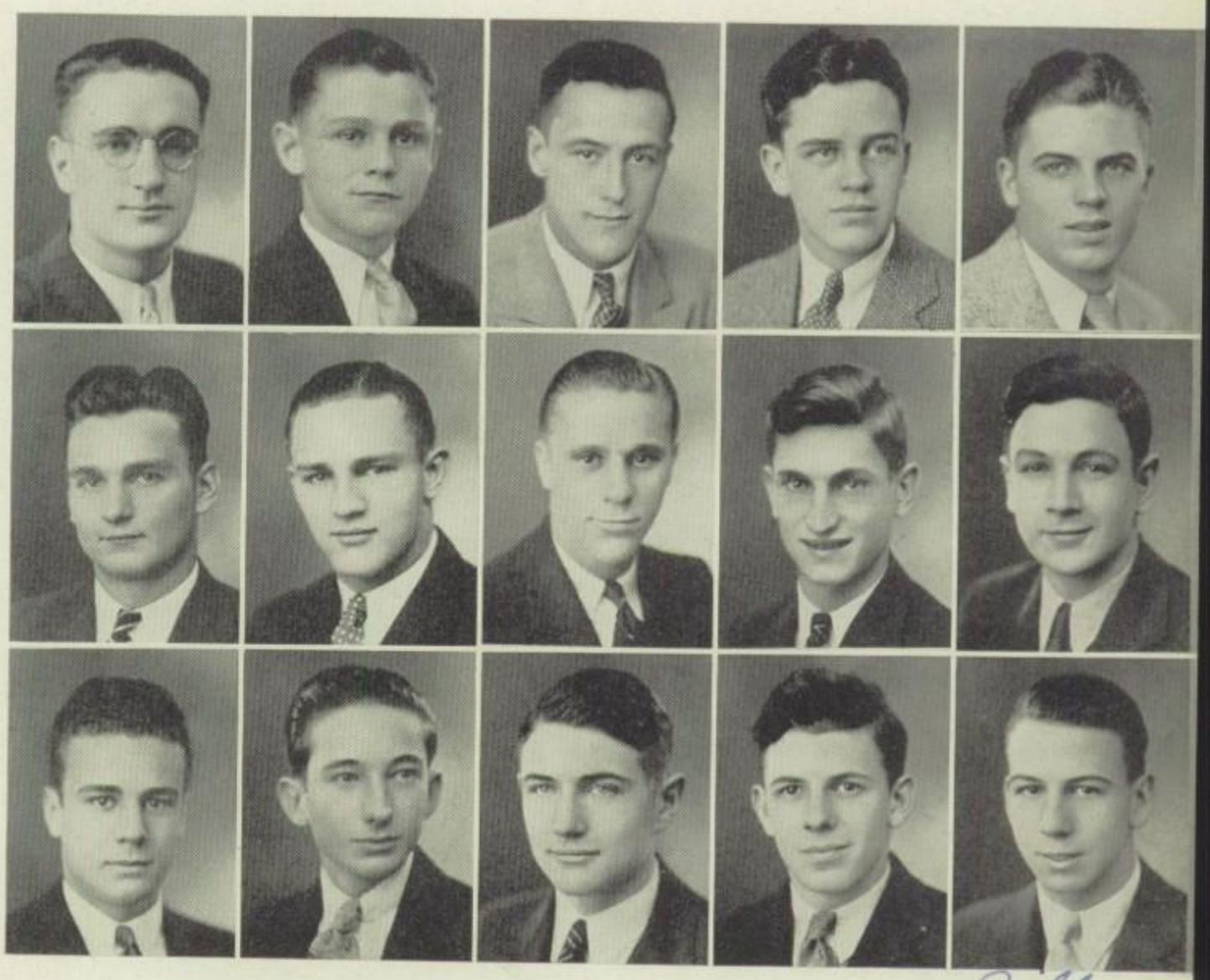
QUILL AND DAGGER

"Ugh, Q. D.'s give maize."

From this cryptic sentence we found that on the special day set aside for worship of the Great Spirit in the Sky, these braves gave food to their less fortunate comrades. This procedure was also followed by many other organizations, we soon discovered.

Several moons passed, and Ugh came to us with this surprising and enjoyable piece of news:

"Ugh! Q. D.—Forum give big party."



FIRST ROW:—Joseph Moran, Jr., Steve Toth, Glen Myers, Lowell Houghton, Wilfred Eckelman

SECOND ROW:—George Makovic, Robert Koch, Vernon Knitz, Nick Hodak, Arthur Navarre

THIRD ROW:—George Maurer, Melvin Hanneken, Edward Moran, James Foulk, Bill McCallister

Bill

So we followed the Indian maids and braves to the Toledo Yacht Club, where the Indians performed their weird ceremonial dances to the accompaniment of Billy Sims' orchestra. We were entertained in a manner reminiscent of the parties we had attended at home. As we made our way home with the dawning sun, the dogs of the camp barked at the sight of such ludicrous individuals with paper hats perched on the side of their heads. After this party we were two merrier and less homesick boys.

We spent the next few moons wandering around the camp, trying to devise ways of escape, and regularly enjoying the programs of the Q. D.'s.

One fine spring day Ugh, in his own inimitable way, announced: "Ugh! Q. D.'s give big dance."

Once again we followed the Indian maids and braves—this time to the Richardson Building for the annual Q. D. dance. This gala affair was attended by all the celebrities of the tribe.

This would have been an ideal time for escape; everybody was celebrating the occasion. But somehow, when we were dancing, we never gave escape a thought.

S E N I O R H I - Y

Possibly the largest group of boys we saw during our journeys through the village was that of the Senior Hi-Y. It was a club composed of older braves who wished to include more boys in the social functions of camp. Counselors, missionaries, and big-wigs from outside the encampment addressed the tribesmen on courtesy and tribal relations, suggesting ways of improvement.

Their pow-wows for the past moons have been varied and extremely interesting. The members aways showed great enthusiasm at the meetings and were at the appointed tepee before the final sounding of the meeting drums. Delegates from surrounding territories attended many of these meetings, profiting by the addresses of the speakers.

First Row:—J. Moran, M. Potts, B. Bartels, R. Smith, R. Beck, J. Schladetsch

Second Row:—T. Hejtmanek, L. Paben, W. Pfaff, A. Paben, J. Ferguson, F. Martin

Third Row:—S. Toth, D. Wagner, D. Marti, L. Mittlehauser, M. Kramer, R. Cordrey

Fourth Row:—K. Koch, R. Baumgartner, M. Schroder, G. Thayer, B. Davis, T. Barrett, H. Wille

Outside pow-wows were called, to which each warrior brought his share of food for the great feast to follow. After the feast, a dance of friendship was held.

The season of new moons was started with a pow-wow to the God of Prayer, led by the visiting Reverend Eliot Talmadge. In the week of shining sun Joking Chief Klag talked on unemphasized courtesy. The God of Water was worshipped by a swim and feast at the big tepee Y.M.C.A. on Michigan Street. The following moon, in a demonstration lesson on table manners, Effie Mallory instructed warriors how to eat Indian corn politely and courteously. Her helpers were the maidens Grace Witherell and Pauline Cable, and the braves William Bartels and Louis Bartha.

In the month of the flying snow, new tribal blankets were received at the white man's trading post. A tribal dance, never seen by a white man, was held, and feathers were given to new and worthy warriors.

The pipe of peace was smoked by several warriors, representing the camp Hi-Y, at the Older Boys' Conference at Wooster, a two suns' ride on horseback from the

camp. Stories told by these many feathered men, when they joyfully returned to camp, portrayed beautiful and sacred ceremonies held here.

In the weeks of plenty-rest many games between clubs were held, and Waite was runner-up for the city trophy.

After the Christmas season, Princess Alice Allen, adviser of the club, led discussions on everyday problems of the tribe. Each warrior placed his offering of a question on the Altar of Explanation for the tribal pow-wow. Princess Many-Books Kahnweiler talked on books for young and old. Talk-Much Steiner told his dream of character building and showed the boys how it could be carried out.

First Row:—J. Foulk, M. Hanneken, T. Fetzer, F. Simons, L. Keener

Second Row:—R. Bauman, N. Williams, J. Price, R. Boggs, H. Cook

Third Row:—J. Carpenter, B. Armstrong, L. Lark, D. Shriver, P. Kleist, B. Maurer, C. Lewis

Fourth Row:—R. Dudley, D. Rosie, E. Moran, A. Navarre, K. Bitter, F. Herringshaw, A. Krueger

On worship days, the white men's February, big forum pow-wows were held. The fair maids from the Senior Friendship Club braided wreaths of love for the braves of the Hi-Y lodges at a joint gathering.

A pilgrimage was made outside the hunting ground to the Vocational Guidance banquet, which only junior and senior warriors were allowed to attend. Here the old warriors of the village showed the younger men how to prepare themselves for coming difficulties of life and how to prepare for their vocations.

A runner carried a pipe of peace to Clay High School inviting them to visit the Waite lodge, and many of their tribe came. Here the Clay tribe was royally entertained.

The story of the tribesmen's exploits was prepared by Scribes Tom Fetzer, Ned Williams, and Donald Shriver. This small paper afforded fun for all the members.

Their successful year, greatly aided by the "Y" Chief, Chalmer Dyer, was closed during the season of spring flowers by a Mothers and Sons' Banquet, an annual affair, apparently.

SENIOR FRIENDSHIP

We stopped one of the Indian maidens and asked the reason for the sudden excitement that reigned throughout the camp.

"Hey, Injun, how come?"

"Not a brave in tepee," was the mystifying answer. We looked at each other aghast. Were we the only men in the camp?

"Whoops," I cried, "we can bewitch the squaws and make our get-away."

"Ah, no, Sylly boy, for I perceive our interpreter, accompanied by a form unknown to me, coming thither," was Archie's wet-blanket response.

"Ha-ha, me find you. Me have tough time, oh, boy!" shouted Ugh, as soon as he was within hearing distance. "You come with me now."

FIRST ROW:—R. Crane, L. Burman, D. Melms, D. Rairdon, M. Billings, J. McClelland, R. Heydinger, H. Kelsey, M. Buehler, M. Smith

SECOND ROW:—J. Irwin, J. Lutz, R. Beins, E. Baehr, D. Armstrong, R. Gladieux, B. Gonia, J. Danner, E. Bitter, C. Root

THIRD ROW:—I. Harris, K. Wunderley, B. Knopp, E. Limmer, D. Heath, J. Vanders, G. Scott, C. Westover, R. Heltebrake, J. Soncrant, I. Bargahiser, M. Cook

FOURTH ROW:—R. Kent, C. Winchester, F. Gilbert, J. Kinsel, E. Sutherland, L. Heckart, H. Greenburg, M. Skivers, V. Cordrey, L. Flegle, M. Harpster, C. Clark, M. Wilson

We protested, but to no avail, for we were blind-folded and dragged off, to the accompaniment of deep-throated chuckles.

"Be a good sort, Ugh, and loosen my bandage; it's hurting," begged Archie.

"If you don't take off this rag, I'll jump down your esophagus and teeter on your wish-bone, Ugh," I threatened vigorously.

The Indians removed our improvised blind folds. After we accustomed our eyes to the bright sunlight, we surveyed the play in progress before us—for a play it was, and an uproarious comedy, too, to all appearances.

Ugh nudged me and whispered, "The name of the play in your language is 'Not a Man in the House'."

As soon as the play was ended a maiden, by name Margaret Cook, approached us and invited us to a feast. Here we met the mothers, Squaw Delia Fortune, and Louise Nelson of the Council of the Elders. These elders informed us that these maidens bore the name Friendship Girls.

In the early fall a progressive feast had been given, and later in the fall they had journeyed to a nearby lodge. Here they cheered small papooses whose mothers and fathers had gone to the Land of Their Fathers.

This particular group had paddled across the river, accompanied by the Hi-Y youths, to the great lodge Y.W.C.A. Indeed, their year had been full of varied activities.

JUNIOR FRIENDSHIP

"You know," I said to Archie as that day approached which was set aside for the worship of the Great Spirit in the Sky, "that group of girls in blue sweaters reminds me of the social workers at home. Don't you think so?"

"I'm rather inclined to that belief myself. I think they're known as the Junior Friendship Girls," Archie continued. "They were the first ones to give a book to the library during book week, too."

"Were they? I didn't know that. But I remember that they sold something or other—shakers, I think they were called—before all the big battles," I added.

"Yes, and they gave much food to the poor people in the camp," Archie told me.

First Row:—J. Baumgartner, K. Steiner, N. Sipe, M. Greiner, V. Mull, W. Baumann, R. Tuck

Second Row:—S. Naylor, R. Eggert, R. DeLong, C. Catchpole, J. Kinsey, B. Conser, L. Schuller, B. Bueschen

Third Row:—B. Foley, F. Dragon, M. Starner, B. Feasel, K. Shaw, L. Schulte, C. Schroeder, E. Kipker, B. Miller

Fourth Row:—M. Piper, E. Rinker, G. Strouse, H. Decker, J. Lloyd, E. Koch, G. Hanna, F. Bursmith, B. Beauregard, G. Stadler

"Say, where on earth did you dig up all that information about these girls? Are you personally interested or something?" I questioned, surprised at his sudden burst of knowledge.

"The interest was purely impersonal," he indignantly replied. "I was talking to Ugh the other day when you were wandering around camp, and he told me about them. It was a laborious job, but I understood quite a bit."

"Well, what's the rest of it?" I pried, eager to know more of those interesting girls.

"These girls in the blue sweaters have formed a club called the Junior Friendship Club," he began, not very originally. "During their meetings, they study the major events of the preceding century—a century of progress, I think they call it. Every moon they have some form of entertainment. Their main aim is to help others and to bring more maidens into social affairs. Ugh said that they have a very pretty and extremely tuneful song that they sing at the beginning and end of their programs."

"This camp is marvelous," Archie said. "It has everything but . . . . apple pie."

Ruth Reese
Lorna Winch

J U N I O R H I - Y

One day near the beginning of our "stretch" we lay down for a nap. In the midst of our dreams we were rudely awakened by a commotion in camp, and that near at hand. We peered out of our lodge to see redskins hurrying about excitedly and babbling to one another in their strange tongue. Presently our eyes lit upon the cause of the disturbance. Our hosts were being honored with more visitors!

Ugh, our omnipresent protector, volunteered an explanation.

"Ugh,—missionaries; me see 'em many moons gone by at trading post."

We marvelled at their numbers, there being enough of them, apparently, to take care of all the two thousand Indians in the tribe. Their leaders, Howard Aldrich, Pres.; Wm. Webb, V. Pres.; Henry Vogtsberger, Sec.; Harold Eggert, Treas.; Duane

First Row:—R. Pratt, R. Hatton, B. Barrington, B. Bowles, D. Wight, R. Martin, H. Eggert, W. Kunz

Second Row:—A. Eaton, D. Sawyer, H. Vogtsberger, J. Niggemyer, D. McNeeley, A. Betts, B. Robinson, J. Postle

Third Row:—V. Ball, H. Aldrich, E. Forrest, R. Alexander, M. Gould, J. Harder, R. Pierce, P. Sturtz, D. Gentner

Fourth Row:—D. Clippinger, E. Schultz, R. Schmidt, R. Reeder, B. Vincent, B. Apel, C. McCormack, B. Webb, J. Reiter

Sawyer, Chap.; Wm. Apel, Sergt.-at-Arms, were, in a way, known to us, as we had seen their photographs in the papers as organizers of an expedition. Who would have conjectured that this same party would have come to the very tribe which was holding us captives?

They were surprised to see us and promised that on their return rescue squads would be dispatched to our assistance. However, to our dismay, their free choice of movement was curbed, and they were kept in camp as long as we were.

Just as we were receiving the latest news from civilization, the Chief strode up and ordered that our bands be separated. Happily, we were allowed to visit the missionaries once every fortnight to enjoy their various speakers and commentators.

The missionaries were constantly striving "to create, maintain, and extend high standards of Christian character", but they were jovial, happy, friendly chaps, fond of play. In the friendly games in which they engaged with the Indians their basketball and volleyball teams came off with high honors; they also helped plan a dance and pow-wow to which the younger Indians were invited. And it was their greatest joy to have several of these savages converted to their faith.

E N G I N E E R S

One day my friend and I were discussing the strange things we had found during our forced visit with the tribe of the Gold and Purple Feather.

"One of my strangest—or shall I say most unexpected—finds," I told him, "was what I call an Engineers' Club."

"What?" he exclaimed, "You must be mentally deranged, Henry Sylvester. Who ever heard of Indian engineers?"

"You'd be surprised," I told him. "If you think you can stand the shock, Archibald, I'll tell you about it.

"If you recall your history, you will remember that the Inca Indians of South

First Row:—D. Rosie, N. Ashbaucher, L. Ruger, M. Norwine, D. DeArmond, E. Engwert, J. Weiker

Second Row:—F. Klag, R. Beauchamp, R. Eakimoff, H. Drayton, P. Hauck, C. Cook, A. Youngquist

Third Row:—G. Kuebler, E. Soncrant, H. Engwert, D. Wakefield, W. Pfaff, A. Felbinger, E. Schultz, H. Steinhurst

Fourth Row:—K. Koch, R. Baumgartner, M. Fernolend, D. Conley, M. Grove, T. Lenz, F. Kohring, R. Beck

America were marvelous engineers. So the other day I was admiring the beautiful symmetrical layout of the camp and the wonderful architecture when the question of who planned it occurred to me. I asked Ugh about it, and he told me they had some special braves who did all the planning of new camps and lodges. Of course they aren't called engineers by the Indians, but that is really what they are.

"Ugh also told me that the tribe has a club for all the young braves who are interested in engineering. They hold regular meetings at which talks on engineering subjects are given. The club often visits the neighboring engineering projects built by other tribes. Twelve new braves were initiated into the Engineers' Club this year. Advisers for the club are Mr. Klag and Mr. Youngquist. This year's officers were: Richard Beck, Pres.; Emery Engwert, V. Pres.; Marvin Norwine, Sec.; Martin Fernolend, Treas.; Alvin Felbinger, Sergt.-at-Arms; Harry Steinhurst, Chaplain; and Paul Hauck, Reporter. Ugh told me the club also takes an active part in the tribe's intramural athletics, so, from all the evidence of interesting and active work, I gather that it is not only an unusual club, but also a worthwhile one."

O P T I M A T E S

Seeing posters around the camp proclaiming that "Caesar's Last Caper" would take place on the Ides of March, we determined to attend the final caper of this illustrious gent. On this day, as previously arranged, we stopped for Ugh and he conducted us to the dance. During the intermission we were delightfully entertained by a maid with a beautiful voice and a special dance by a tiny, tiny person.

As we reluctantly went our weary way home, Ugh explained to us just who had given this colorful affair. It seemed that in the tribe there was a group of Indian maids and braves who had studied the language and habits of an ancient civilization. To show that they were the best students in this subject, for they did have to have a high

FIRST ROW:—H. Althouse, R. Heydinger, M. Billings, E. Jordan, D. Curran, F. Blossey, E. Miller, K. Steiner

SECOND ROW:—H. Aldrich, J. Lloyd, G. Evanoff, N. Sipe, T. Campbell, A. Royeske, T. Watson, F. Dragon, C. Winchester

THIRD ROW:—R. Pratt, M. Rieman, D. Greenwalt, F. Gilbert, E. Johnson, B. Barrington, V. Cordrey, R. Beins, E. Bitter, E. Heydinger

FOURTH ROW:—K. Orwig, J. Printy, J. Reid, H. Vogtsberger, N. Williams, B. Whitney, H. Cook, D. Sawyer, B. Apel, J. Brown, R. Hatton

Lorna Wench

standard of scholarship to become members of the club they had formed, they chose the name Optimates. This word in Latin signifies "the best" and was the name of the highest social class in Rome. This civilization they were studying was, curiously enough, that of the Romans and their language, Latin. It came to us suddenly that the name and date of the dance had a special significance in Roman history.

At this particular meeting, and, as we later learned, at all meetings, original plays, puzzles, and stories were presented. These works were based principally on the mythology of the Greeks and Romans.

The officers of the Optimates are ones who can bring about satisfactory co-operation among the members. They are Consuls, Elizabeth Jordan and Fern Blossey; Censor, Margaret Billings; Scribe, Elizabeth Miller; Quaestor, Emma Johnson; Aediles, Howard Cook and Bruce Whitney.

"This club," said Ugh, "has accomplished much in bringing about a wider knowledge of Roman mythology and Roman life here in Waite."

SPANISH CLUB

While the braves were on the warpath, we started out for a horse-back ride. If ever a boy hated horses Archibald did. He loosed his reins, preparatory to swinging out of the saddle, when his horse took a notion to run. So away went Archie, hanging on for dear life to the horse's mane.

I followed, but soon lost sight of him. Attracted by deep tones coming from a hut nearby, I entered and found myself a guest of the Spaniards.

This tribe had originated, apparently, from a few renegade Spaniards who had escaped from Mexico and had come North. They became members of the Lodge of the Gold and Purple Feather and taught their tongue and customs to many.

First Row:—D. Cummins, D. Rideout, V. Dale, V. Mull, L. Schuller, K. Aldrich, B. Richter

Second Row:—L. Jones, M. Skivers, G. Hecklinger, B. Cook, D. Heineman, B. Bueschen, A. Lane, L. Parsons, J. Soncrant

Third Row:—J. Price, G. Maurer, C. Wheeler, D. Downs, P. Tovey, J. Feudi, A. Valko, F. Cook, M. Jenssen

Fourth Row:—R. Boggs, W. Mooney, C. Young, H. Wille, C. Kiefer, H. Wendel, R. Cordrey, D. Marti, C. Wells, D. Wagner

Meetings were held twice a moon, and plays, pageants, talks, and Spanish games were enjoyed. I met the guest—Arthur Blake—who had brought back many trinkets, costumes, and pottery from old Spain, which he had just visited.

Several suns passed, and still no Archie. I was trudging my dusty way along the Canal Lock trail in search of my friend when a fire became a part of the scene before me. Lured by the entrancing odor of hamburgers I made myself a self-invited guest. Ethel Jackson slapped a hamburger on a slab of corn bread and handed it to me. Just as I was intending to open my mouth to take a bite, it opened of its own accord. There came Archie, footsore, and in tatters. He grabbed avidly at my sandwich and, between bites, recounted his hectic experience. His horse had carried him several miles and deposited him, suddenly berefit of all enthusiasm for equine sports.

"No more horses for me!" declared Archie, as he was carried back to camp by James Feudi, president; Juanita Soncrant, vice-president; Clinton Young, secretary; Howard Wendel, treasurer; Claire Wheeler, sergeant-at-arms; and Don Marti, reporter.

F R E N C H C L U B

One night after we had been confined to our tepee for the evening, my friend suddenly exclaimed, "Guess who I was talking with today!"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I told him, ignoring his grammatical slip. "Who was it? Pocahontas?"

"No," he said, "it was two of the braves."

"What's so queer about that?" I asked him. "Lots of these Indians speak fairly good English."

"But not French," he replied. "It was like this. I was sitting in the shade of one of the lodges when I heard two Indians inside talking in French. As I could speak

First Row:—H. Cotterill, E. Pierce, F. Welling, M. Overmyer, M. Bradley

Second Row:—M. Butler, R. Gladieux, V. Frey, M. Christoff, C. Westover, M. Griffith

Third Row:—D. Powers, W. Gaffney, W. Bartels, K. Clark, V. Eberly, E. Jeffers

Fourth Row:—T. Hejtmanek, L. Bergcrantz, P. Toppin, D. Melms, L. Burman, U. Chapman, P. Kleist

a little French and my curiosity was aroused, I went inside. I sat down and inquired how they had learned to speak that foreign language. They said that many years ago some French traders had taught the language to several of the tribe. It aided them in trading, and soon it became a part of a well-bred Indian's education. After a while some of the younger braves formed a French club, which is still going strong.

Ruth Gladieux, the able chairman of this year's program committee, provided a wide variety of interesting programs. Trips to and through Paris were taken frequently by the medium of slides or pictures, accompanied by explanatory talks given by Miss Griffith or members. Lloyd Bergcrantz, portrait painter and post graduate studying advanced French, gave an interesting discourse on the gorgeous Notre Dame cathedral in Paris. The club took a special tour through the Art Museum and enjoyed immensely the French paintings, dolls, and "objets d'art", which were explained to them by Miss Anderson of the Museum staff. During some of the meetings French songs were sung, cross word puzzles struggled over, French classroom games played, and the most agile minds constantly taxed, as all conversation was carried on in French.

G E R M A N C L U B

After several weeks we became somewhat accustomed to the odd speech of the tribe, but one day we happened upon a group speaking in a tongue most unusual. We listened for the expressions of the Indian language we had learned, but, though an occasional gutteral had a half-familiar sound, we were baffled. Finally we asked Ugh, who explained, "Tribesmen want to know how other tribes talk, and study other tribes' words."

Oh! so these were the language students. Well, that cleared things up; but what else did they do? Ugh told us of their meetings. We concluded that Fern Blossey led the group, Edith Brauer took her place if she were absent, Betty Robinson wrote

First Row:—P. York, W. Alcock, B. Robinson, A. Piel, F. Blossey, E. Brauer, M. Wienekamp, M. Weiher

Second Row:—M. Gaertner, M. Jeschke, I. Kurucz, H. Steinke, M. Griffith, R. Eggert, P. Wolford, A. Royeske, H. Cotterill

Third Row:—R. Sommers, M. Schumann, G. Sullwold, E. Tober, E. Petsche, L. Rapp, D. Heringhausen, F. Tobin, R. Gruenwald, F. Kover

Fourth Row:—B. Robinson, L. Antoine, L. Bergcrantz, E. Engwert, R. Eakimoff, R. Bossert, T. Hejtmanek, F. Saelzler, B. Vargo, F. Hauser

on birch bark the things they did, Ardis Piel took care of the wampum, and Alfrida Royeske made the achievements of the club known to the rest of the tribe.

Curious, we made our customary request. Could we attend one of their meetings? Ugh assured us we could, so we did.

Their program was divided into four parts. The first was devoted to literature. Alfrida Royeske had charge of the reports on famous German operas and the folk epic "Das Niebelungenleid". The second part consisted of current events in charge of Helene Cotterill. Betty Robinson had charge of the German folk songs sung by them. The last and fourth section was recreation; playing games seemed to be part of their routine as well as ours, and Robert Eakimoff had the fun of choosing the games.

They displayed with pride a new acquisition of the year—a German encyclopedia, from which they obtained reports for classwork and club programs, programs varied during the year by festivities such as Fruhlingstans, their name for the spring dance, and a spread for new members.

All in all, we found them to be a "heap good bunch".

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

"Shades of Aunt Mary, if this isn't good!" I exclaimed at lunch one day soon after our arrival at the camp. "I swear if I ever get out of here, I'll grab me a girl, get her captured by this tribe, and rescue her after I think she has learned to cook. Then, by gum, I'll marry the gal."

"This concoction is extremely palatable," Archie conceded. "But if I were you, I shouldn't seriously consider making a girl stay here, in spite of the excellent instruction she might receive. She might not enjoy staying away from home."

"Oh, skip it, Archie, I really didn't mean it," I groaned. "By the way," I continued, turning to Ugh, who was having lunch with us, "who does our cooking? Our

First Row: — G. Whitman, M. J. Hill, H. Zoll, V. Webb, H. Bloom, R. Boxwell, B. Stanec

Second Row:—E. Tarczali, C. Virag, M. Wilde, B. Bucklin, E. Bennett, M. Stanec, R. Pope, H. Beres

Third Row:—D. Stein, V. Reifert, L. Velliquette, A. Witherell, R. Sutto, C. Jaynes, N. Notheis, M. Busch

Fourth Row:—E. Brauer, V. Treter, M. Wienekamp, E. Miller, G. Witherell, A. Vincent, R. Thimmes, F. Middough, A. Sinay

meals are always brought by a brave who planks 'em down and disappears. I'd like to congratulate the persons who cook so splendidly."

"I also desire to express my gratitude to those as yet unknown persons for giving me the extreme joy that I derive from eating their marvelous meals," Archibald chimed in.

"Ugh, maids in camp good cooks," Ugh explained. "Have club. Learn to cook like great squaws of many moons ago." This and more Ugh told us of our elusive cooks.

"What does he mean?" Archie asked me, because he couldn't understand Ugh's pidgin English as well as I. "I simply can not make one sensible thing out of his conversation."

"Well," I began, "here's the dope on how we get these luscious meals that are causing you to gain so much weight. In your language, the following is the information that I comprehend from Ugh's preceding speech concerning those humble and mysterious persons known to us only through their cooking.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

"The maids of the camp, beautiful but not so dumb, have united in a Home Economics Club. Here they discuss all types of home economic problems that they are likely to meet when they marry some stalwart brave and have a tepee of their own. They receive assistance from two older persons, their advisers, Miss Nelle Wales and Mrs. Maude Werner. In their work, they study the culinary habits and customs of even the Anglo-Saxon and Renaissance periods, noting the great improvements in serving as they go along. And for their own pleasure they hold an annual dance and initiation."

"I beg your pardon for interrupting in the middle of your interesting discourse,"

FIRST ROW:—M. Cornell, H. Batesole, R. Soncrant, M. Williams, B. Gonia, M. Gonia, J. Higgins

SECOND ROW:—B. Creighton, R. DeLong, R. Soncrant, M. Steinmetz, L. Lauer, C. McCance, M. Gall, E. Horvath, M. Liebherr

THIRD ROW:—M. Quilter, P. Jones, M. Vas, P. Borics, R. Breese, V. Burd, V. Gould, V. Dobrik

FOURTH ROW:—F. Truman, B. Hoffman, K. Islinger, P. Brothers, R. Hopkins, B. Tomesek, E. Scharff, G. Hanna, M. Gilson, J. Vanders

Archie broke in with a gleam in his eye that was seldom present because it came only when he had an idea, "but was that initiation the initiation at which the young ladies wore their young sisters' clothes?"

"Why, yes," I responded. "How did you know? I didn't guess until Ugh told me, and you said you didn't understand."

"They had the Indian letters 'H' and 'E' painted on their foreheads," Archie explained. "I surmised after considerable concentration during your explanation that it possibly was this group, although I suspected nothing until a few seconds ago either."

"Great deduction, Sherlock," I told him. "But to continue my tale—"

Their dance had not been held as yet, but Ugh assured us of a grand time if we attended. Later he was proven right, as he usually was, for this gay event was as well-planned and presented as one of their delicious meals. The result of both was identical, too—a rich feeling of satisfaction and comfort.

"If they continue to serve us such meals as these, I shan't mind staying here for any decent period of time," Archie seriously stated. Then he added wistfully, "But oh, for a wedge of deep-dish apple pie!"

A R T C L U B

"Great governor! What's that?" Archibald cried, in a mixture of fright and drowsiness, rising on one elbow, at midnight.

"Wha . . . what?" I questioned, opening one eye as I was suddenly awakened by his vicious poke in my ribs.

"That," he answered, pointing vaguely into the blackness.

Looking in the general direction of his hand, I sat bolt upright. Of all the horrible painted faces that we had seen, this grimacing apparition certainly took the prize. We looked at each other in utter disbelief. It couldn't be real. These Indians didn't paint their faces in that manner. Slowly it withdrew. We rose cautiously and searched

FIRST ROW:—J. Kusan, H. Bachmayer, T. Boyer, W. Bertke, J. Hunt, M. Manor, J. Danner, M. Cadaret

SECOND ROW:—B. Stanec, P. Grimes, L. Thompson, M. Ehrsam, V. Frey, D. Armstrong, G. Johns, M. Brennan, M. Wyper

THIRD ROW:—H. Beres, C. Kile, E. Hilgeman, A. Knapp, L. Toeppe, J. Clary, H. Sievert, J. Billman

FOURTH ROW:—J. Bachmayer, H. Kile, C. Capehart, R. Warren, R. Warnke, F. Schultz, C. Paternite, F. Huss, C. Mittendorf, S. Fisher

the tepee, inside and out, but not a thing did we see but weird shadows. Thoroughly mystified, we crept back under our covers.

Our first act the next morning was to look for Ugh, to whom we poured out our tale of woe.

"Ugh," he answered, "me know; Altobee Art Club."

Then he explained. All the members of the tribe especially talented in sketching and painting had formed a club called the Altobee Art Club. Last night had been their initiation night, and the new members gruesomely painted one another's faces. A prize was given to the most horrible paint job. On the way home, one of the braves had stumbled into our tepee. At first he intended speaking, but seeing how frightened we were, his sense of humor prompted him to slip away and hide in a tree outside our tepee.

Aside from this frivolity, the club had a serious side. At meetings each artist drew a caricature of some neighbor, emphasizing an outstanding feature; the others would try to identify the completed masterpiece. Designs, color combinations, and paintings were studied. Some pencil work was done each week.

Archibald sighed in relief. "I remember them," he said. "They were the crowd who gave the party in Navarre Park at Christmas time. But only the girls were painted then."

S C A R A B S

At the first suggestion of spring we attended our first Indian picnic. We went at Ugh's insistence and his promise of a good time. The event was held at a beautiful, rustic spot inhabited by many tame and half-wild creatures. The usual number of small bugs was present, but, in direct contrast to the average picnickers, these people actually seemed to enjoy these uninvited guests. Each new specimen was hailed with a whoop of delight by the discoverer. There was a general rush in the finder's direction by his companions. Each specimen that could be held was examined. A distinguished-looking woman explained the habitat and important characteristics of these animals and bugs. Unluckily for us, the lecture was in Indian, and we could compre-

First Row:—R. Wagoner, M. Cook, E. Miller, D. Knapp, C. Westover, M. Williams, A. Piel, J. Taylor

Second Row:—A. Schlegel, L. Ujlaki, H. Cotterill, V. Canfield, E. Jeffers, D. Parsil, J. Maxwell, A. Royeske

Third Row:—M. Harpster, E. Pierce, B. Buzzard, R. Gladieux, V. Metzger, L. Sturtz, F. Richter, A. Rudes, E. Bitter

Fourth Row:—D. Wagner, J. Moran, E. Moran, P. Kingery, I. Carpenter, M. Jenssen, W. Heyde, K. Kluender, J. Mendelson, P. Kleist

hend only snatches of it, which grieved us, because the group seemed to be enjoying it. Recognizing some of the maids, we connected them with the Scarabs, a group of Indian braves and maids who had given the delightful "Annual Bugs' Ball". Ugh, the omniscient, the omnipresent, came over to greet us and corroborated our belief. Hospitably he offered us a well-known dainty, and proffered the following information.

The Scarabs are a group of Indian maids and braves who have studied biology and wish to increase their knowledge of the subject. To become full-fledged members the pledges must undergo severe tests of nerve, knowledge, and fortitude. After these trials they are better fitted to uphold the ideal of the club, which is "to maintain and further interest in biology". The founder had derived the name from a sacred Egyptian beetle. He was a professor of biology who had stumbled into the Indian camp. His bones were even yet reposing in the club meeting room. Was this, too, to be our fate? We fairly shivered at the thought. These people, although inhuman to bugs, would have mercy on us, we hoped. But would they?

"At any rate", I muttered, "I'm glad they're not cannibalistic. Besides, what infinitesimal portion of knowledge could they hope to discover from our poor charred remains?"

G L E E C L U B

"Hey, Archie!" I whispered in his ear as I tried to awaken him.

It was still quite early in the evening, but Ugh, Arch, and I had retired to our tepee to catch up on a little sleep. Ugh and my friend had instantly drifted off into unconsciousness, and it took a good poke in the ribs to recall Archibald. He sat up with a jerk and sleepily asked me what the big idea was.

"Listen," I told him. "Do you hear that music? Wonder what it is!"

"Say," he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes, "are those ungodly notes real, or am I dreaming? Pinch me," he urged.

So I fulfilled his request, and his yell left no doubt that he was alive and lusty-

FIRST ROW:—L. Kilman, E. Fodor, I. Virag, J. Fodor, J. Kerwin, L. Paben, E. Miller, R. Martin, F. Nichoson, C. Phipps

SECOND ROW:—R. Emch, G. Evanoff, D. Bennett, L. Stainfield, B. Miller, E. Semersky, P. Grimes, M. Gilson, J. Schessler, L. Thompson

THIRD ROW:—H. Hudson, E. Smith, R. Boisselle, M. Felbinger, G. Tipton, J. Irwin, G. Scott, H. Greenburg, M. Hatch, M. Piper, J. Goldner

FOURTH ROW:—A. Corwin, J. Harder, R. Huhn, A. Knapp, B. Apel, D. Orwick, R. Palka, M. Dreier, L. Mulinix

lunged. Ugh woke up and wondered if one of us had been scalped. We told him of the music, and he exclaimed that it was the tribe's glee club doing some evening practicing.

"Ugh," he grunted. "Me want to sleep. In morning me show you Charlie Phipps. He answer your questions. Good night."

So we considered the subject closed, but in the morning Ugh made good his word by introducing us to Charles Phipps, the glee club's publicity manager. Charlie cleared up our many questions by giving us the club's history for the year.

The Glee Club is made up of the tribe's good singers and actors, who give operas for the tribe's amusement.

The first opera of the year, entitled "Up in the Air", had been given on the evening of January 12, with Florence Nichoson and himself taking the leading role. The opera's principal characters were Harold Post and his loving sweetheart, Betty Burbank, whose father disapproved of Harold because he thought him unworthy of

G L E E C L U B

Betty. Mr. Burbank proposes to stage a spectacular flying stunt and offers a prize to the one who makes a parachute jump. Harold's friends induce him to fake the jump and thereby win the admiration of Betty's father. His well-laid scheme fails, and he is forced to make the jump. By a comic fluke, he manages to make the jump successfully, to gain the approval of Betty's father, and to win the girl of his choice.

Under the able direction of Mr. Ball, accompanied by the excellent tribal orchestra, the cast played to a capacity audience, the largest in several years.

Encouraged by the enthusiasm of their audience, they planned another venture,

First Row:—H. Wendel, E. Ring, E. Baehr, G. Wells, A. Albright, M. Miller, D. De Armond, G. Pfeifer

Second Row:—L. Emmel, A. Hipkiss, I. Saradin, R. Tuck, F. Wasmundt, D. Parsil, M. Browne, V. Thomas, F. Murphy

Third Row:—I. Weiss, P. Spencer, M. Naumann, H. Kelsey, A. Dandar, F. Thorndike, M. Liebherr, V. Watson, C. Catchpole

Fourth Row:—E. Evans, J. Neuderfer, G. Swartz, R. Warren, M. Wimple, G. Kuebler, R. Nichoson, W. Baumann, J. Winch, R. Kohn

and their wonderful troupe of singers presented, so Charles told me, a second opera, "The Lucky Jade", in which Beatrice Miller and Roland Kohn portrayed the leading roles. The opera was full of interesting songs and dances.

John Endicott and Mary Ann Courtney were the main characters in the story. Mr. Courtney and his daughter Ann were returning home from a vacation in New York with a guest whose purpose in visiting them was to obtain a valuable jade ear of an old voodoo idol which belonged to Mary Ann's colored mammy. Before the guest could obtain the ear, it suddenly disappeared. John Endicott, who believes the guest guilty of the theft, challenges him to a duel. The sheriff, who is trying to foreclose a mortgage on the Courtney home, arrives just in time to prevent the duel. During the sheriff's visit the Lucky Jade is found, the Courtney home is saved, and John not only wins Mary Ann's hand but comes into a bit of additional good fortune as well.

It has been customary for the last several years to give a May Festival together with the combined orchestras, bands, and glee clubs of the other tribes. This year *Tannhauser* was chosen.

O R C H E S T R A

"Come on. Into the canoes!" shouted two of the foremost Indian boys in their now familiar jargon as we neared the river bank.

"Where are we going?" we queried cautiously.

"Ugh says hurry. Cross stream," one said. So we followed.

* * * * * *

In a cleverly simulated outdoor amphitheater called the Peristyle we came upon the musicians. A tall, majestic squaw was leading them in music that moved the audience to tumultous applause. We nudged Ugh and bombarded him with queries, but he was so enraptured that we had difficulty rousing him from his ecstatic trance.

"Ugh! No ask now. Wait," he parried.

Sitting, left to right—S. Bletzler, R. Parisin, C. Phipps, S. Newman, G. Stempneck, H. Cook, J. Coverdale, L. Wascipinecz, D. Strowger, A. Pfeifer, T. Konz, B. Veler, N. Potterfield, L. Kilman, J. Chamblis, D. Powers, C. Jeffers, G. Colchagoff, A. Sieving, E. Linden, E. Schenbeck, V. Burd, M. Morgan, V. Kosbab, R. Draves, R. Tolles
Standing, left to right—M. J. Buehler, J. Helbing, R. Mikesell, F. Simons, R. Zimmerman, R. DeLong, J. Maher, W. Carpenter. Miss Bessie Werum, Director

It was as we made our way back to the canoes after the concert that Ugh related the history of the orchestra of the Waite Indians.

The Indians who were music lovers had organized to study in serious fashion the technique of tribal melodies. It was an established custom with them to join the tribesmen of the adjacent territories in giving concerts; the concert to which we had just been listening was that of the Woodward tribe and the Waite High Indians.

Ugh now began to assist several musicians struggling along near us with their unwieldy instruments. The temptation to test the instruments' qualities proved too great for Ugh, and he applied himself covertly to them; a few dissonant squeaks and squawks rewarded his efforts. He pointed at them and grimaced, saying, "Ugh, tough, oh boy!" (for Ugh had picked up a few slang expressions *some* place.) "Holy smokes! Ugh scram!"

For here came James Maher, Pres.; Robert DeLong, V. Pres.; Margaret Morgan, Sec'y.; Annabel Sieving, Treas.; Mary Jane Buehler and Jessie Chamblis, Librarians.

WAITE BAND

"Sylvester," Archie said to me in the tone of one who will not be wheedled or bulldozed further, "it's no use asking me again to accompany you to that band rehearsal. That drummer in the next tepee has gotten on my nerves with his rehearsals; he's given me a headache. And that saxophonist down the line . . . . heaven only knows how that Indian ever came into possession of a saxophone . . . ."

"Natural instrument of torture," I grinned. "Oh, come along. They were tackling something that sounded like *Tannhauser* when I came along, and it sounded great!"

"So?" said Archibald. "Run along then, Sylly, and enjoy yourself." There was finality in his gesture.

"Oh, well, then——," I shrugged, and started off alone.

Sitting, left to right—A. Paben, R. Smith, R. Martin, E. Schultz, R. Huhn, L. Lillie, L. Paben, M. Jordan, B. Davis, D. Grimes, B. Veler, V. Ball, T. Boyer, F. Thorndike, G. Pfeifer, J. Maher, R. DeLong, G. Thayer, R. Robinson, D. Sawyer, S. Bunn, C. Brandenburger, R. Pratt, J. Mellon, R. Bauman

Standing, left to right—F. Hahn, E. Kuntz, H. Eggert, R. Mikesell, D. Shriver, J. Yount, D. Bennett, F. Blanchong

I admitted to myself that even I had not always enjoyed these strains, but now they seemed indispensable to athletic contests and mass meetings of the tribe.

Sitting on the ground, absorbed in the music, I watched Mr. Sutphen, Master Music Maker. Not only did he have to show the youth of the tribe how to read music, how to hold a clarinet, and how to produce a clear note on a cornet, but he had to devise methods to keep the wayward in tune.

At the conclusion of the program, I heard a rapturous sigh near me. It didn't sound like an Indian. Could it be Archie? Quickly turning around, I saw him trying to hide behind a tall but very slim Indian. On seeing that I detected him, he waited.

"How's your head now?" I questioned.

"It's better now; the music was soothing," he shamefacedly admitted.

"Then I can count on you to go to the May Festival when the band, the orchestra, and the glee club perform together?" I asked him.

Archie nodded. "You know, I think I'm getting to like this music. It has its points!"

ANNUAL SOLICITORS

As we were writing our volume, it suddenly occurred to us that this book would be of little use if no one besides ourselves were to read it. Hence we resolved upon a very bold stroke. We would sell the Indians a book about themselves, personally! Why not make some extra copies?

Even when the finished product was a vision in the future, sales crews had been organized among the Indians to sell our work. The savage tribe was sold on the idea of having their customs and tribal life set down in print, and furthermore, the coming of the book was held in great anticipation by our captors, who had an unconquerable

FIRST ROW:—M. Gonia, B. Conser, M. Hill, H. Kelsey, J. Kerwin, M. Horvath, F. May, K. Ellison

SECOND ROW:—J. Maxwell, B. Hall, M. Key, M. Avery, H. Whitmore, E. Matson, B. Gonia, M. McCarthy

THIRD ROW:—E. Jordan, M. Rieman, E. Madden, H. Beres, V. Cordrey, M. Horgeshimer, A. Sieving, J. Curtin

FOURTH ROW:—C. Young, B. Whitney, F. Huss, G. Myers, C. Lewis, M. Sinnott, B. Dyar, H. Debien, W. Kobzowicz

desire to see their own facsimiles on the printed page. This vanity made the red men strongly resemble the white race.

Under the direction of Mr. Earl W. Combs and Walter Kobzowicz a soliciting staff of thirty-one members was organized. The system which these two had arranged proved successful, and the number of subscriptions set as a goal was reached.

As we visited them, a young lady who was introduced later as Frieda May came rushing in, thrust a fistful of money into the hands of Judy Maxwell, the treasurer, had it recorded by Marjorie Horgeshimer, the secretary, and ran out again to see if she could better her record of fifty-one subscriptions. Several solicitors had exceeded the forty mark and therefore were receiving their annuals free. Among these were Margaret Sinnott, Mary Jane Hill, Charles Lewis, and Clinton Young.

With the cooperation and efficiency of this group increasing every year by leaps and bounds it is hoped that again next year a mark of 1000 subscriptions will be achieved.

RETINA CLUBS

Not long after witnessing the Retina show we received the issue of the Retina edited by the cubs, or the potential editors of the Retina. After thoroughly perusing this issue, we decided that, beyond a doubt, there was exceptional talent in this group, promising the possibility of an even greater Retina.

Properly impressed, we sought a member of the cubs and asked how they were able to edit an issue of the Retina, unassisted. It did not seem possible that all the difficulties of publishing an edition of the Retina could be surpassed by untrained, inexperienced youngsters.

He replied that, before being allowed to publish an issue of the Retina themselves, several issues were edited by the senior members of the staff, the cubs assisting in more or less minor positions.

First Row: — E. Foley, E. Johnson, S. Friberg, B. Beauregard, M. Bradley, J. Weyant

Second Row:—T. Banks, A. Royeske, Miss Cowell, E. Perry, M. Schnell, I. Norris

Third Row:—A. Eaton, J. Martin, C. Root, I. McClintic, V. Hires, M. Heferle, E. Forrest

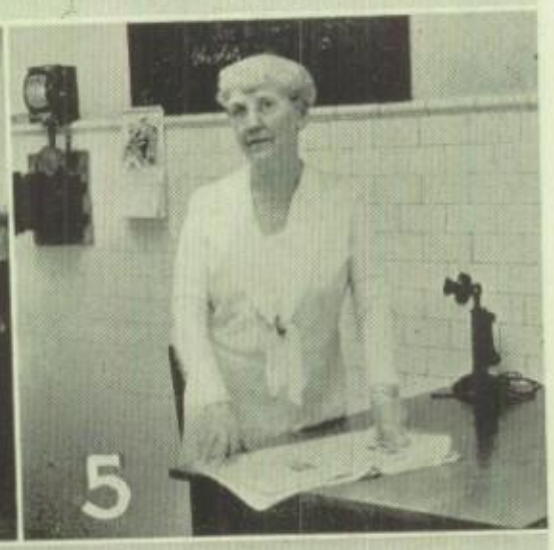
Fourth Row:—F. Puskas, M. Gould, K. Orwig, A. Openshaw, J. Hofner, C. Chapman, F. Saelzler

After receiving this experience, the cubs were allowed the privilege of publishing one issue of the Retina. All the regular staff positions were occupied by cubs, who strutted proudly around under their temporary titles. This responsibility for one issue impressed upon the cubs the magnitude of the labor, but did not dampen their enthusiasm for becoming editors of the Retina.

Some of the cubs occupied the positions of collectors and collected the wampum given in payment for the Retinas. Upon others was placed the responsibility of soliciting advertisements for each issue.

All the work connected with editing the Retina was carried out in tepee number 207. Here the cubs received invaluable experience.

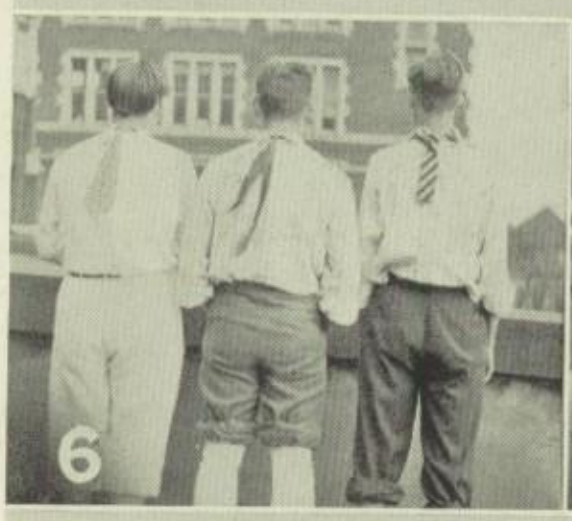
During our stay at the village seven other issues of the Retina were published, and the edition edited by the cubs compared favorably with each of them, exhibiting their aptitude for newspaper work. For all their youthful appearance it was clear that these youngsters were well on their way to success in the newspaper world.

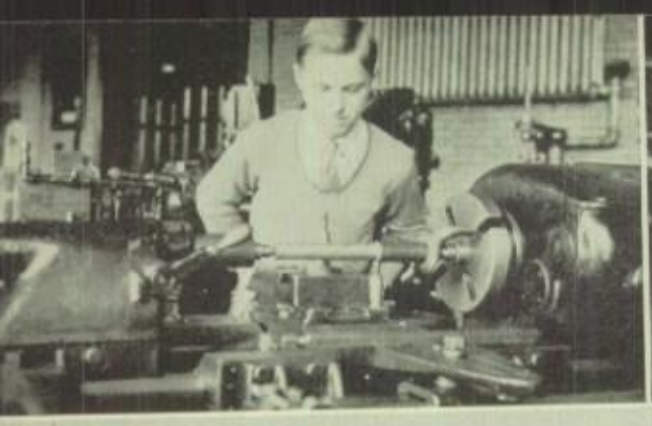


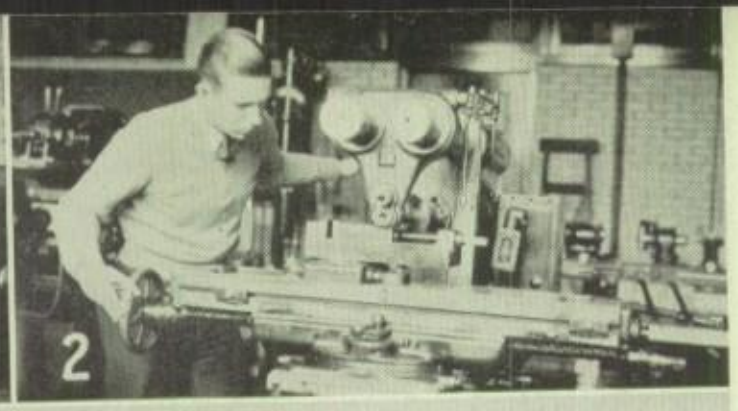
1. Queen of the hill. 2. "Twas the week before Christmas", and the Art Club is playing Santa Claus. 3. Mr. Pearsall absconding? 4. On the mark! . . . 11:28 . . . 11:29 . . . 11:30 —lunch! 5. Ready for the rush —not gold. Mrs. Nichoson is confident in the face of the onslaught; there's chocolate pie for dessert today. 6. From soup to ice cream. 7. Al's in the counting house. What's the bill, Bob? 8. Stay out of my lunch! 9. Even the faculty eats! Halfway down the table, the daily Steiner — Combs argument is in progress, but today we can see only the Steiner side of it.

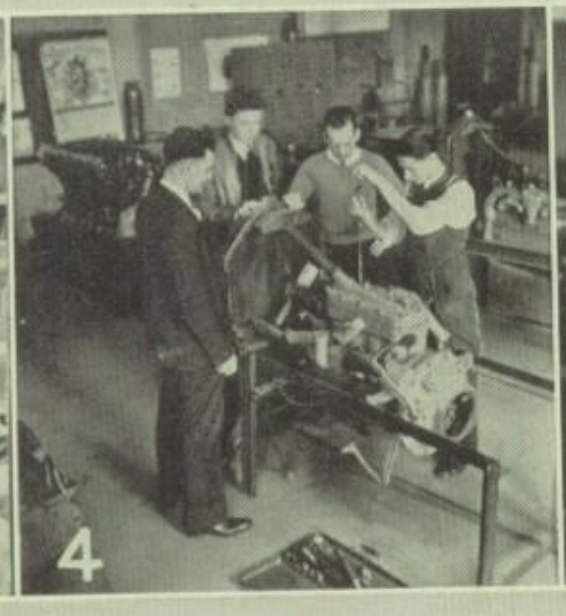
—Robert Stalker

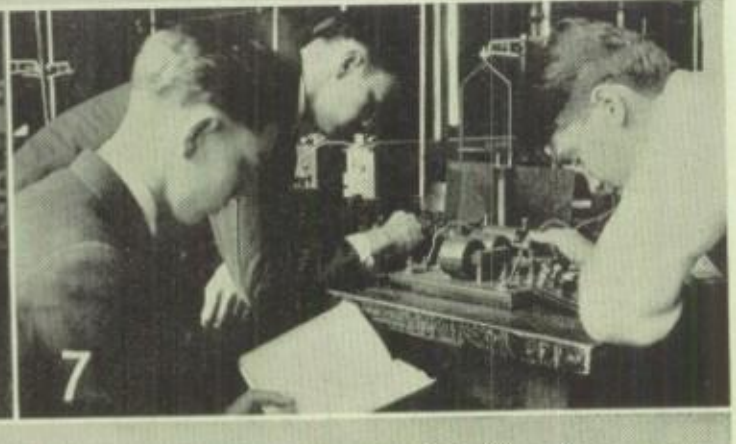
1. Essay tablets 5c. 2. The Lanning Sisters star in the Retina Show. 3. Sam on his nightly (knightly) visit. 4. Spank her hard, Eleanor! 5. Do you suppose they'll grow handsome by and by? 6. So many things that you never knew before, you know now. 7. When did they take to carrying flowers around! 8. 956, 957, and still the subscriptions come. Marge and Judy are ready for your two dollars. 9. The annual in the making. What? Max working? Only in the picture! 10. Do you think it's really serious? We're all "Up in the Air". 11. Our farewell to you, Waite.





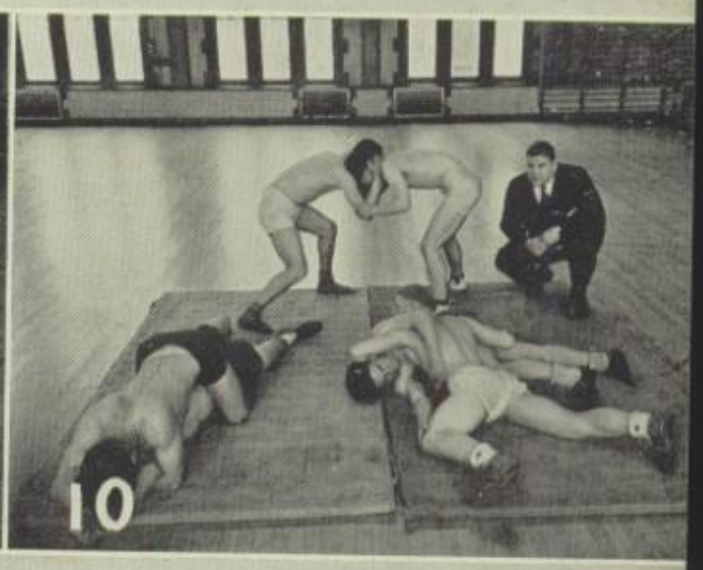


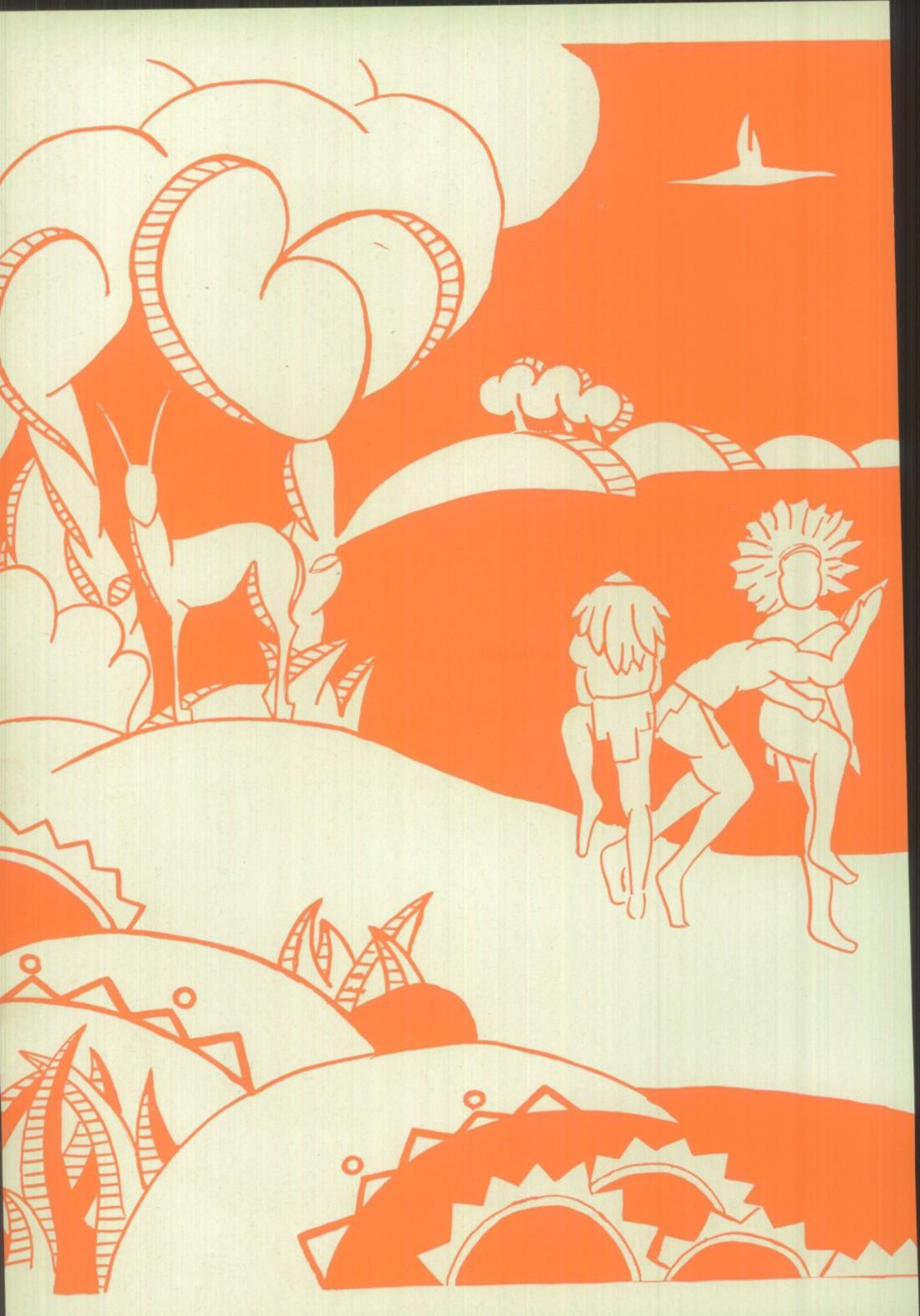


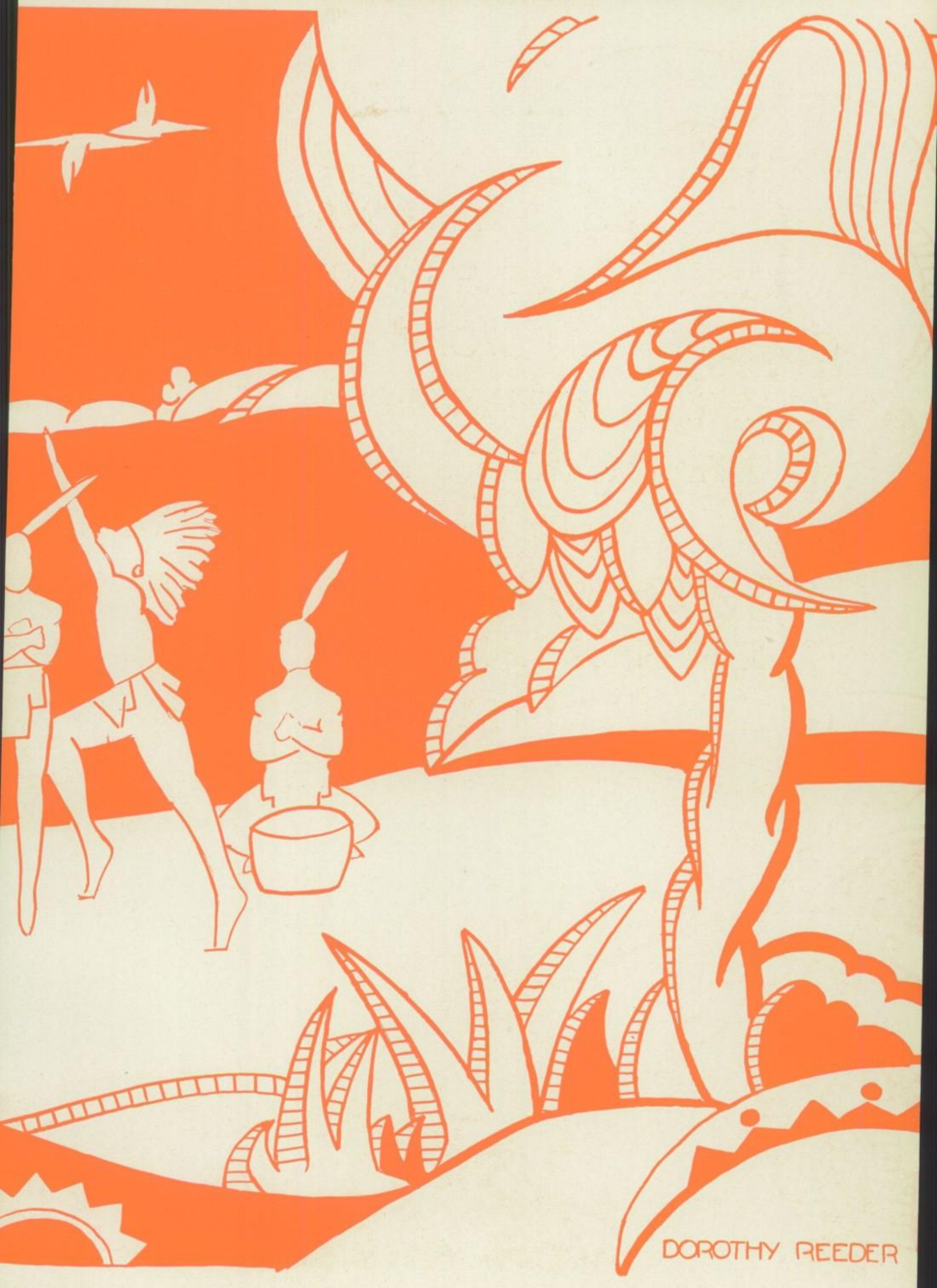


1. Maybe he thinks they're the wheels of destiny. 2. Bob saw a saw, so he began to saw. 3. Perhaps it'll be Dave's own bed. 4. R. E. and the three musketeers cleaning their plugs. 5. Could it be a new bank building John's planning? 6. Two Dicks and a Ray and a couple of ammeters. 7. Aren't they nice enough looking to induce any induction coil? 8. Wonder if they fly? 9. See the calm on Kate's and Ivan's faces before the big blow-out. 10. On bended knee Ruth goes hemming along. 11. A quartet gets the inside dope on some mollusks. 12. Careful Joe and Marie! These are Annual illustrations. 13. "Tea is served, Madame." 14. "Too many cooks spoil the broth"—but, boy, that broth was good!

1. An informal discussion in English. 2. "The modern problem," says Mr. Steiner as he points to Bill and Nellie. (Maybe it is the posters.) 3. "It's just another Chinese puzzle," claim Vivian and Wayne. 4. Elizabeth is in danger of being hanged while playing "Hangman". 5. Lest we forget and walk off with an encyclopedia. 6. Wonder if Margaret is writing something complimentary? 7. Typists in the making. 8. Jerry says "Ah" for Thelma. 9. Potential Tarzans. 10. Wonder who comes out on top? 11. Mr. Sutphen strikes up the band. 12. Smile, darn ya, smile! 13. Last minute rush.






DOROTHY REEDER

FINALLY, INDIAN SUMMER GONE, THINGS BE
THE GROUNDS. THE AIR WAS TENSE WITH
WAS NEVER SEEN EVEN IN CIVILIZED LANDS
COSTUMES WERE WORN, AND THE ODDEST
SOLES WERE EXCHANGED FOR THEIR CUSTO
WARLIKE TRIBE BEEN SUBDUED THAN MORE
BRAVES DISPOSED OF THEM IN TRUE WAITE
THEY WERE SO FREQUENTLY VICTORIOUS,
EXERCISE IN REGULAR GROUPS LIKE OUR OWN
ONE MODE OF ATTACK SUCCEEDED ANOTH
AND STRATEGIES OF COMBAT. MANY SCALPS

GAN TO HAPPEN. HOSTILE TRIBES INVADED PREPARATIONS FOR WAR. MORE TRAINING THAN THAT OF THESE BRAVES. STRANGE HEADDRESS. PECULIAR BOOTS WITH CLEATED MARY MOCASSINS. . . NO SOONER HAD ONE CROSSED THE RIVER TO ATTACK US, BUT OUR FASHION. . . WE WERE NOT SURPRISED THAT FOR HAD THEY NOT RECEIVED CONSTANT GYMNASTIC CLASSES IN MANY WAYS? . . . ER, AND INGENIOUS WERE THE MATERIALS WERE LOST, BUT THE CAMP LIFE CONTINUED.

BOYS' GYM

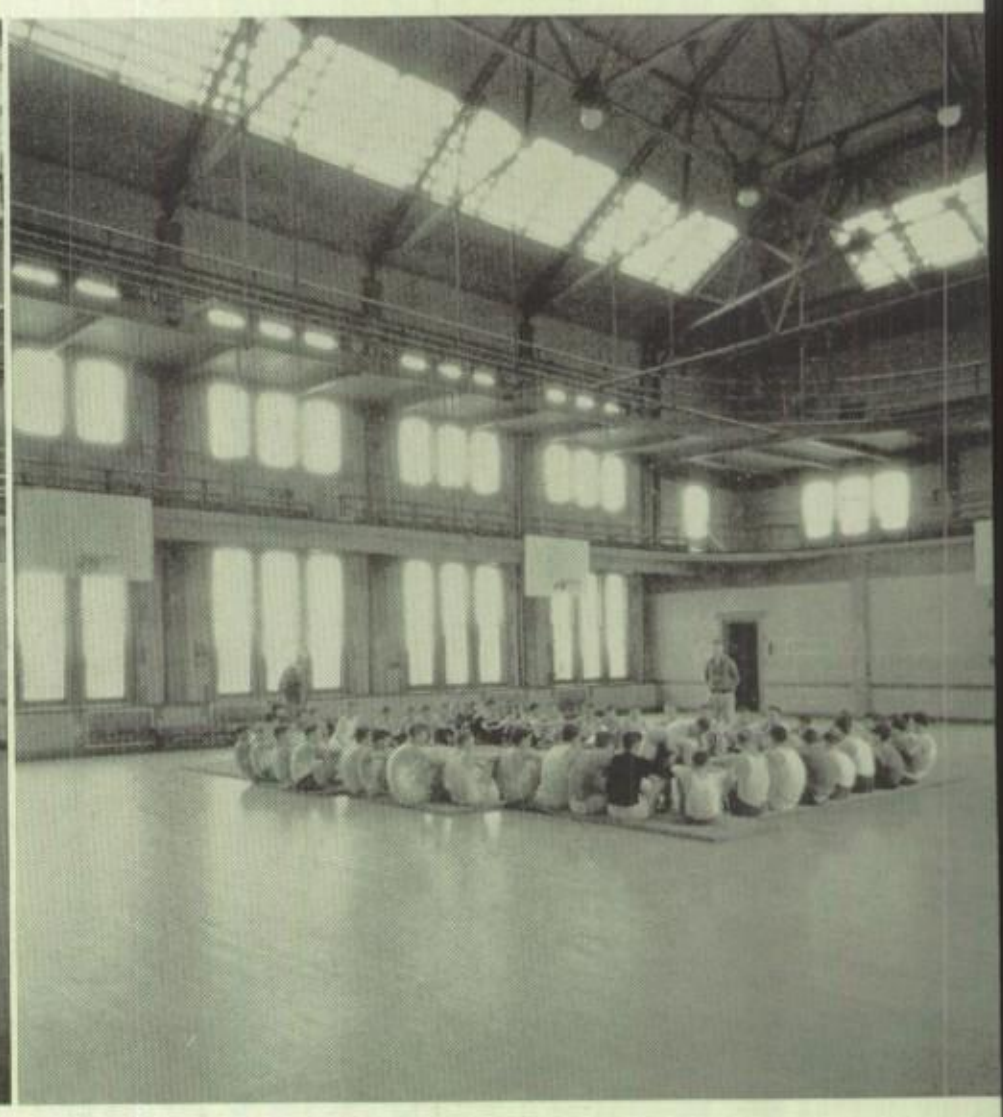
Mr. Harold Anderson

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning," seemed to be Archibald's theme song these bright spring mornings. Grumbling constantly, he refused to do anything. I prescribed a mixture of sulphur and molasses, but even this failed. Every tonic was given a trial, but still poor Archie just wilted away into a mere shadow of his former self.

"What you need," I declared at last, "is *exercise*."

"What!" groaned Archie. "Violent motion is strenuous. I shall only lose more weight!"

Ugh, hearing of Archie's misfortune, advised him to join the boys' gym class. Although Archie knew nothing of this class, he was game. Ugh led us into a cleared spot in the woods. When we arrived, it was uninhabited. Suddenly war whoops sounded, and warriors swarmed all around us.



"Ohforgoodnesssakes," sobbed Archie, "what have you dragged me into now—a war?"

Just then a tom-tom sounded and everyone was quiet. Two of the elders, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Jeffery, shouted orders to the boys. Ugh explained that the warriors were going to play basketball.

While we watched this exciting game, Ugh told Coach Anderson how listless Archie was, and how he moped around.

"Ah, spring fever," said Andy. At Andy's command to run around the track, Archibald sighed, but something in Andy's eye told him to obey.

Since Archie was rather slow, taking a hundred and twenty seconds to do the eighty-yard circuit, we turned to watch the others. Some of the favorite sports were volleyball, kick baseball, battle ball, indoor baseball, ring toss, and rapid relays.

Mr. A. Jefferys

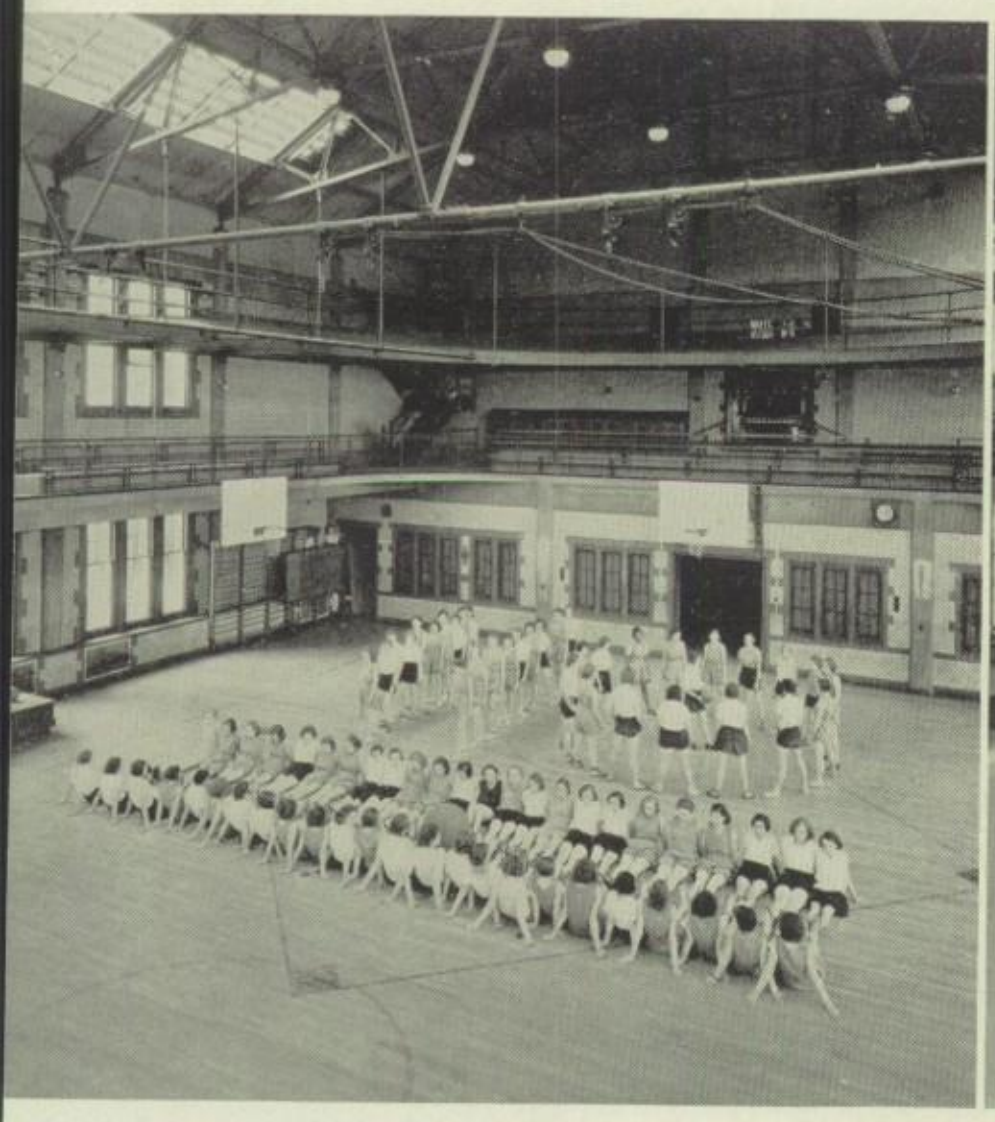
After his exercise, Archie retired to his tent and slept heavily. But a new sparkle appeared in Archie's eyes; his appetite increased; he gained weight; spring fever vanished. Indeed, he now had to run around the track ten times a day; the vicious circle—eat and run, eat and run—had begun.

G I R L S ' G Y M

"—1-2-3-4, slide; 1-2-3-4, left." What now? a football team practicing signals? Snooping and peering curiously into this hut and that, we arrived at the door of one hut slightly larger than the others in that neighborhood. To add to the mystery, weird music drifted out into the air. We had never heard of a football team practicing signals set to music. Quietly, making sure we were unnoticed, we slipped inside.

Of all things! Girls, not football heroes, were the inhabitants. In twos, moving their feet in time to the music, they swayed, at intervals twisting, turning, and retwisting until merely looking at them dizzied us. What in the world were they trying to do? And then, as if to answer our query, Ugh slowly shuffled into view. Although he looked bewildered by the avalanche of questions we hurled at him, he tried to answer all of them.

Mrs. Lois Draves



Miss Mary Kneirim

"Indian maidens dance," began Ugh amiably. Of course, we *knew* that. Would he never tell us *why* they were dancing? "Every hour a new group comes to hut," resumed Ugh.

We learned that each group was divided into eight squads, each squad having a leader or captain. During the hour of their stay, different tournaments were held in which these squads competed. The tournaments included schlag ball, volleyball, pin guard, and Indian baseball. Of course, different relays and group games were also included. As some of the girls were unable to participate in the more active sports, they took part in archery contests. Tennis, paddle tennis, and ring tennis were also favorite sports of these maidens. At certain seasons shuffle board and bowling were also enjoyed.

After his long recital Ugh, weary, deserted us. And still we didn't know why they were dancing—not until two pleasant-looking teachers, Squaw Draves and Mary Kneirim, explained that dancing was one form of recreation, just as tennis is. "Well," said Archie, "it may be recreation to them, but that's not what I'd call it."

BOYS' INTRAMURALS

"What's the matter, Ugh? Where are you going? May we go, too?"

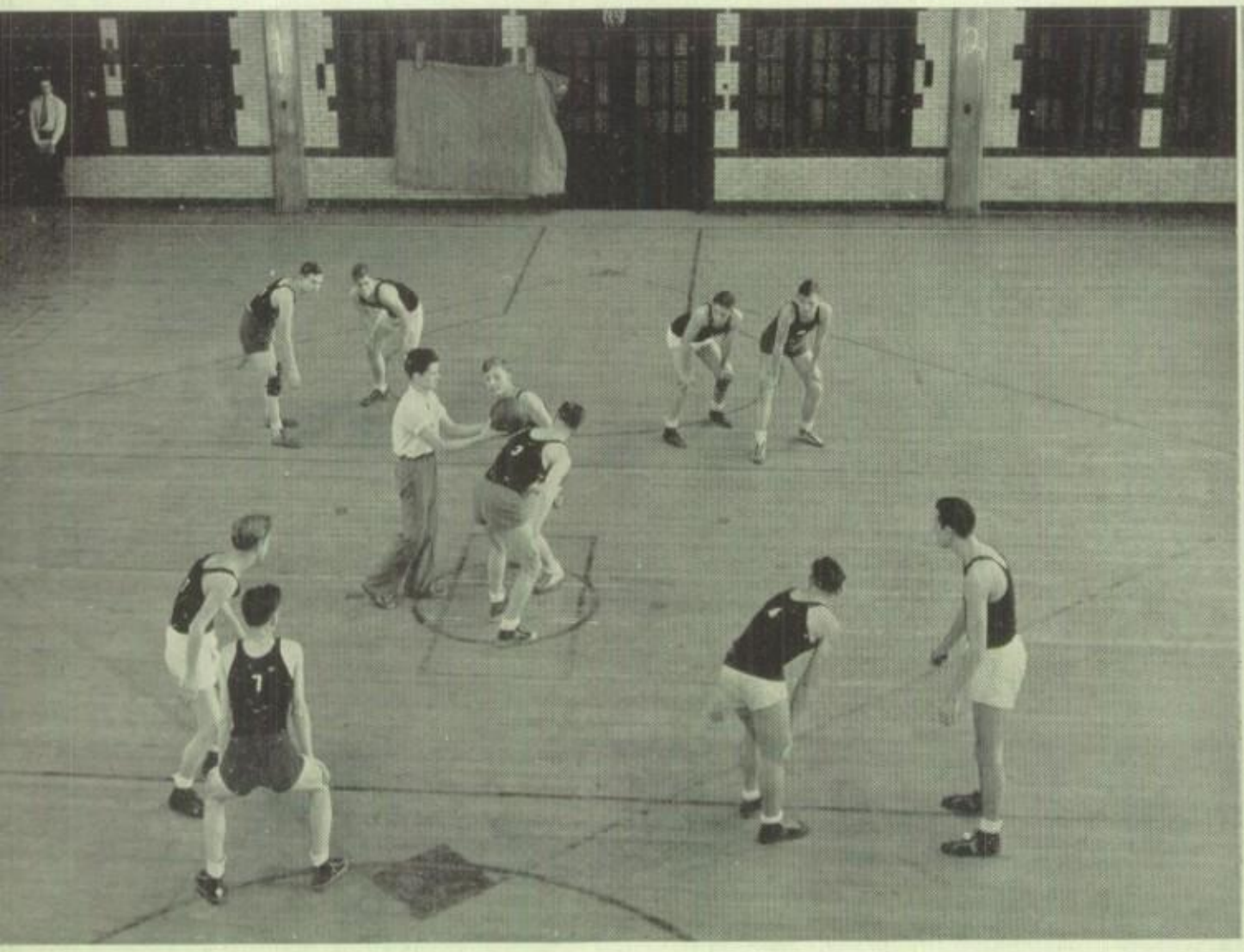
To all our eager questions Ugh only grunted, "Ugh, me in hurry."

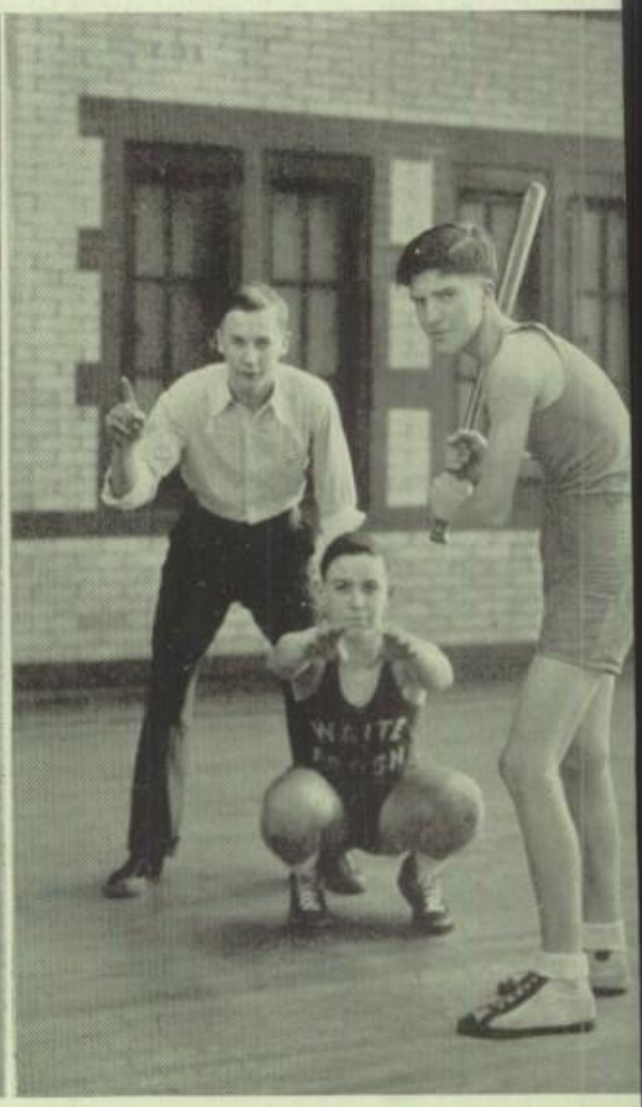
Why not follow him, we asked? Employing our best detective technique we followed him to a wigwam into which he hurried.

There we saw many warriors awaiting a sign from Chief Anderson to begin what was, as we later learned, the intramural event of the season.

We learned that any brave was welcome if he was interested in any sport and if he did not belong to a varsity tribe team in that sport.

A placque was to be awarded to the club having the most points at the end of the year under Chief Anderson's new system. The winning team of any of the intramural events received 100 points; the second team, 75 points; the third, 60; fourth, 50; fifth, 40; sixth, 30; and seventh, 20.





In any individual events the winner was given 25 points for this club and an individual pass to all games of the coming basketball season; the second boy was credited with 15 points; the third was awarded 10.

The clubs entering the tournaments were: Quill and Dagger, Senior Class Hi-Y, "W" Club, Forum, Junior Class Hi-Y, Lutheran Home, Junior Hi-Y, and the Engineers.

The first event of the year, which was won by the Junior Class Hi-Y, was the volleyball tournament. The "W" Club won the next sport, the basketball tournament.

One of the most important and most popular contests, the foul shooting tournament, was won by Don Wagner of the Jr-Sr. division, and by Al Price of the Fr.-Soph. group.

In addition to these events, tournaments were held for soft ball baseball, horseshoes, and track.

These same events were offered for independent teams, which were entered from the school at large by boys not belonging to any clubs.

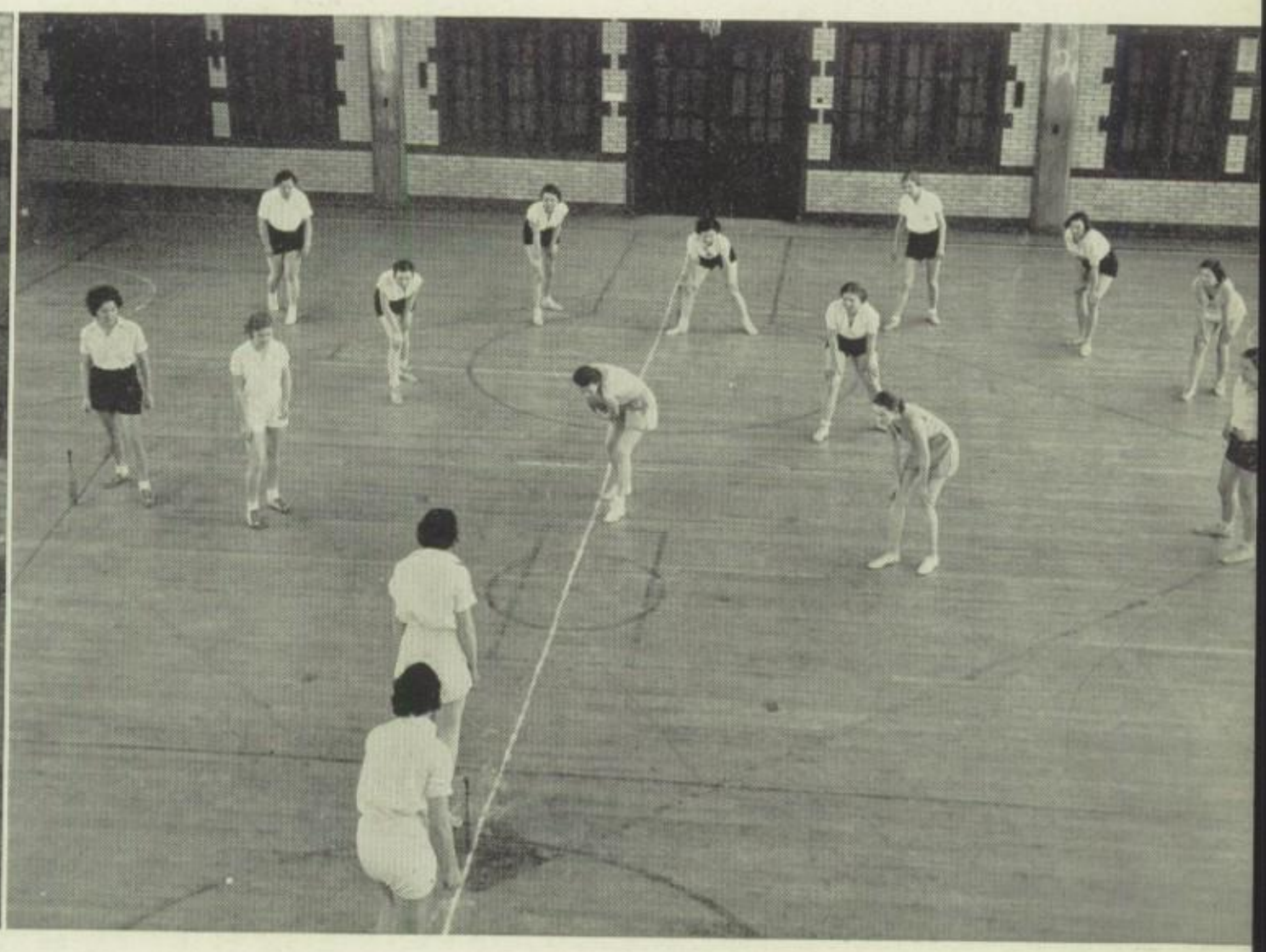
GIRLS' INTRAMURALS

One morning, having been awakened by terrific yelling, we jumped into our togs and ran toward the hut from which the shrieks issued. We passed Ugh and dragged him along, for we thought this noise would need some explaining. We arrived at the hut breathless and peered in upon . . . . girls! Indian maidens, and in shorts, jumping up to hit what resembled a small basketball.

When Ugh saw our bewilderment, he hastened to enlighten us. "Heap much fun," he said; "Indian maidens play volley ball."

Interested, we settled ourselves to watch them play. One maiden served the ball. It whizzed over the net and was returned by another maiden. "Out of bounds!" the referee yelled. In turn, the other side served the ball.

Suddenly someone blew a whistle. The girls stopped playing immediately. "Well, I guess the fun's over," I said.



On the way back to our hut Ugh explained further what the girls were doing. He said the sports the girls were playing were called intramurals, and that there were two kinds of teams contesting—independent and club teams. Some of the independents were called Indians, Bull Dogs, NRA, and Flickers; some of the club teams were Peris, Zets, Home Economics, and Senior Friendship.

Ugh also said that these Indian girls played hit pin baseball and basketball. He told us about basketball thus: "One girl have ball, give ball big push to another girl. Maybe that girl put it through basket." With this speech Ugh became silent, and all our efforts to engage him further in conversation proved unavailing.

A month after, walking by this same hut, we noticed a piece of birchbark tacked on the wall. Curious, we strolled up. The name Peris caught our eyes. Upon examination, we found the Peris were the champions in both the hit pin baseball and volleyball matches, and looking further, we discovered that basketball honors, too, had been taken by the Peris in League I and the Tigers in League II—a clean sweep!

M I N O R

GOLF

As spring approached, Waite's Indians turned their minds to golf, that royal and ancient Scotch game which has recently been adopted by Toledo high schools. For the last four years the Indians have endeavored to attain fame at this game, which is so new to them, but to date have failed to do so.

Last season was a total failure, as the Indians played this game of queerly shaped sticks which were so badly designed to coax a ball into a small cup.

Each school of the city entered a team of six players. It was possible for each man to gain three points by winning the first and second nine holes in match play and by having the lower medal score of the two players.

Hopes of winning are high this year, as five varsity players are returning from the squad of last year.

BASEBALL TEAM—*Sitting*—J. Medlen, H. Quetsche, J. Broderick, J. Vargo, J. Thayer, G. Rimmer; *Standing*—J. Jankovic, A. Jankovic, R. Morse, F. Kiss, W. Sieminski, Coach Mills. GOLF TEAM—T. Hejtmanek, J. Schladetsch, J. Monoky, E. Moran, W. McCallister, R. Boggs, A. Navarre.

BASEBALL

Due to the ability of the Indians to handle their war clubs with ease, the baseball squad was victorious in ten of the thirteen battles they waged last season.

The Waite squad started off by beating Scott, 7-2, and followed with a 10-4 romp over St. John's. DeVilbiss proved too tough in a tournament game that ended 3-2. In the next DeVilbiss scrap, the fortunes of war were reversed, with the Indians winning, 7-5. St. John's was again tripped, 2-1, in the next battle. A trip to Blissfield, Michigan, netted an 8-2 win, which was followed by a 7-2 slug-fest victory over Scott. A double header with Central gained two victories, 7-1, and 5-4. Libbey was shut out 3-0 in the next scrap. A return battle with Blissfield gained a 5-2 victory.

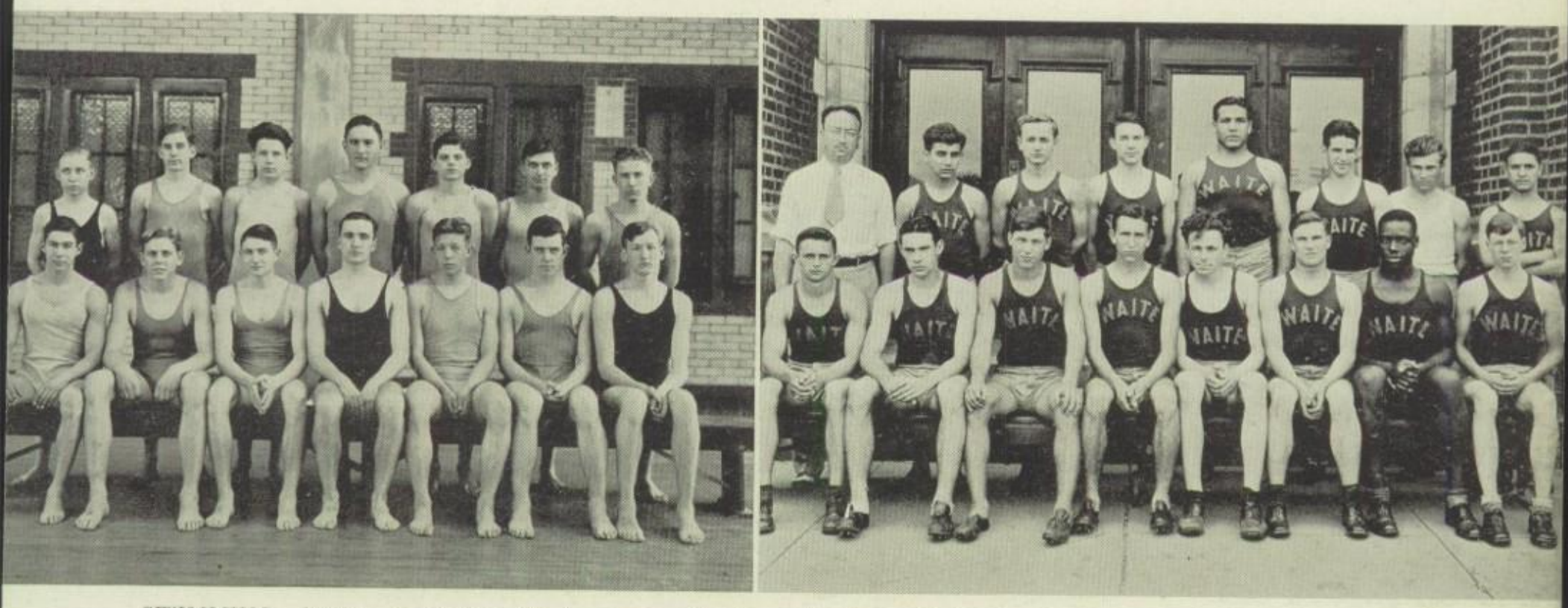
Even though losing 5-2 to DeVilbiss and 5-4 to Libbey, Waite won the city championship, for the first time. The Indians have won the Northwestern Ohio district tournament for five consecutive years—proof that Coach Arthur Mills has done a splendid job since coming to Waite in 1928.

S P O R T S

SWIMMING

With a city championship swimming team returning from last year, the home natators came out victorious over all rivals in this vicinity including the Maroon and White Feather contingent. They fought two battles against Fremont, winning both, but losing to Monroe. The Gold and Purple warriors also swam two meets with Sandusky, each group prevailing once; Waite was the first Toledo team to outswim Sandusky. In the district meet, which was won by Sandusky, the Gold and Purple paddlers came out second with 32 captured points. In the state contest the local aggregation received seventh place as Ed Moran gained three points in the backstroke event. Among the staunchest braves were Joe and Ed Moran, Bill Armstrong, Bob Dudley, and Russell Fertig.

The record of the team follows: Waite 42, Scott 33; Waite 33, Sandusky 42; Waite 53, DeVilbiss 22; Waite 35, Monroe 40; Waite 52, Fremont 23; Waite 45, Fremont 30; Waite 41, Sandusky 34; N. W. Ohio district meet, won by Sandusky, Waite second place with 32 points; Ohio State meet, Waite seventh place with three points.



SWIMMING—*Sitting*—R. Dudley, W. Armstrong, E. Moran, J. Moran, R. Fertig, F. Niggemyer, H. Sievert; *Standing*—H. Tiernan, E. Uberroth, R. Ostheimer, F. Kiss, S. Bunn, L. Elias, J. Clary. TRACK—*Sitting*—J. Ousky, C. Dorn, M. Reddish, S. Lakatos, G. Dragon, P. Tohle, F. Wright, J. Schladetsch; Coach Anderson, S. Petroff, S. Marazon, B. Withrow, W. Raizk, R. Percy, M. Szabo, McNutt.

TRACK

Ordinarily, Waite's Indians are among the swiftest of the Maumee tribes, but last season it seemed that somehow they had lost their fleet heels.

They were led by Clarence Dorn, whose speed broke several records. At the end of the season he had amassed 49 points. Husky Floyd Wright, who specialized in the weight events, gained 32 tallies.

The first meet brought 13 points, but the Mansfield relays netted only seven points. The DeVilbiss Tigers outran Waite, giving the Indians their third dual meet defeat in the last seven years.

Thirty-six points were obtained at the city meet. Dorn won three events in the district meet, in which the Indians won 42 points; he tied one record and broke the high hurdle record after only one week's practice on that event. The season ended as six points were taken at the state meet.

BOYS' "W" CLUB

With the cooperation of Big Chief Pauly and the enthusiasm of the Waite "W" men, the first council of the "W" Club was assembled shortly after the end of the football season. The meeting was called to order by tom-toms beaten by War Eagle Kramer, president of the council. Frank Urban acted as vice-president, and George Makovic as secretary and treasurer. White-Bear George Maurer, the sergeant-at-arms, strove to obtain peace among the various members with the symbolic peace pipe. Most of the boys passed it up, however. They were so used to refusing things like that because of training, that they did it involuntarily.

Present financial conditions were such that the boys agreed to sponsor different activities in camp, for profit. As there were no dues, the treasury would be kept up in this way.

Row 1—*R. Koch, A. Urbanyi, R. Boggs, V. Knitz, H. Clifton, J. Maczko*
Row 2—*A. Dunmier, M. Kramer, C. Navarre, R. Kohn, F. Martin, E. Bernhard*
Row 3—*F. Kiss, J. Younkin, S. Petroff, G. Maurer, R. Snider, G. Makovic*
Row 4—*J. Medlen, H. Emch, H. Smith, G. Rimmer, K. Koch, L. Kohn, W. Sieminski, A. Jankovic*

During the year this group of Indians held pow-wows for which they charged admission. In return they showed pictures of their many, many battles with their enemies, most of whom went down in defeat. These husky warriors also demonstrated their strength and ability in wrestling and boxing matches. The money received from these activities went to help the athletic department.

The membership of the Waite "W" Club is composed of Indian braves who have been awarded a varsity "W" letter for competing in any sport successfully.

As the members of this club have asked us to do something for them, and since we respect this group so much, we shall proceed to do so. They wish to express their sincere thanks for the expert guidance and kind cooperation which their advisers gave them throughout the year. Since we know these elders, we realize how much they do deserve this credit.

GIRLS' "W" CLUB

"Who are those maidens wearing 'W' sweaters?" we inquired of Ugh. We had already concluded that the sweaters were awards for some athletic prowess, and from Ugh's explanation we gathered further that the Indian girls must participate in sports for every season, keep a health chart, and maintain a high average in school work to belong to this club. To satisfy our curiosity further, we attended one of their meetings, at which members gave informal talks on the sport chosen as the theme for that meeting.

They discussed, too, splash parties and spreads. At one splash party, given for a similar club of the Woodward tribe, they had displayed their skill in the pool before gorging themselves with refreshments. We learned that the club had sponsored an afternoon dance and a skating party. To celebrate one of the many victories of this

Row 1—*J. Irwin, J. Kinsel, D. Naumann, J. McClelland, M. Wilson, J. Kinsey*
Row 2—*K. Rihacek, M. Wilkins, E. Hurst, G. Bolton, K. Clark, D. Melms*
Row 3—*J. Tipton, D. Snyder, E. Sutherland, M. Ondrus, D. Reeder*

powerful tribe the maidens of the "W" Club took charge of a mass meeting which inspired our warriors to victory on the morrow.

At the close of school last year the girls packed sport clothes and swimming suits and left for their annual week-end at Reno Beach. During their stay they spent their time swimming, canoeing, playing games, or in other forms of recreation; evenings they were allowed to do as they chose. One evening was reserved for the initiation of new members. This afforded much amusement for the old members, but was very trying to new ones. After another day, weary, sunburned, but supremely happy girls packed for the return journey home.

To earn a "W" is every girl's ambition, but only a select few are equal to the stern tests. If one does manage to earn a "W", she automatically becomes a member of the "W" Club. Of course, the winner of a letter is very proud to display it, and justly so.

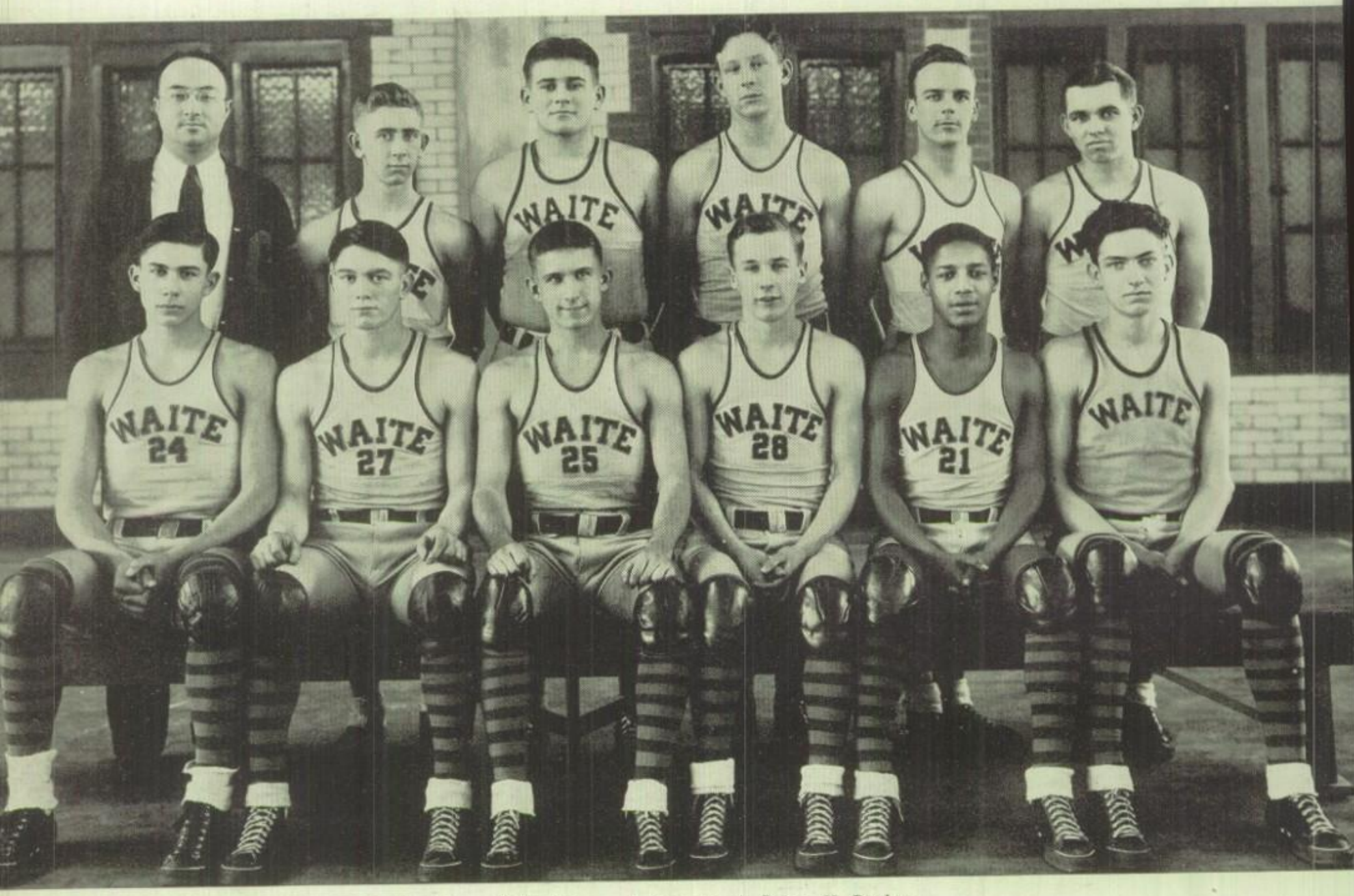
BASKETBALL

VARSITY

With the exception of two men recruited from last year's reserves, it was an utterly inexperienced squad that opened the season by beating Fayette, 20-17, and trouncing Clay, 24-10, in the initial double-header.

Christmas vacation found Waite beating North Baltimore, 18-11. Port Clinton was subdued, 28-22, while Pettisville was downed by a 25-21 score.

A streak of bad luck hit Waite for the next four games—all city games; DeVilbiss walloped Waite 21-12; Woodward took the next game, 20-16, in a last-minute rally; St. John's won a slow-moving game, 22-12, and Central was given a tough battle before



Row 1—*K. Koch, R. Snider, S. Heininger, J. Carney, A. Price, H. Parker*
Row 2—*Coach Anderson, R. Baumgardner, J. Monoky, H. Smith, J. Medlen, S. Suto*

winning, 29-19. Waite won its first city game one week later by some fancy basketball in beating Libbey, 22-11.

Starting over on the second round, Waite again lost to Scott, 33-23. The second city victory came after a hair-raising game with DeVilbiss which Waite won by one point, 24-23. A game of many shots and few baskets was featured when Woodward again beat Waite, 17-15. Central won, 33-15, but in the final game of the season Waite came back with a 20-15 victory over Libbey. The team was eliminated in the district tournament only by the 32-15 defeat at the hands of Scott.

BASKETBALL

LIGHTWEIGHT

Like the varsity, Steve Rohlfing's lightweight basketball squad had an unlucky season, winning six games and losing seven. The season started off with a victory over Scott, 23-15, during which many defects were laid bare, among them a lack of defensive skill. This was soon remedied, and as a result North Baltimore fell, 37-21, as the papooses ran wild. Pettisville was the next victim, losing 30-27.

DeVilbiss was beaten, 21-17, in a fast and rough game. The third city game, played with Woodward, brought the lightweights their first defeat of the season, Woodward winning, 22-19, after a hard game which featured fancy shooting by Urban and Smith. St. John's was scalped next by a 24-18 score, but Central took a 29-18 game. Libbey's squad came from behind to take the next scrap, 26-23.

Row 1—*J. Kovacs, M. Dexter, H. Davis, T. Herringshaw, A. Urban, J. Bauman, C. Carey*
Row 2—*J. Webb, E. Vincent, C. Tracy, R. Welker, R. Myers, R. Bremson, E. Smith, Coach Rohlfing*

The second round found Scott routing the Indians to the tune of 29-22. A 30-17 trouncing from DeVilbiss was next in line. Still another close game was dropped to Woodward, 23-21.

The exhibition of basketball given during the last five minutes of the second Central lightweight game has rarely been surpassed as far as good sportsmanship, speed, and excitement are concerned. The eight hundred fans actually yelled themselves hoarse over a game that far exceeded the brand of ball played by the varsity that night. The final score was Central 22, Waite 20.

The season closed with the papooses claiming a final 25-20 victory over Libbey.

F O O T B A L L

CHIEF GUIDING STAR
Coach Don McCallister

VARSITY

With the passing of the 1933 football season, Waite will have memories of a third successive city championship and an extension of the Indians' fame throughout the country for intersectional victories over Mooseheart, Ill., Lackawanna, N. Y., and Charlestown, Ill. Engagements with the Golden Lions of Erie, Pa., and the Trojans of Knoxville, Tenn. also aided in the spreading of good will between Waite and schools in other parts of the country.

This season was a novel one because the Indians played no out-of-town opponents who had ever been scheduled by Waite or any other Toledo high school squad. This is the third season that our Scotch coach, Don McCallister, has been at Waite, and

it is the third time he has captured the city championship. In his three seasons he has amassed the total of twenty-nine victories, four losses and one tie game.

As soon as the new stadium is built this fall, the Indians will start on what may be an even more successful season, but the loss of Captain "Monk" Myers, Mel Kramer, Floyd Wright, Art Urbanyi, Don Snyder, and George Makovic will be much felt.

The dedication of the new stadium, made possible by loans from the federal government, will be a feature of the Mooseheart game, Sept. 21. That dedication will mark the realization of the fondest hopes of all Waite Alumni—hopes of a stadium second to none in this city. With these aspirations fulfilled, the class of 1934 wishes Don McCallister and his associates the best of luck in all athletics for all time.

WAMPUM TAKER
Faculty Manager Pearsall

TALL MAN
Arthur Mills

F O O T B A L L

LIGHTWEIGHT

While the varsity Indians were out winning the city championship, the lightweight squad was winning five of seven games, losing only to Libbey and Delta. They won the city crown in spite of the Libbey defeat, as Libbey had played but two other city opponents. Coach Steve Rohlfing, who was ably assisted by Butch Ejhinger, forced his squad to its limit in gaining the lightweight crown.

Central Catholic was the first victim of the season, losing 26-0. This battle showed the value of Price, Sterling, Wheeler, and Blondo, who starred.

A night raid on Whitehouse gained another victory, as seven points were captured. Steve Fejes's brilliant playing at tackle was outstanding. Steve was aided in gaining the victory by Perry, Stewart, and Snider.

MOVING MOUNTAIN
Asst. Coach Pauly

SIDE-LINE PACER
Steven Rohlfing

MEDICINE MAN
Dr. Boni Petcoff

An attempted night raid on the Delta tribe resulted in the first defeat of the season, 7-13. The Indians were seven yards from a victory at the end of the battle. Tomaseli, Belkofer, and Giamo starred on the line, while Welling and Ando shone in the backfield.

Woodward was the next victim, 18-0, as Cowell, Wheeler, and Kovacs starred. An invasion of Libbey's territory ended fatally as the Indians were defeated, 18-0. Cary, Molnar, Blondo, and Stewart fought well against Libbey's uncanny defense.

Invasions by Scott and DeVilbiss were put down only after hard battles; Scott lost 13-6, while the DeVilbiss tribe lost 14-12. Sterling, Price, and Stewart starred in the backfield, and Blondo, Cowell, and Ewing shone on the line.

F O O T B A L L

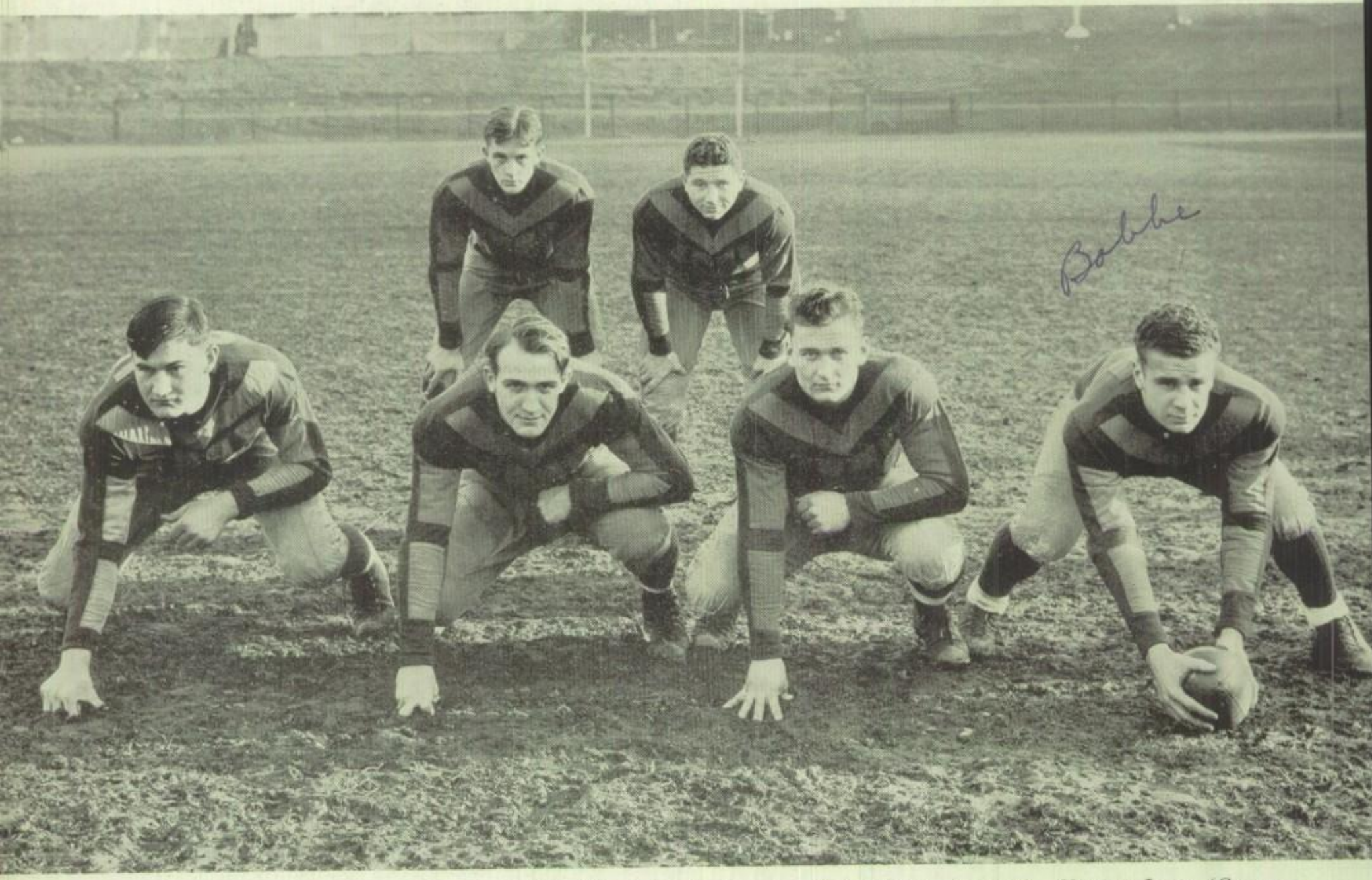
CHIEF SCALP MAN
Glen Meyers

ROSSFORD (34-6), SEPT. 15, 1933

Waite's warriors started on their yearly football warpath by scalping Rossford, 34-6, in a night raid. Chief Myers led the attack, ably assisted by warriors Wright, Kiss, Maurer, Snider, and a score of other sturdy warriors. Snider raised the maidens and the elders to their feet many times by his fleetness.

MOOSEHEART, ILL. (7-0), SEPT. 22, 1933

This week the Indians went hunting Moose (heart) and came back with seven skins without losing one. The Moose were hard fighters and almost defeated the Indians' attempts, but the stiff fighting of Don Snyder and Art Urbanyi finally overcame the opponents.



The Waite Indians on the line are: Charging Buffalo (Frank Kiss), Running Owl (Melvin Kramer), Clawing Lynx (George Makovic), Laughing Face, sometimes called Hunts-the-Enemy (George Maurer), in the backfield: Barking Dog (Ralph Boggs), Plunging Bear (Don Snyder)

BIG BRAVE
PLUG-THE-HOLE
Frank Martin

LACKAWANNA, N. Y. (33-0), SEPT. 29, 1933

The Lackawanna tribe invaded Waite's hunting grounds, but lost the battle by 33 scalps to 0. Red Snider gained fame by running 85 yards to score on the kickoff. Warriors Wright, Kramer, Dunmier, and Kiss also aided in putting the enemy to flight.

F O O T B A L L

CHIEF RUNNING OWL
Melvin Kramer

DEVILBISS (7-0), OCT. 6, 1933

After the whole Waite tribe met on the reservation for the first time, the warriors battled the DeVilbiss Tigers and brought home seven skins, with no losses. The fighting of Tiger Felix Solek gained admiration from the entire Waite tribe. Dunmier, Snyder, and Kramer led Waite's brilliant attack.

ERIE, PA. (6-0) OCT. 13, 1933

For the first time in nineteen battles Waite went down in defeat to the golden

And again, on the line: Standing Rock (Art Dunmier), Black Eagle (Floyd Wright), Chief Scalp Man (Glen Myers); behind, in the backfield: Running Elk (Art Urbanyi), Prairie Fire (Red Snider)

Lions of Erie, Pa., 6-0. Chief Myers led the fatal attack with Kramer and Wright doing good work. Urbanyi and Koch also tried hard to aid the lost cause.

WOODWARD (32-0), OCT. 20, 1933

Woodward's Bears were seen in Waite's hunting grounds, and so the Waite warriors went out to slaughter them, bringing back thirty-two pelts without one loss. Koch, Urbanyi, Snider, and Boggs led the slaughter, with Maurer, Makovic, and Myers acquitting themselves nobly.

LIMPING DEER
Bob Koch

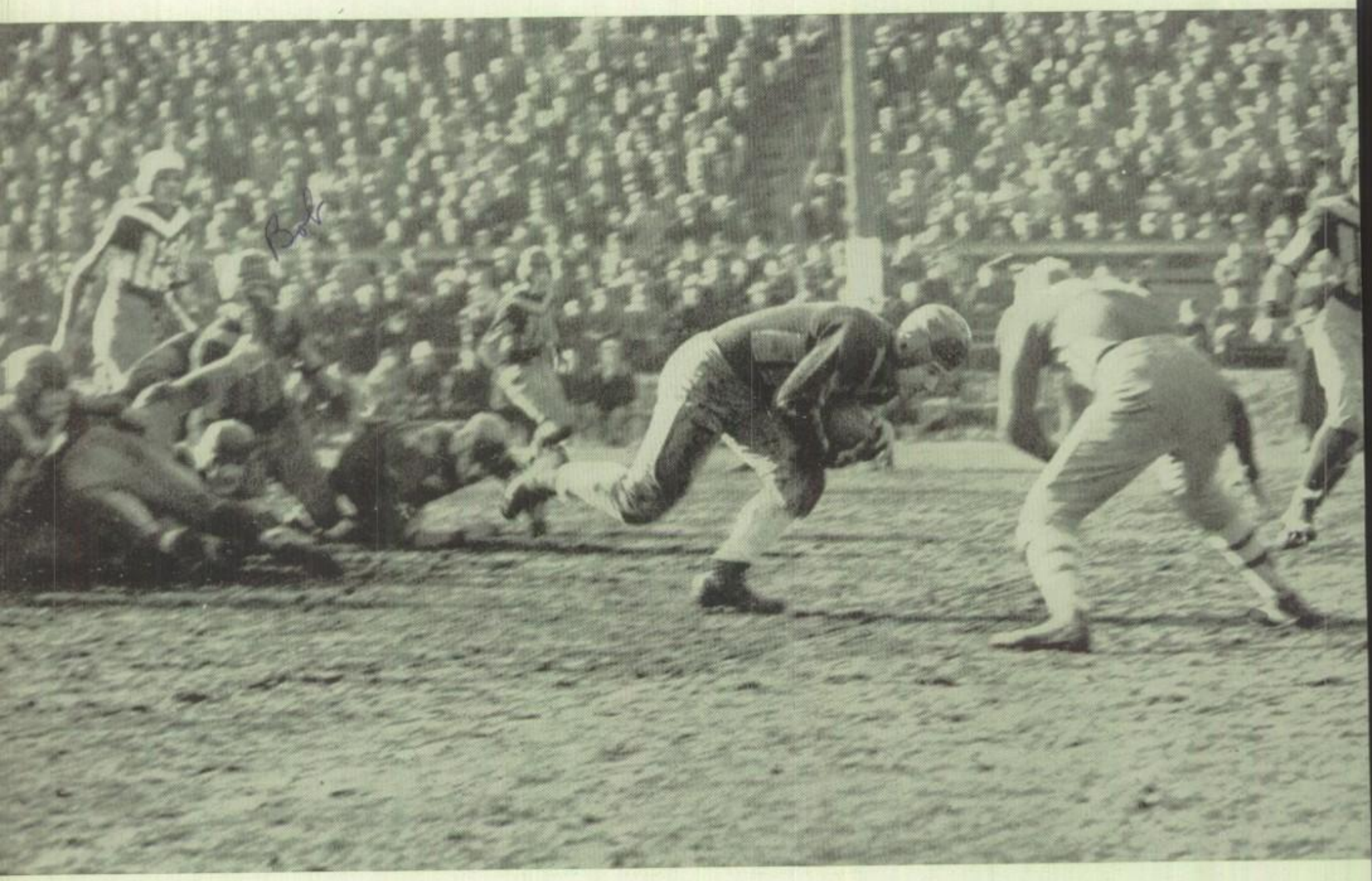
F O O T B A L L

CENTRAL (27-13), OCT. 27, 1933

Though it was a very disastrous battle, Waite's Indians again gained victory by beating Central's fighting Irish, 27-13. Blocked kicks by Wright and the interference furnished by Gabriel stood out in the attack. Urbanyi, Snider, Snyder, Kramer, and Kiss fought well and aided the Waite cause tremendously.

CHARLESTON, ILL. (26-0), NOV. 3, 1933

In the eighth battle of the year Waite's Indians again came out victorious, gathering twenty-six scalps. Gabriel, a new warrior of the Waite Tribe, did excellent work by running Charleston ragged. Don Snyder, George Makovic, Frank Kiss and Chief Myers helped put the Illinois tribe to flight.



Don Snyder plunges for a 12 yard gain with Capt. Myers (extreme right) coming up fast to block out the secondary. Boggs can be seen in rear center.

LIBBEY (6-6), NOV. 18, 1933

Libbey's cowboys again attempted to conquer the Indians and again failed, scoring a 6-6 tie. Red Snider led Waite's attack and did much to help Urbanyi and Kramer, who put on a tremendous show and who were exhausted at the end of the game. Chief Myers was taken from the battlefield with a badly twisted leg.

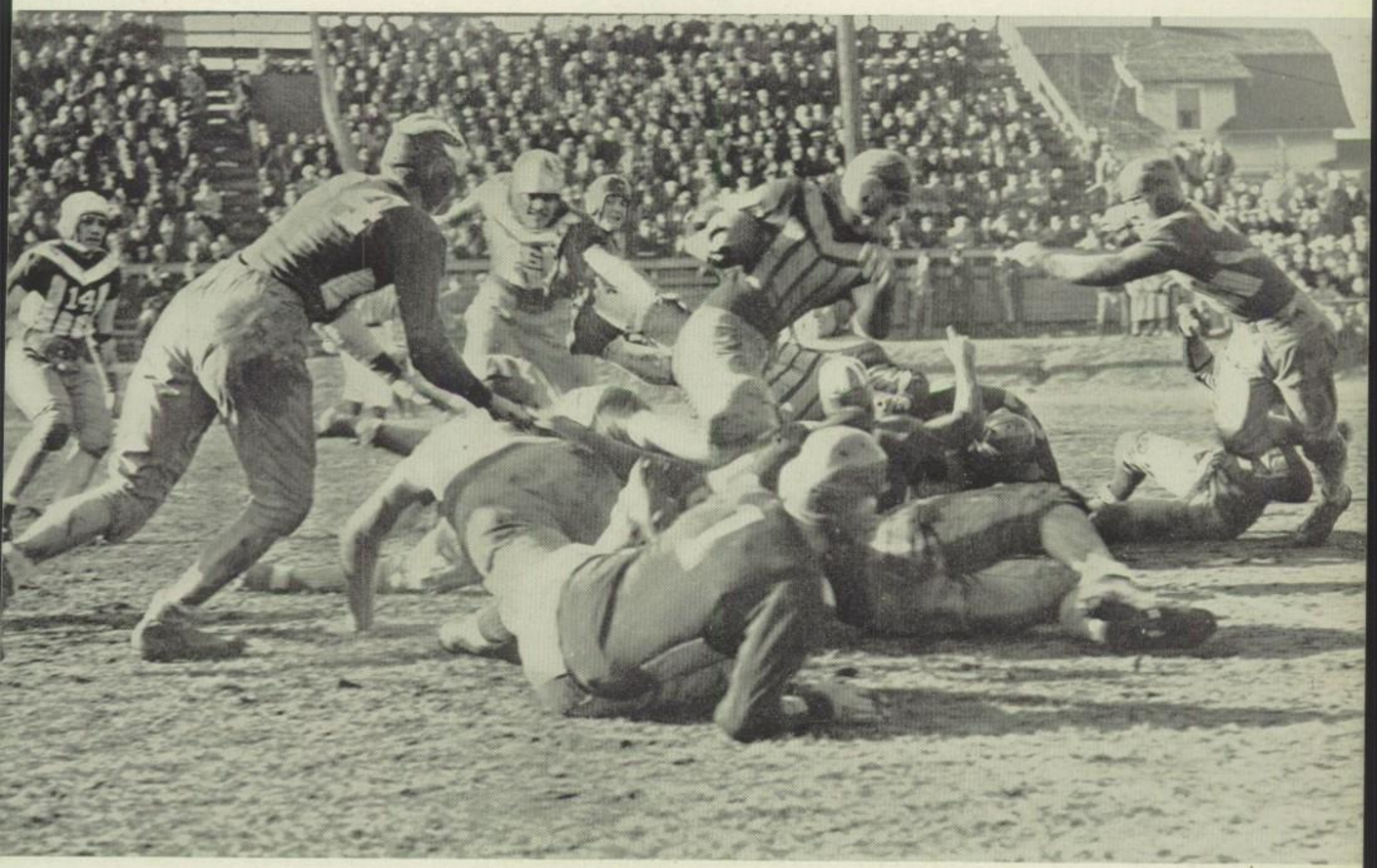
F O O T B A L L

SCOTT (20-0), NOV. 30, 1933

Scott's Bulldogs invaded Waite's hunting grounds for the twentieth time and were repulsed for the eighth, losing twenty furs to Waite's none. Chief Myers led the braves and was ably assisted by Ralph Boggs, Art Urbanyi, and Floyd Wright.

KNOXVILLE, TENN. (20-6), DEC. 2, 1933

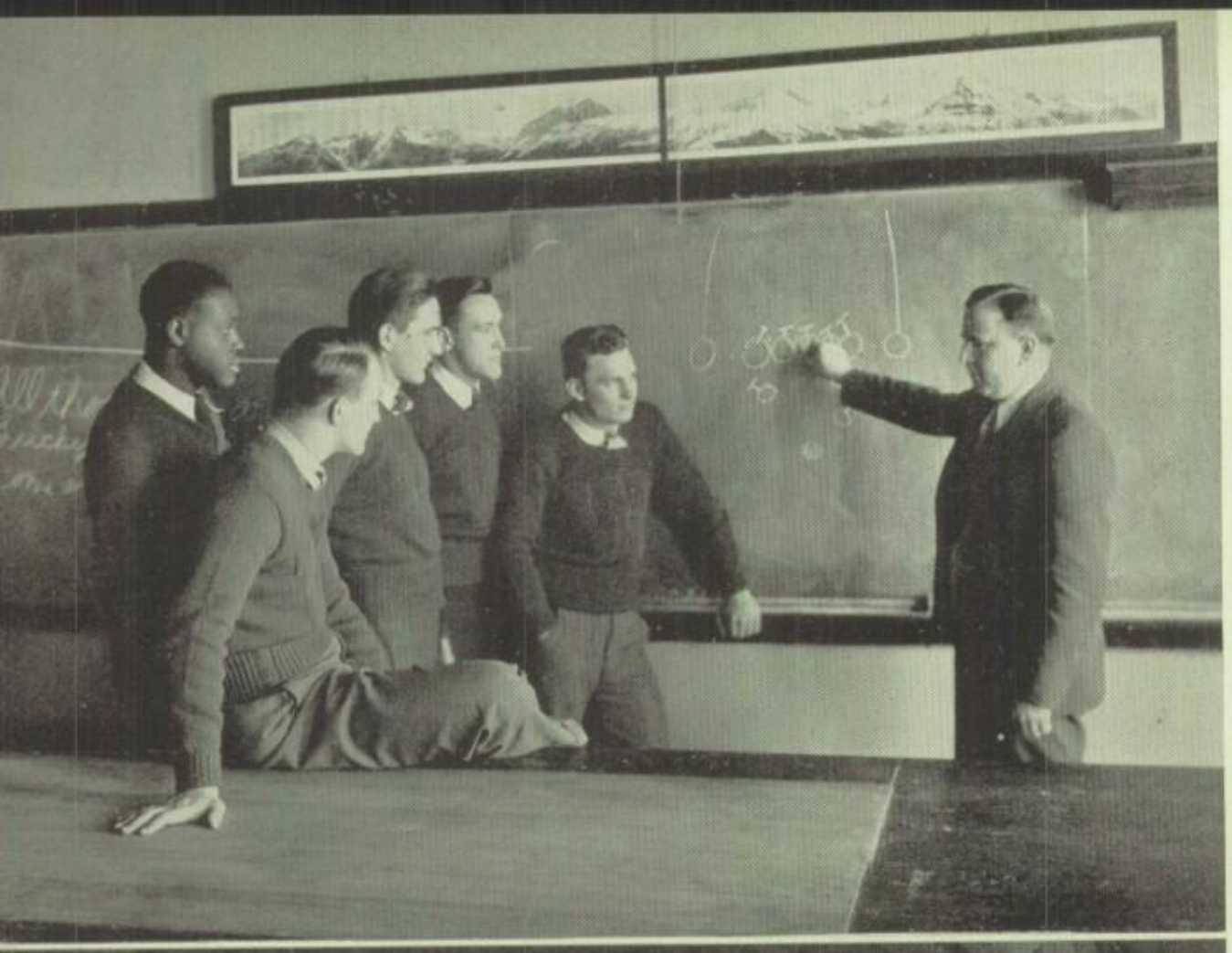
Playing their second game in three days, Waite's Indians went to Knoxville to engage the Trojans in a fight which they lost 20-6. Art Urbanyi, Frank Kiss, and

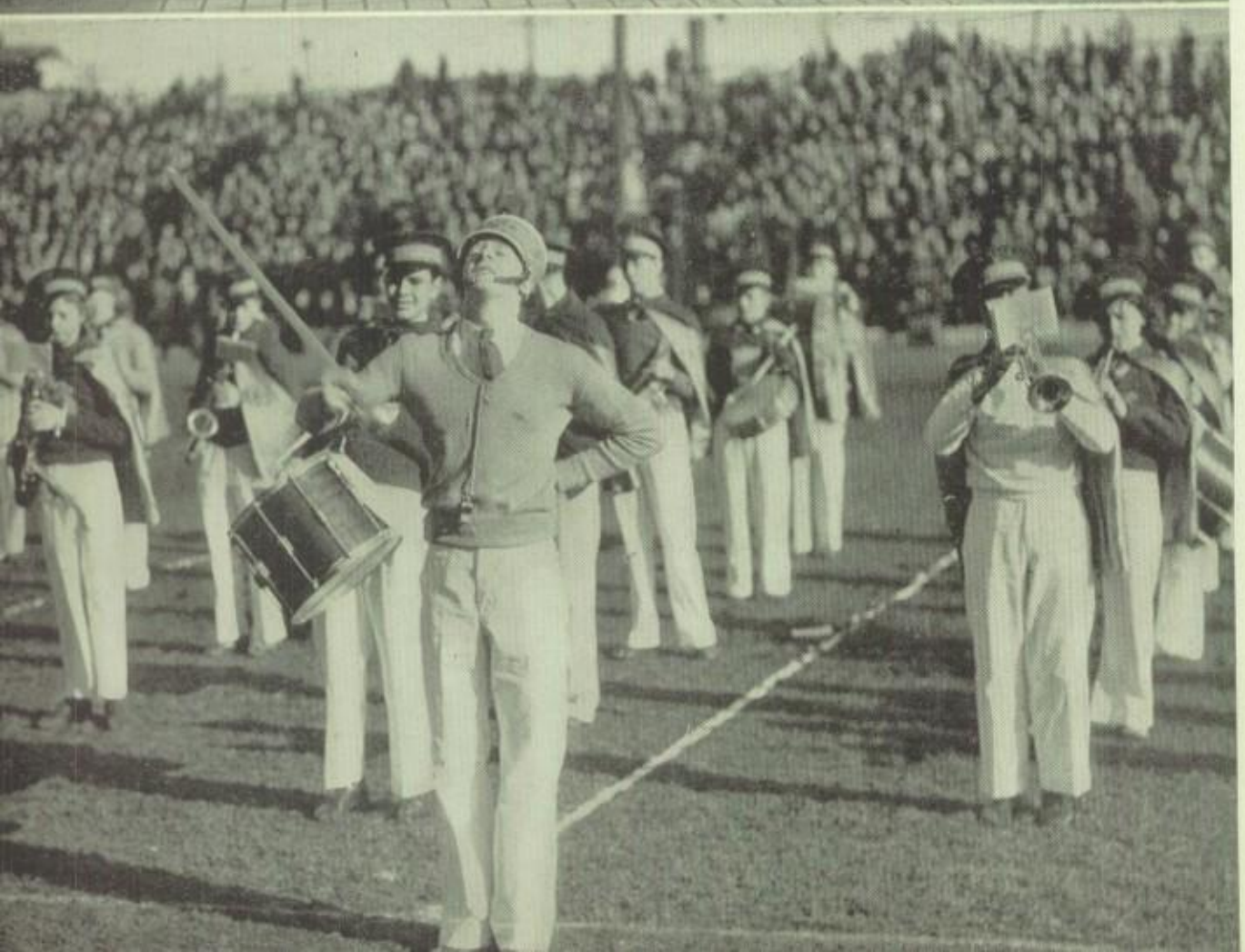


Urbanyi rips through center for twelve yards in the annual Turkey Day classic. Note the savage charging of the Waite linesmen. Another Waite touchdown is in the making.

George Makovic did their best work of the year. The next day was spent on a pleasure trip through the smoky mountains.

It can be said that this team will go down in history as one of Waite's greatest teams. The fact that they won the city championship for the third successive time stamps them as a truly great team. Their season reached the climax in that great victory over Scott, whom they beat three times in a row, this time by the second largest score in the entire series of Waite-Scott contests.





Mac explains the plays during homeroom period, in 237, while Wright, Kramer, Kiss, Myers, and Makovic take it all in. Skull practice accounts for not a little of the Indians' success in football . . . .

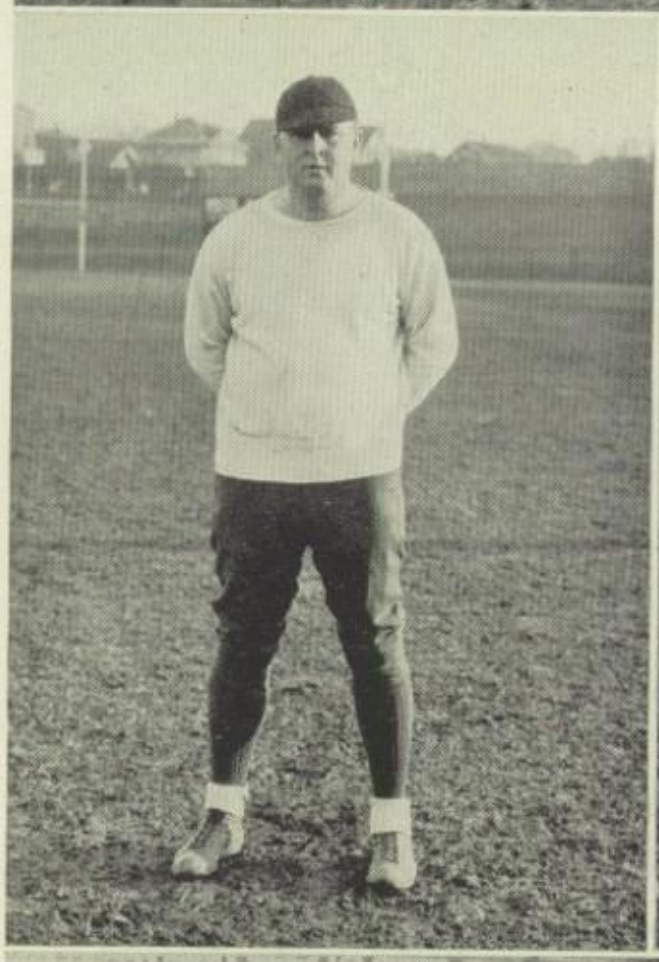
Saturday morning. We view the stadium from the deserted school. From the tops of those unfinished totem poles, the glare of the lights illumines the night raids of the Indians. . . .

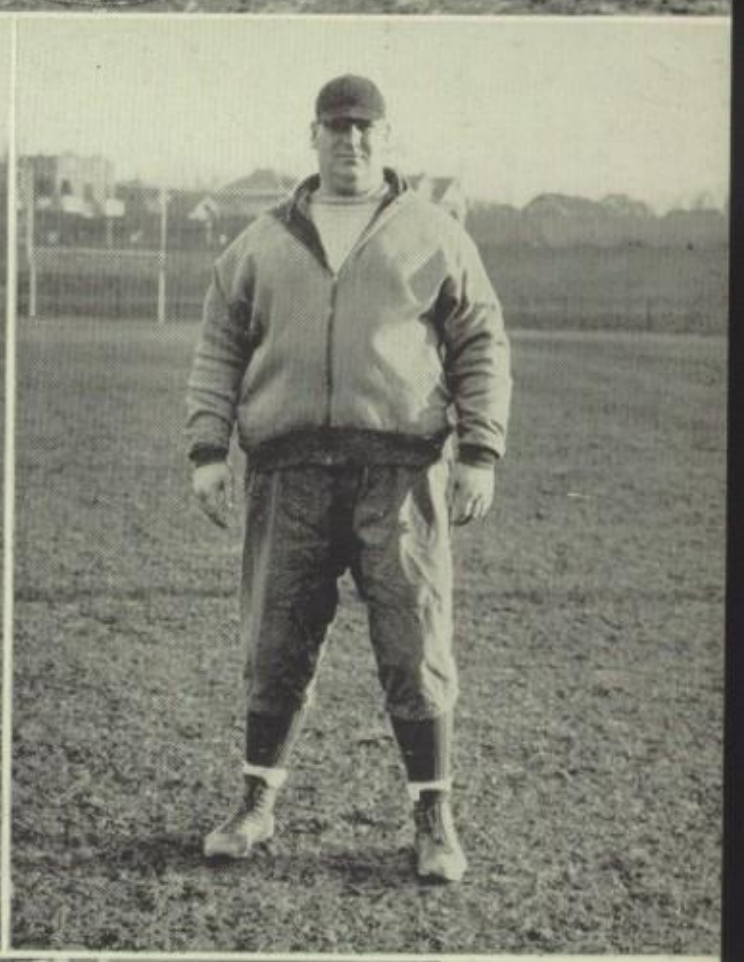
Saturday afternoon. Bertke directs the band as the multitude stamps in unison to the martial music. The strutting drum major and the gay uniforms lend color to the contests.

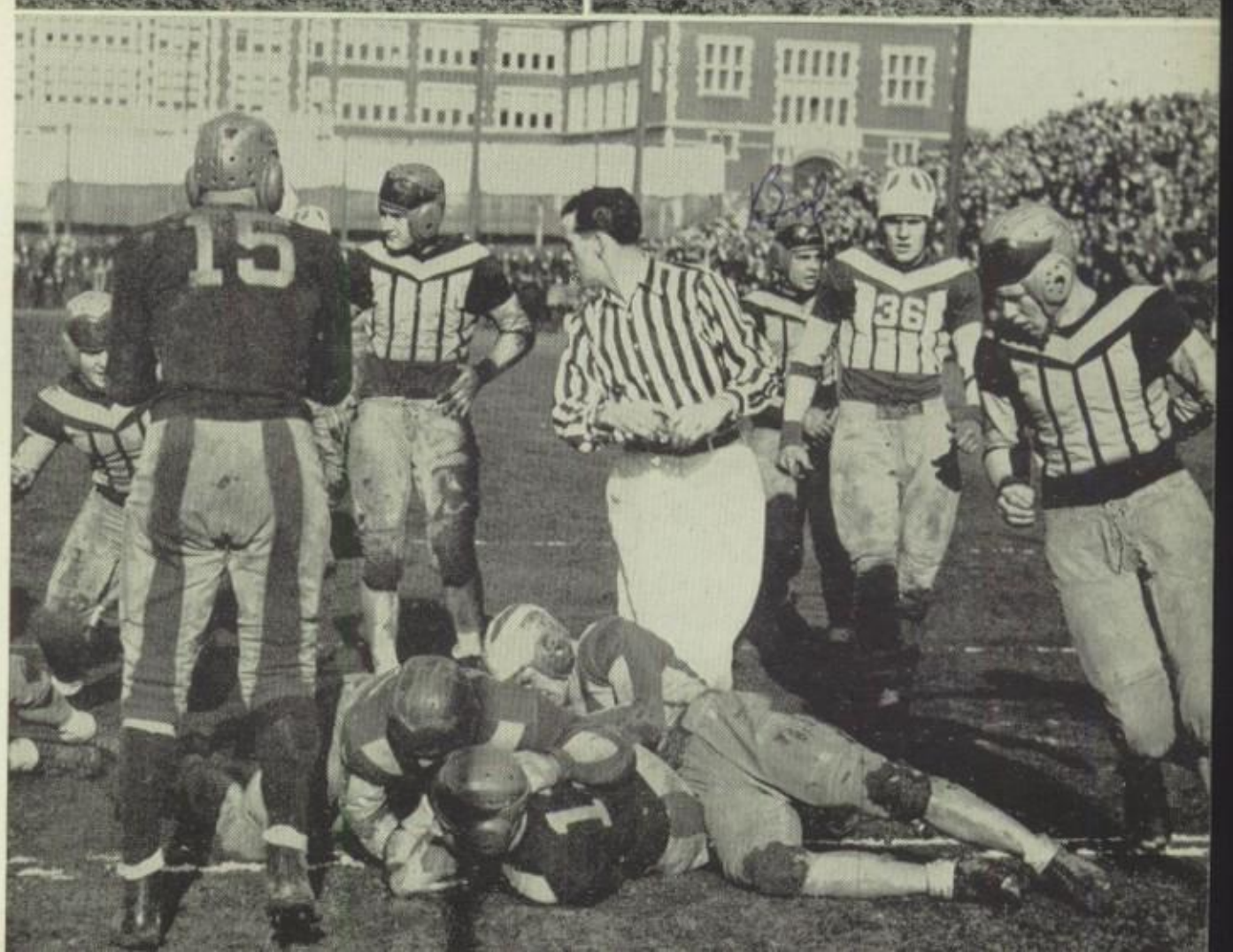
At the moments of greatest suspense these cheerleaders, A. Navarre, M. Norwine, P. Jacobs, S. Toth and E. Ring, send up a cry to the grandstand, and appeal with them to the team for another touchdown . . . . .

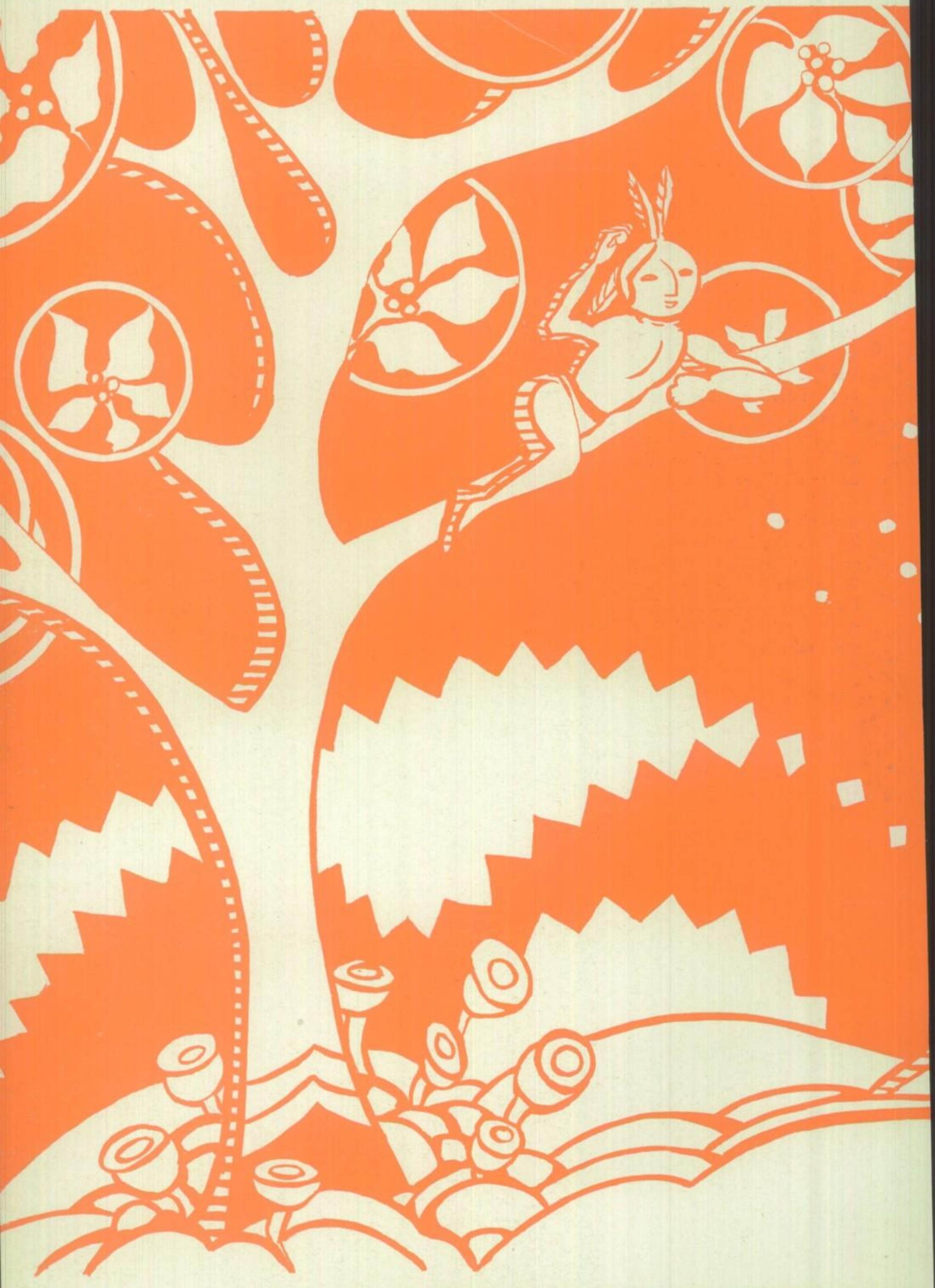
How do Coaches McCallister and Pauly preserve their calm during all the excitement? . . .

At last, the touchdown! But we can't recognize the hero as he hugs the ball beyond the goal line. What's your guess? Somewhere in the press are Kiss, Maurer, and Clifton. The gentleman in the striped shirt is the referee.





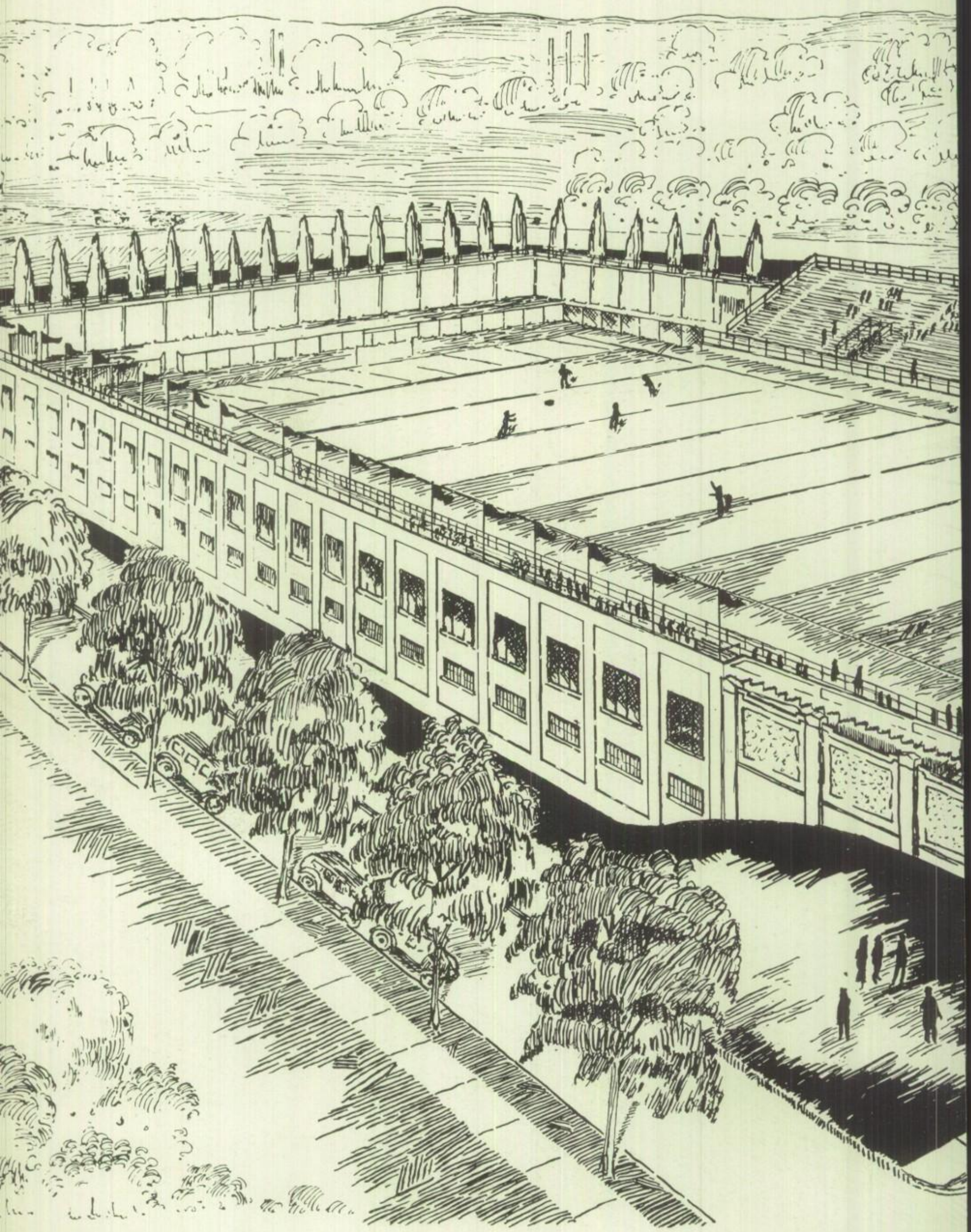


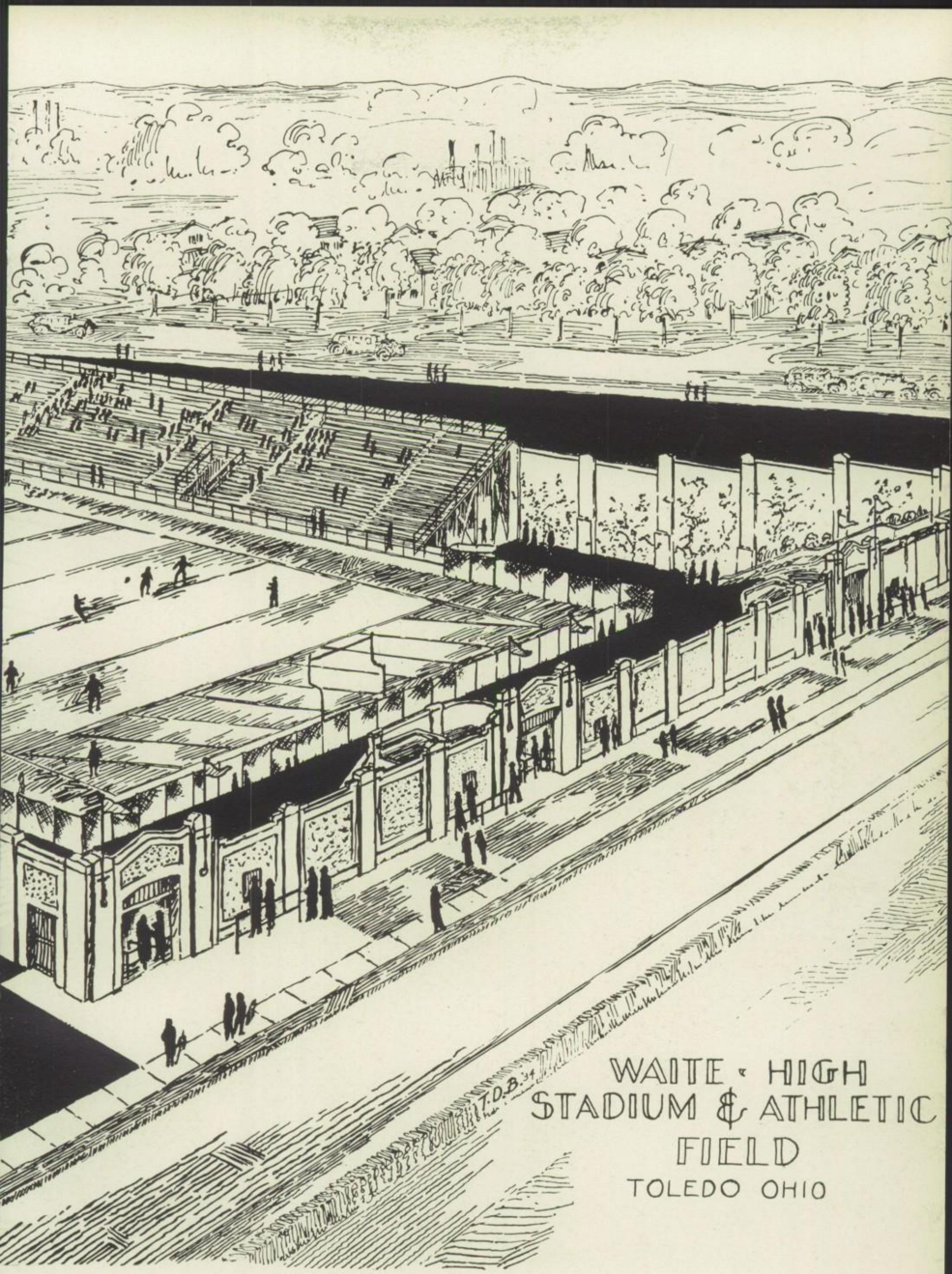


GENEVIEVE SONCRANT

ONE DAY, AS WE SAT DESPONDENTLY ON TEPEE, WE DISCUSSED THE LIKELIHOOD OF ES I TOLD MY FRIEND IN HOPELESS TONES. "IF JUMPED, FOR A PERFECT SHOWER OF BUCKEYES OF BOMBARDMENT, WE SAW A LITTLE INDIAN "SAY," I EXCLAIMED, "THAT LOOKS LIKE FATHER SAY WHAT HE'D LIKE TO DO TO US, ON THE FAMILY FEUD. LOOK OUT! THE LITTLE CAUSE FOR ALARM, FOR MOST OF THESE STRAIGHT. HE WAS ATTEMPTING, WITH SOME LARGE QUIVER ON HIS BACK—PROBABLY HIS COMPANION, "LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! ARROW, A PARCHMENT FLUTTERED OUT. . . . ARROWS, I SNATCHED UP THE PAPER AND LONG-LOST PLAN? I WAS ALMOST AFRAID AND OPENED IT. THERE IT WAS, THE SAME HAD INSTITUTED THEIR FRANTIC SEARCH ON

THE EDGE OF THE RIVER NEAR BLACK SNAKE'S CAPE. . ."SOMETHING MUST HAPPEN SOON," WE COULD ONLY FIND . . . ." . . . . OUCH!! WE PELTED US. . . LOOKING UP FOR THE SOURCE URCHIN CONCEALED IN THE FOLIAGE. . . . BLACK SNAKE'S SON! I'LL BET HE'S HEARD HIS AND HAS TAKEN IT UPON HIMSELF TO CARRY IMP'S GOT A BOW AND ARROW." . . WE HAD INDIAN BOYS COULD SHOOT FAIRLY DIFFICULTY, TO GET AN ARROW OUT OF A FATHER'S . . ."HEY!" I SHOUTED AT MY LOOK!" . . . . FOR AS THE BOY DREW OUT THE COULD IT BE . . . ? DISREGARDING FLYING RAN, MY FRIEND AT MY HEELS. WAS THIS THE TO LOOK. FINALLY I GATHERED COURAGE, PLAN FOR WHICH THE CHIEF'S EAGLE SCOUTS THE NIGHT OF OUR CAPTURE MOONS AGO.





WAITE • HIGH STADIUM & ATHLETIC FIELD

TOLEDO OHIO

"WELL," I GASPED AFTER WE HAD GOTTEN PIECE OF LUCK. THIS IS THE PLAN, SURE IT GOT IN THE QUIVER.—SAY, I'LL BET BLACK UGH AND THE CHIEF FOR THE INJUSTICES HE THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE WHEN WE WERE MENT WHEN THE CHIEF SAID THE PLANS AND HIDDEN THEM IN THE QUIVER. IT WAS HAPPENED TO GET HOLD OF IT WHILE HIS SCHEME FOR ESCAPE." . . . WE CASUALLY HAD HAPPENED. WHEN WE NEARED THE PASSING BRAVE. . . "HERE," I CALLED TO HIM. HE HAD REACHED THE CHIEF'S TEPEE IT WAS THE CHIEF'S YELL OF SURPRISE. AT HIS SHOUT EVEN THE SENTINELS LEFT THEIR POSTS TO ARCHIE AND I EXCHANGED A LONG LOOK. WE AGREED BREATHLESSLY, AND BROKE INTO FOR HOME, CIVILIZATION, AND . . . A WEDGE

OUR WIND BACK, "THAT WAS CERTAINLY A ENOUGH, BUT WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS HOW SNAKE STOLE THE PLANS FOR REVENGE ON THOUGHT THEY HAD DONE HIM! I REMEMBER CAPTURED THAT HE SHOWED NO AMAZE- WERE GONE. HE MUST HAVE STOLEN THEM JUST OUR GOOD FORTUNE THAT THE BOY FATHER WAS AWAY. . . NOW, HERE'S MY STROLLED FROM THE LODGE AS IF NOTHING OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP WE ADDRESSED A "TAKE THIS TO THE CHIEF. HURRY.". . . AFTER ONLY A FEW SECONDS BEFORE WE HEARD THE WHOLE TRIBE RUSHED TOWARD HIS TEPEE. FIND THE CAUSE OF THE GREAT EXCITEMENT. "OUR CHANCE AT LAST. WHAT A BREAK!" A LONG, SUSTAINED LOPE, HEADED AT LAST OF AUNT SOPHIE'S DEEP-DISH APPLE PIE.

Congratulations to the

SENIOR CLASS OF 1934

THE TOLEDO EDISON COMPANY

C A L E N D A R

Oct. 2—Not even the seniors know who teaches in room 200 C.
Oct. 3—What's the matter, Frosh? Won't your locker open?
Oct. 4—An order is given: "Skin the Tigers!" But do we go to Africa? No, just as far as DeVilbiss.
Oct. 5—Homework begins!
Oct. 6—The big final DeVilbiss mass meeting.
Oct. 7—"Hold those Tigers"—and did we only hold them!
Oct. 8—We all work at home doing homework.
Oct. 9—Another orator in school—Monk Myers.
Oct. 10—"Don't walk bow-legged or knock-kneed," says Dr. Seiler. "Be natural!"
Oct. 11—We begin to wonder if the bell is out of order. Homeroom is 145 minutes, 22½ seconds long.
Oct. 12—The Indians (girls) paint for the morrow's game.
Oct. 13—Kramer changes his pants on the field to the losing tune of 6-0.
Oct. 14—Are we down-hearted? Was Columbus?
Oct. 15—Annual Staff rubs elbows with Jan Garber in Chicago.
Oct. 16—The Zets "tum and det dere" pledges.
Oct. 17—"All American" in the literary field. . . .
Oct. 18—And in the football field.
Oct. 19—Suppose we can uphold this rating all next year?
Oct. 20—The bear story is changed. We chase them up the tree.
Oct. 21—Forum roast . . . . Nuff said!
Oct. 22—Oh, those wieners!
Oct. 23—Heap big mass meeting.

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WAITE HIGH COUNCIL

PARENT-TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION

Velvet Brand Ice Cream

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OHIO-TOLEDO ICE CREAM COMPANY

Oct. 24—Lulu Howard is welcomed back into the tribe.
Oct. 25—Miss Cowell conjugates "dunk"—dink, dank, dunk.
Oct. 26—We cheer in advance for the Central game.
Oct. 27—All the teachers abandon the school.
Oct. 28—The Teachers' Convention continues.
Oct. 29—At 11 o'clock we start doing homework for tomorrow.
Oct. 30—We all get a spanking, figuratively speaking. (No mass meeting) So we *will* act up, will we?
Oct. 31—More than one white slip is handed to the Waiters. (Unsats.)
Nov. 1—Mr. Cubberly goes into action.
Nov. 2—What's up? The Council of the Elders goes into a huddle.
Nov. 3—The Punkins begin to Polka in the gym.
Nov. 4—We just wish that all days were Saturdays because—
Nov. 5—"We don't wanna go to school."
Nov. 6—"Whoopee! I've been in four pictures so far."
Nov. 7—The teachers develop that homework complex.
Nov. 8—The Junior Friendship Club listens to Mrs. Wm. McKnight.
Nov. 9—"All American" comes to Waite with Richard Arlen as the hero.
Nov. 10—The freshmen mix at the Freshman Mixer.
Nov. 11—Why the rush at Woolworth's notions counter? Fackler.
Nov. 12—The Art Museum holds attraction for Waite students.
Nov. 13—The moms and pops decide that they haven't had enough school, so they come back for more.
Nov. 14—Snow, snow, snow! S'no fun.
Nov. 15—"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" we sigh. (Our apologies to Mr. Shelley.)
Nov. 16—Green-clad maidens roam the pathways. (Zets)
Nov. 17—They give their version of "The Day You Came Along".

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609 ADAMS STREET

Nov. 18—The victorious defeat with Libbey, 6-6.
Nov. 19—Oh, hum—nothing to do but sleep.
Nov. 20—Still sleepy—aren't you?
Nov. 21—Must have been a sale somewhere—more brown and rust-colored dresses! (Peri distinctions arrive.)
Nov. 22—Miss Roache gives her famous saying, "All or nothing".
Nov. 23—We come from the auditorium all pepped up. Are we going to beat Scott?
Nov. 24—And to show our enthusiasm we peddle announcements of the game.
Nov. 25—Too cold even to go to school.
Nov. 26—We all get white slips anyway.
Nov. 27—Latin VIII class wonders if Vergil were all there.
Nov. 28—Ann Barrett tripped an automobile.
Nov. 29—Now the *teachers* are working hard—over posting the grades.
Nov. 30—Thanks, Scott, for giving us the victory.
Dec. 1—The boys have a swell train ride—but pity the porters!
Dec. 2—Oh, fuff! We lost.
Dec. 3—The boys see the Smoky Mountains.
Dec. 4—No warriors—no pow-wow.
Dec. 5—First mass meeting, then grade cards. Do they mix?
Dec. 6—"What did Steiner give you?"
Dec. 7—A talk on "drayma" is given by Mrs. Henderson.
Dec. 8—Hot stuff—we won our first basketball game!
Dec. 9—All the girls dig up their dolls—for needy children.
Dec. 10—Brrrr, too cold to write anything for today.
Dec. 11—We're worried! Santa Claus might get "frizzed" out.
Dec. 12—Sr. Hi-Y has one hot time—and the pledges?
Dec. 13—The world is going backward; sixth hour was first!
Dec. 14—National Honor Society members hold candles.

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A COLLEGE SPECIAL for those who expect to enter college in the fall.

Dec. 15—Guess who was seen prowling about Tiedtke's toy department. None other than Frank Martin.
Dec. 16—The stores are strong believers in Père Noël.
Dec. 17—Only seven days more!
Dec. 18—Altobee Art "Club-bers" don new blue sweaters.
Dec. 19—Zet-Peri hit-pin baseball game.
Dec. 20—Ha! Ha! I find out where the Christmas presents are hidden.
Dec. 21—The typewriters get bedecked with new ribbons.
Dec. 22—Heck! The drinking fountain won't work!
Dec. 23—We bump into our schoolmates at the Five and Tens.
Dec. 24—Don Marti hopes that he will get a new piece for his sax. (So do we.)
Dec. 25—Santa took *so* long to come.
Dec. 26—"Il fait neige." And puh-lenty of it.
Dec. 27—Cold? Why, it's only seven below.
Dec. 28—Still vacation.
Dec. 29—In spite of the cold, our tankers go bathing with the Sandusky team.
Dec. 30—Spring is here!
Dec. 31—"Betcha our church bell rang the loudest."
Jan. 1—We cart the presents upstairs—then dump the Christmas tree in the alley.
Jan. 2—"Come on, youse guys, you're at school now," says Mr. Steiner.
Jan. 3—And so we become members of the Mystic Order of Homeworkers' Union.
Jan. 4—The boys go swimming with DeVilbiss.
Jan. 5—It seems as if Waite is becoming the dog pound. Homer's uncle and cousins arrived today.
Jan. 6—All the students who have 12 cents go to T.U. to hear Norman Thomas.
Jan. 7—We turn "socialist".
Jan. 8—Prospective Q. D.'s roam the halls to the amusement of the rest of the school.
Jan. 9—The "Big Cage" is shown today.

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Jan. 10—We get the ice skates out of the cellar.
Jan. 11—The boys still swim, but go to Monroe this time.
Jan. 12—We go up in the air over "Up in the Air".
Jan. 13—Too bad it isn't Friday. I'd have something to write about then.
Jan. 14—Nothing ever happens around here.
Jan. 15—The Annual Board starts the annual slaving.
Jan. 16—"Yip, Yipee"—shouts Bill Lunn after he sees the Saturday wild western.
Jan. 17—Everything seems to be going double — first period got that way this morning.
Jan. 18—Atalanta races in the auditorium for the Optimates.
Jan. 19—A diamond ring is lost!
Jan. 20—We amuse ourselves by cutting out pictures—for civics.
Jan. 21—We're still cutting.
Jan. 22—Mom can't find the scissors.
Jan. 23—Mysterious summons for all Helens. Could it be that there's another Troy?
Jan. 24—The Retina Radio Show. Ducky!
Jan. 25—"The First Roundup" of all seniors.
Jan. 26—Have you seen the Antoine bobs around school?
Jan. 27—Some dizz wore golf knickers today.
Jan. 28—Just another Sunday gone phooey.
Jan. 29—The cramming season has started.
Jan. 30—Of harder tests we've never heard!
Jan. 31—The library has an inventory.
Feb. 1—The senior actors return for practice.
Feb. 2—Just to have some fun we attend a basketball game.
Feb. 3—Ralph Smith plays over the Children's Hour.
Feb. 4—We resolve that we shall get all "B" averages hereafter.
Feb. 5—Oh, shoot. I flunked a test!

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Feb. 6—At last, they've got Schultz where he belongs—in a padded cell. (Stationer's desk)
Feb. 7—We keep under cover. No cops—it just rained.
Feb. 8—Those ink schedules are a blessing—short hours.
Feb. 9—The "Der Deutsche Verein" jabber in German at 2:15.
Feb. 10—We welcome four practice teachers to school.
Feb. 11—The Art Museum receives a good crowd of Waite students.
Feb. 12—Aren't we glad that Abe Lincoln was "borned"?
Feb. 13—Why weren't there two Lincolns?
Feb. 14—The "W" Club holds a tea in the Waite refectory. (Am I a poet, by any chance? Maybe you better re-read it.)
Feb. 15—A playlet is given by the Spaniards of Waite.
Feb. 16—We finally get the low-down on the Waite-Knoxville game—movie.
Feb. 17—We wonder why all the girls are curling their eye lashes.
Feb. 18—Um-mm-humh — — Bob Maurer likes 'em that way.
Feb. 19—Sub-zero weather.
Feb. 20—Another movie.
Feb. 21—Mrs. Hall's classes present a Washington birthday program.
Feb. 22—No school—yeah, but we're snow-bound.
Feb. 23—Waite beats Libbey and shoves them into the cellar.
Feb. 24—"To bed, to bed," exclaims Lady Macbeth, and a Waite student wishes her "Goodnight"!
Feb. 25—The paintings in 116 seem to hold up quite well under the barrage of spitballs.
Feb. 26—Blue Monday.
Feb. 27—After school you can find anyone you want in the chemistry room.
Feb. 28—A preview of the senior class play is given, so
Mar. 1—We collect the necessary 25c and

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Mar. 2—See the class president murdered!
Mar. 3—Then we go around chewing gum and
Mar. 4—Saying, "I think you're a very small and smelly piece of cheese."
Mar. 5—Posters go up. "Caesar's Last Caper".
Mar. 6—A hall patrol student sits under a sign, "Here's Another All American".
Mar. 7—Those posters are the Annual's.
Mar. 8—This day is a memorable day on icy Main Street.
Mar. 9—Ooh, spooks—but 200 people weren't afraid to attend the "Skeleton Shuffle".
Mar. 10—When will the club pictures ever get taken?
Mar. 11—More snow. This is getting to be a daily feature.
Mar. 12—Gingham shirts become the rage.
Mar. 13—Now they've started on the neckties.
Mar. 14—Practice on the Annual play goes merrily onward.
Mar. 15—Caesar capers his last in the gym.
Mar. 16—The juniors hold their annual J-Hop in the Richardson Building.
Mar. 17—"Yo-ho-ho and a bit o'green." (I'm getting mixed up someplace.)
Mar. 18—Big collision! Six people try to get through between the railing and the pillar at the same time.
Mar. 19—The Annual play—and it is a success because
Mar. 20—"The subscriptions are just rolling in."
Mar. 21—First day of spring—but somebody's a terrible prevaricator.
Mar. 22—Only two more days of school,
Mar. 23—That is, until spring vacation.
Mar. 24—We light the hot-water tank to take our semi-annual bath.
Mar. 25—Justanothersunday.
Mar. 26—We do just as we please. No school today.
Mar. 27—The eggs dyed.

W. S. P. D.

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Mar. 28—Cowboy pictures seem to have a strange effect on some girls.
Mar. 29—We take our last year's spring outfit out of the trunks.
Mar. 30—We attend the Good Friday services at the Paramount.
Mar. 31—A becoming hat can't be found for Easter day.
Apr. 1—Boo-hoo, there isn't an Easter bunny.
Apr. 2—Oh, that Retina! After *that* we all turn against "freedom of the press".
Apr. 3—Thelma Todd comes to Waite today—(in a movie, of course, you dope!)
Apr. 4—"How do I know it's Wednesday?" The calendar told me so.
Apr. 5—Mr. Combs dozes again in class.
Apr. 6—The fresh paint smell which has pervaded the halls is slowly leaving.
Apr. 7—Lowell Houghton paints the "can".
Apr. 8—Just a lovely day for sleeping.
Apr. 9—The "Friendship Frivolities" open today.
Apr. 10—"Kahny" spent the day looking for Henry . . . *Esmond.*
Apr. 11—We receive the joyful news that
Apr. 12—Grade cards are due today.
Apr. 13—Lucky day for the "Unlucky Jade".
Apr. 14—Mr. Mathias gets an inspiration for a musical composition from his refectory dish of sauerkraut and wieners.
Apr. 15—Miss Cowell comments that you can expect some notes to be sour.
Apr. 16—Did you notice the Q. D. president blush when he was called "Sugar"?
Apr. 17—An encyclopedia is lost!
Apr. 18—What a day!
Apr. 19—Mr. Ross speaks to the Optimates.
Apr. 20—Community Chest drive is still on.
Apr. 21—Street-car rides are in order for the day.
Apr. 22—We take to writing poetry.
Apr. 23—After Dr. Laughton's inspiring lecture on "Cavalcade",

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Apr. 24—We see it in all its glory.
Apr. 25—The Annual room goes through a strenuous cleaning.
Apr. 26—Ho, hum, spring is here.
Apr. 27—We invade the welfare party.
Apr. 28—Golf team goes into action.
Apr. 29—Joe Penner is the Sunday night habit.
Apr. 30—Somebody leaned just a little too far over the bannisters; there's a grease spot on the first floor.
May 1—May day.
May 2—The seniors act enthusiastic over the second play.
May 3—Did you know that thirty-one days ago it was April 3?
May 4—Class play.
May 5—The smart ones go to Bowling Green.
May 6—We've finally coaxed spring into staying.
May 7—A teacher claims that elephants frighten her. Odd, isn't it?
May 8—Let's play golf. ?
May 9—White shoes are a common thing now.
May 10—The Annual begins to worry about the prophecy.
May 11—Heap big dance at the Trilby Log Cabin.
May 12—We skate over the High-Level Bridge.
May 13—We rest our heads for the morrow's battle with tests.
May 14—"I've got five tests today."
May 15—Sol worked over time today.
May 16—The girls start talking about clothes.
May 17—This year's seniors get a break—no intelligence tests.
May 18—Uh-huh, we caught you trying to bum school.
May 19—We bummed today—it's Saturday.
May 20—We bummed today, too.

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May 21—Line forms to the right . . . .
May 22—Line forms to the left.
May 23—Why?
May 24—Senior pictures are sold in room 203.
May 25—Ye Gods! Tomorrow is
May 26—Saturday!
May 27—The seniors rest after the prom and banquet.
May 28—Still resting.
May 29—The Annuals!
May 30—Decoration Day is a vacation day.
May 31—"Sign mine?"
June 1—The beginning of the month of romance.
June 2—Who can be romantic when it rains?
June 3—Will it ever stop raining?
June 4—Nobody did his homework.
June 5—Paul Jacobs writes an essay on "Love".
June 6—We wonder if Skippy *will* grow a moustache.
June 7—(N. B. You think of one for today. I'm tired.)
June 8—We "figger" on takin' all the books home.
June 9—Same thing today as June 7.
June 10—We wonder
June 11—If we can
June 12—Pass these exams.
June 13—The girls go fortified with creampuffs.
June 14—The boys are glad *they* didn't eat creampuffs on Class Day.
June 15—Only Friday, but it's the Commencement of vacation.

Bye . . .
Elizabeth Jordan

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